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A STORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PAUL REVERE

BY

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CHAPTER I

THE KNOWLES RIOT

The other day an aviator in a seaplane arose from the blue waters of Boston harbor and flew over the city. He looked down upon a huge, industrious metropolis, with streets cut in between long rows of lofty buildings, suburbs stretching off in every direction as far as his eye could reach, lines of railway tracks spreading out like a hundred fingers of a gigantic hand, bridges across the Charles River, and majestic steamers drawing into port.

One hundred and fifty years ago or more a sea gull flew in from the bay and looked down upon a scene quite different. The Town House, now the Old State House, was there, to be sure, and Faneuil Hall and some of the older churches and other buildings. But Boston Town was then a small city of low buildings, and Faneuil Hall looked quite different in that setting. What is now the Back Bay section was water and low-lying salt

marsh and the line of the water front came closer in toward Beacon Hill. Boston Common was there, but it was a great meadow with cows grazing in it and wild roses blooming in the swampy spots and along the banks of the Frog Pond. There were already fine trees along the Tremont Street Mall; then called the Great Mall; the Beacon Street Mall was not laid out until later. There were big trees and fine houses in Summer Street, Purchase Street, Tremont Street, and facing the Common. Down by the harbor there were other houses with gardens, and on most of them there were cupolas from which a fine view of the Harbor and the ocean beyond could be obtained.

Business thrived in the little town of 20,000 inhabitants, for it was the chief seaport of the Colony and the business center of a wide stretch of farming country as well. Many a rough pioneer was getting a new start in life there, but there were also many men of wealth and family, like John Hancock. Business centered around the Town House and Market Place. There were shops all along Washington Street, which was then known by other names, and up Cornhill. Down King Street, which

is now State Street, stretched other shops and warehouses, and at the end of it the Long Wharf jutted far out into the harbor, flanked by other wharves, about which hovered a flock of sailing vessels, large and small.

One raw November afternoon in the year 1747 four boys, twelve or fourteen years of age, might have been seen walking down King Street toward the Long Wharf, their coats tightly buttoned against the chill east wind that blew in from the harbor. The two older boys who walked ahead were James Newton and John Pulling. James was the tallest of the four and the best dressed. One might, indeed, have called him something of a dandy with his silver buckles, his plum colored breeches, and his blue broadcloth coat and silver buttons. He had a pale, proud face, a high forehead, and brown curls, upon which his three-cornered hat sat jauntily. John was also fair and was dressed in sober gray, as was Paul Revere, the stocky lad who walked a few paces behind him. Paul was round faced and trudged along on a pair of the sturdiest legs in Boston. His companion, Crispus Attucks, would have made the beholder imagine that Paul's tastes were democratic, to say the least. Paul's face showed

good breeding, and in his eyes there flashed the fire of his French Huguenot ancestors, but Crispus was assuredly a nondescript specimen. His clothes were patched and ill fitting. He shambled in his gait and his dark face and high cheek bones bespoke an infusion of Negro or Indian blood—perhaps both. His face was expressionless, but in his eyes there was an almost savage sparkle.

That something exciting had happened or was about to happen any one could see with half an eye. All along King Street knots of men talked animatedly at the street corners or stood glowering in the doors of the shops and warehouses. John Pulling was inclined to pause and listen to what they were saying, but Paul urged him on.

"It will do no good to tarry here," said he. "The sooner we find Michael Welch the sooner we'll find out something worth knowing."

So they walked briskly on past the excited groups and out upon the Long Wharf with its piles of boxes and cordage and with a forest of masts and rigging towering on each side.

"There he is!" cried Paul, hastening forward and pointing out the form of a stalwart stevedore sitting on a coil of rope, smoking a short

sailor's pipe, and gazing out to sea toward where Commodore Knowles's British men-o'-war lay at anchor in Nantasket Roads. "What Michael dosen't know isn't worth knowing. He works out here every day, where the ships come in from all over the world, and he knows the sea captains and the sailors and all the teamsters of Boston, too."

At the sound of approaching footsteps Michael took his pipe from his mouth and looked around. At the sight of Paul his face lighted with a pleasant smile of welcome.

"So it's my harum-scarum young friend, is it?" said he. "And how are ye this fine cool day?"

"We want to know all about what's happened, Michael," said Paul, coming directly to the point. "I told the boys you'd know all about it."

"And haven't ye heard then?" asked the burly Irishman, shifting his position.

"I've heard that the man-o'-war's men came this morning and seized some of our Boston fellows and carried them off to the ships."

"That's it," said Michael, "and I'm thinking ye'll hear more about it before to-morrow night."

"Please tell us all about it," begged Paul.

"Well," said Michael, "it seems to be this way, as near as I can make it out. After all the fighting with France, England is in sore need of more men for her navy and the Government is disappointed because the Colonies haven't responded better to the call for enlistments. They seem to think we owe them something for coming over here to help us fight the French and Indians and take Canada."

"But father says," broke in Paul, "that it was as much for England's good as for ours and that we certainly have done our share"

"True," responded Michael, "but they don't look at it that way. So the navy decided that if we wouldn't join of our own accord they would make us. Impressing, they call it. That's where the Government makes a big mistake, to my way of thinking. They don't seem to understand that the Colonists be not the kind of men to be drove to their duty."

"But my father says," interrupted James, a flush mounting to his cheeks, "that the Colonists are British subjects just as much as any other Englishmen and that it's treason to resist the commands of the King."

"May be so, may be so," returned Michael.

"I'm a loyal subject of the King myself, God spare him, but there's men around him that advise him not wisely, I'm thinking. The independent temper of the Colonists is something they don't take into full account perhaps. Britons will never be slaves, whatever side of the Atlantic they live on, and we're as good as our brothers in the old country and have as many rights under the Crown. At least," he added, noting James Newton's flashing eyes, "it's not to be gainsaid that many look at it that way, whatever the right of it may be.

"Well," he continued, "ye asked what happened. This morning four boat loads of Knowles's officers and men-o'-war's men came ashore at the North Battery, gathered up a dozen or twenty men and boys, and dragged them off to the ships, willy-nilly. Seamen, carpenters, and 'prentices they were, and their comrades among the mechanics and shipyard men are boiling mad. They're holding meetings in the North End, I'm told, and finding weapons. God knows where this thing will stop."

"What do you think they'll do?" asked John Pulling.

"I can't say as to that," said Michael, "but

if something doesn't happen this night, I know nothing of the temper of those North Siders."

On the way home something very like a quarrel broke out among the boys and James Newton, who was a staunch Loyalist, at length strode off to his home in a surly mood. The other three kept to the streets as long as they dared, for in those days boys were expected to be at home early. They poked their noses into the coffee houses about the Town House, which were thronged with men, and stopped to listen to the talk at the street corners. They heard angry mutterings and occasionally a bold outburst of seditious sentiment, but they learned nothing of any definite plan. At length Paul and John found it necessary to go home, after exacting from Crispus a promise to let them know of any momentous happening, for Crispus was more or less of a vagabond and might even stay out all night if he liked, provided he remained inconspicuous. With the silent tread of an Indian he slipped away toward the North End of the town.

Paul's father, who was a goldsmith and hence in sympathy with the mechanics of the North End, came in very late that night, but when Paul called out to him to ask for the news, he

bade the boy sternly to go to sleep. He was evidently in an angry mood.

About daybreak Paul was awakened by the rattle of a handful of pebbles thrown against his window. He leaped from his bed and, thrusting out his head, saw Crispus Attucks standing in the shadows below. Crispus beckoned to him eagerly.

Paul hurried into his clothes and stole out into the cold, gray morning, and the two boys hastened to the home of John Pulling. Then the three made their way quickly toward the Town House.

"Do tell us what is going forward," begged Paul, but Crispus only shook his head.

"Great things," said he, "great things. Killing, may be. There's a sight of men about."

It was as Crispus had said. The streets in the center of town were as crowded as if it were noon of a busy day, only sailor clothes and the rough garb of workmen and mechanics were more in evidence. The crowd seemed densest before the doors of one of the coffee houses, and thither the three boys made their way.

No one seemed willing to stop to answer their questions, so they were forced to gather what

news they could from the excited conversation about them.

"It was right in there they got him," one man was saying. "All in his uniform, he was. A Lieutenant, I reckon, and half drunk probably. He put up a stiff fight, they say, but they dragged him away from his table, the stout lads did, and spirited him off."

"What did they do with him?" asked another, but nobody seemed to know.

It appeared that riotous gangs from the North End had been patrolling the streets all night, shouting treasonable things against the King's navy, and in the small hours they had caught sight of an English officer drinking in the coffee house.

"A hostage! A hostage!" they cried, and laid violent hands upon him. Then they locked him up in some secret place against the time when they might parley with Commodore Knowles for the return of their impressed comrades.

But they were not satisfied with this. The spirit of resistance had got into their blood, already heated with the sense of their wrongs. Presently a large company of men and boys, some of them armed, poured out of King Street

and turned down toward where the old South Church lifted its spire above the surrounding houses. Eagerly the three boys followed in the wake of the crowd.

Opposite the church in Marlboro Street they stopped and gathered in a seething throng before a big, square, brick house with a deep porch in front and a large cupola on top, surmounted by a copper weather vane in the form of an Indian with a bow and arrows. It was the Province House, the official residence of the Royal Governor.

The mob was shouting and gesticulating wildly, and the boys gathered that they were demanding the persons of other naval officers who were known to have spent the night with the Governor.

At length the front door opened and Governor Shirley himself stepped out. He was a tall, proud looking man, in fine clothes and a wig, and he was evidently a man of courage, for he faced the mob without flinching. Paul Revere could not help feeling a glow of admiration for the man, though he had learned to think of him as an oppressor.

The shouting subsided and Governor Shirley made a short but vigorous speech.

"Let me council you," said he, "to go at once to your homes and think over coolly what you are doing. You are defying the King's officers, which is treason, and treason does not go unpunished. And be sure that I will brook no violence, for the Province House is at this moment well garrisoned with brave and determined men. We are armed and ready. In the name of the King I call upon you to disperse at once."

There were signs of wavering in the crowd as the Governor reëntered the house and closed the door behind him, and the mob fell back a little from the gates. Still they did not obey the order to disperse, but sullenly and stubbornly held their ground.

Then the Sheriff appeared from somewhere, a pompous, officious little man, and harangued the crowd, commanding them to disperse and threatening to arrest the ringleaders. But they had little respect for the Sheriff. They jeered at him and hustled him about, and at last a pair of brawny blacksmiths seized him and marched him off. As he was passing the spot where the three boys stood they heard him cry in a high-pitched voice, tremulous with rage:

"Do you know what you're doing? You are resisting an officer of the King!"

"As the King's officers have mishandled us," retorted one of his captors in a roar that set everybody laughing. Afterward, it was said, the Sheriff was locked into his own stocks, which mightily shocked and alarmed the Loyalists of the town. Such lawlessness was unthinkable. Things were coming to a pretty pass indeed.

The mob in front of the Province House lacked a leader sufficiently headstrong to urge a direct attack, so they remained content to lay siege to its doors. No one entered or left the Province House that day and the King's highest official in the Colony was a prisoner in his own home. Young Paul Revere and his friends witnessed the first serious revolt against tyranny.

But this sort of inactivity did not appeal to the restless spirit of the mob, and gradually men began to fall away. Paul and his companions followed some of them down toward the Long Wharf, where several open-air meetings seemed to be in progress. Finally these various groups got together when it was learned that

the General Court had convened in the new Town House to discuss the situation. That evening the boys found themselves part of another mob that swarmed out of King Ssreet below the Town House. A committee was sent in to call upon the General Court to take action to redress their wrongs.

Governor Shirley appeared again and endeavored to make a speech, but the crowd was noisy and riotous and he could not make himself heard. Thoroughly exasperated, the Governor sent out a proclamation peremptorily demanding that the mob disperse and calling upon the militia to drive it from the streets. But the militia failed to respond. Too many of its members were in sympathy with the North Enders—and some of its officers, too, if the truth were told. The Governor's orders were utterly ignored; not a drum-beat was heard in Boston Town.

Threatening the direst reprisals, Governor Shirley adjourned the Court and under a strong guard departed for Castle William, the garrisoned fort in the harbor. And still the captured Lieutenant remained imprisoned.

During these exciting events James Newton remained at home, for his family were of those

who remained ever loyal to the King and by nature felt little sympathy for the common men of the North End. But the other three boys were up bright and early the next day. School was not once thought of, and there were no truant officers then. They went down to the Long Wharf to get the latest news from Michael Welch.

As they sat there looking out over the sparkling waters and sniffing the salt and tarry smells, discussing the situation with the big Irish dock hand, they observed one of the long boats from the Commodore's ship pulling in toward the wharf.

"Aha!" exclaimed Michael. "Here's something. May be they're bringing our men ashore."

Others had observed the approach of the boat and soon the wharf was thronged with men and boys, with here and there a woman's dress showing in the crowd. All eyes were fixed upon the boat. At length a murmer of disappointment arose. As the boat came nearer it was evident that it did not contain the impressed seamen, but only an officer and a crew of oarsmen. They awaited the boat's arrival in comparative silence.

The oars were lifted to an upright position as the boat swung in and a boathook made it fast to the landing. The officer sprang up the steps and, a little flurried perhaps, proceeded to nail a proclamation upon a post. The people crowded closely around to read it. It ran:

"I demand that Lieutenant Godwin be released at once and returned to his ship and that the other officers now in the Province House be not hindered from proceeding about their lawful duties ashore. If this order is not complied with by noon of this day Boston will be bombarded from the sea. In the name of the King, Knowles, Commodore."

Without a word the officer turned to embark when a well known ship builder stepped forward and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"You may tell Commodore Knowles," said the shipbuilder quietly, "that we will release his officers when our men are sent back to us and not before. Boston will not yield. You may bombard the town but you cannot break the will of the people." Then he allowed the officer to depart.

There was no shouting after this, for the

seriousness of the situation began to make itself felt, but men's jaws were set grimly as they left the wharf.

"Will Knowles do it?" asked Paul in a whisper.

"He will not," replied Michael, banging his knee with his clenched fist.

Knowles did not bombard the town for the simple reason that he did not dare to affront certain powerful friends of the King ashore, but the threat made the revolters none the less bitter. The Loyalists, indeed, were at last spurred to action, and there were many of them in those days, particularly among the more prosperous classes. The General Court was convened and the Tory members controlled it. They did what they could to pacify the rebellious element. They sent out ringing proclamations to the people, calling upon them to stand fast for King and country. And they sent deputations to Commodore Knowles and Governor Shirley imploring patience. For three days the matter hung in air. The guns in the harbor remained silent, but the Boston press gang was not released, nor was Lieutenant Godwin.

Then the news got abroad that a great meet-

ing was to be held in Faneuil Hall—not a general mass meeting, but an orderly body convened by the duly constituted authorities of the Town of Boston. Every one seemed to realize that this was to be the real voice of the people and that all depended on its course of action. The hall was packed to the doors and overflowing, but our three ardent young Whigs managed to squeeze into the rear unnoticed.

At first the meeting showed a disposition to be unruly, but the town officers at length got the upper hand and it was evident that many of the best citizens were present. The Moderator spoke calmly but seriously, outlining the situation, and then a spare young man of about twenty-five, somewhat carelessly dressed but with an intellectual face and the glowing eyes of a zealot, arose to the platform. A murmur swept over the audience.

"It's Sam Adams," said a voice near Paul Revere. "He's about the best speaker in town meeting, young as he is. Now we'll hear something to the point."

"Fellow citizens," said Adams in a clear voice, "a mob has been doing things in Boston that many of us regret, but I am here to say that the King's officers have brought it upon

themselves. Whether Whig or Tory, we are all men of Boston, and men of Boston have been foully dealt with. Men of Boston have been seized and dragged away from their homes, homes thus deprived of their support. By what right, I demand! Has the time come when loyal Englishmen shall be deprived of their long established and precious liberties? Let us speak, not as a mob, but as the Town of Boston. We are no mob, but loyal subjects of the King, and as such we demand our rights. Let that word be spoken now, lest it be spoken too late."

A mighty cheer rang out through the hall as Adams ceased. Clergymen joined in that cheer, doctors, merchants, men of substance and position. It was, as Adams had said, no mob that was speaking now, but the voice of Boston Town. The heart of Paul Revere beat wildly under his jacket as he cheered with the rest. He never forgot that day.

The leading Loyalists of the town could not help seeing now that a power had been invoked beyond their control and that the time for coertion had passed. To preserve their own property from the danger of destruction, therefore, they brought pressure to bear upon Governor Shirley and Commodore Knowles.

To make a long story short, the British Governor returned quietly to the Province House one evening and announced that the impressed seamen would be returned to their homes. When this had been accomplished, and not until then, Lieutenant Godwin was released from his mysterious prison and Commodore Knowles sailed away from Boston harbor, vowing vengeance.

"Well," said Paul Revere, as he sat with his friends on the Long Wharf, watching the men-o'-war sail slowly off to the horizon, "I guess they won't try that sort of thing again very soon."

But Michael Welch shook his head solemnly.

"No," said he, "that's not the end of it. You mark my words."

CHAPTER II

"STAND AND DELIVER!"

It must not be supposed that there existed in Boston Town in those days even an embryonic idea of political revolt against the mother country, unless possibly in the prophetic soul of young Sam Adams. The spirit of unrest was due largely to social and economic conditions—a thing not without its counterpart in this twentieth century. The Boston provincials considered themselves good Englishmen and loyal subjects of King George. Differences of opinion among Englishmen did not necessarily suggest treason.

Class distinctions came as naturally to Englishmen of that day as breathing. There was no titled nobility, to be sure, but the democracy that existed in Boston in the eighteenth century would hardly be recognized as such to-day. The wealthy merchants who traded overseas, the professional men, the clergy, and others considered themselves to belong to a

New World aristocracy, and one of their chief causes of resentment against England was the fact that they were not looked upon as aristocrats in the old country. Their desire to rule had much to do with the later revolutionary movement, but for the present they were for the most part staunch Loyalists.

Such differences of opinion as existed were expressed by adherence to one of two parties, the Tories and the Whigs. The former were, in a general way, conservative and reactionary, the latter liberal and inclined to independence of political belief. Most of what we would call to-day the democratic element belonged to the Whig party, though the leaders of that party were recruited from the upper classes of society.

In those days, however, the proletariat, if we may make use of a more modern term, included not merely laborers and artisans, but also small shopkeepers, shipbuilders, and craftsmen of various sorts, no matter how prosperous they might be, between whom and the aristocracy a social gulf was fixed. They were spoken of as "in trade," though it is difficult to understand why tea and molasses and rum merchants were not also "in trade"; or they were referred to as mechanics.

To this class belonged Paul Revere's father and, later, Paul himself. Which explains in large measure why Paul, with all his talents, never rose to a seat beside John Hancock among the rulers of the new state. To the end of his life he remained the recognized and forceful leader of the democracy of that state.

The principles of heredity easily explain Paul Revere's artistic versatility and his independent spirit. His father, born Apollos Rivoire, belonged to a family of French Huguenot refugees. At an early age he was sent for protection to his uncle Simon Rivoire, who had taken up his residence in the Island of Guernsey. Perhaps Uncle Simon did not wholly relish the responsibility, for he soon sent Apollos to Boston in the Colony of Massachussetts. Here Apollos was apprenticed to a goldsmith, whose business in those days included that of silversmith and engraver as well. He promptly became an expert in his craft, and upon coming of age he set up in business for himself in the North End of Boston. Deciding to become on out-and-out American, he changed his name to Paul Revere and married a Yankee woman, Deborah Hitchborn.

To them on January 1, 1735 (by the revised

calendar) was born Paul Revere, Jr., the lad who witnessed the Knowles riots and who later was to make an imperishable name for himself as patriot and messenger of the Revolution. In his veins were mingled the blood of the fiery Huguenot and the uncompromising Puritan. In his nature were combined the volatile spirit of the French dissenter and the hard common-sense of the English colonist, with the courage of both. Growing up in a large family of brothers and sisters—a sober, industrious family, though less austere than many of their Puritan neighbors—young Paul early developed an adventurous if not a wayward disposition.

It would have been difficult for even less occupied parents than his to keep such a boy quietly at home when the very air of Boston Town was charged with the electricity of portentous events.

The Revere family lived over the goldsmith's shop in Hanover Street to the north of the center of the town. Crispus Attucks, a companion of whom Paul's parents could scarcely have approved, had made him acquainted with every street and alley (and the streets, by the way, had no sidewalks in those days) not only in the neighborhood of Cornhill and out toward the

Long Wharf, but in that part of the town which lay to the north. A walk along Middle Street between the old Mill Pond and the harbor docks soon brought them to a network of streets, many of them narrow, in that thickly populated section known as the North End, where many of the ship captains, shipbuilders, master workmen, and laborers dwelt and where the spirit of rebellion had its birth. There Christ Church raised its steeple above the low shops and houses. Upon Copp's Hill beyond the boys often sat, looking across the Charles River toward Charlestown, watching the ferry boats plying back and forth, or the boat that took the longer trip to Winnisimet whence the road led to distant Salem and Marblehead.

In Bennett Street, near Christ Church, right in the center of this section of the town, Master John Tileston kept his famous grammar school, and it was here that Paul Revere and John Pulling learned to read, to cipher, and, after a fashion, to spell. Paul, it might be mentioned, was weak on spelling to the end of his days, but his knowledge of mathematics, of which Master Tileston laid a secure foundation, became in later years a source of profit not only to himself but to his country. Master Tileston was

also an expert teacher of the art of penmanship and of drawing with rule and plummet, and these things also served Paul Revere in good stead.

Now the story of Paul Revere, as it is presently to be recounted, is a story of daring deeds and desperate adventures of Revolutionary days, but there is something beside all that—something more human—friendship, enmity, romance. For Paul Revere was no half-mythical hero and even the historians have not succeeded in robbing him of his more human qualities. His was a nature to venture boldly, to love warmly, to hate as warmly, to commit rash errors, and to pull himself through with honor in the end.

The friend, the supreme one among many that Paul Revere's magnetic personality won for him, was honest John Pulling. John was not a brilliant boy, but he possessed that dog-like devotion that made him stick to his venturesome friend through thick and thin, espousing whatever cause seemed good to Paul Revere, and risking his all in its defense. At school and among his fellows of Boston Town Paul kept out of serious trouble, for he was a sturdy lad with ready fists that were not to be trifled with.

But sometimes his fighting temper and love of adventure got him into a scrape, and then the solid support of steady John Pulling was brought into play. Through all those days of boyhood and youth these two stood side by side, be the odds what they might.

The enemy was James Newton. He was scarcely an enemy then, but a sort of instinctive distrust and dislike early developed between James and Paul, while John, scarcely knowing why, ranged himself on Paul's side. James did not attend Master Tileston's school, but Master Lovell's in School Street, near King's Chapel and Tremont Street. But the two boys often met and as often disagreed. James was a high-spirited lad, proud and quick to take offense, and, it is to be feared, something of a snob. His family belonged to the upper middle class and both his father and mother possessed a strong social ambition to ally themselves with Boston's aristocracy. James unconsciously reflected this attitude of his parents, and to Paul Revere, arrant little democrat that he was, James's pretensions were a source of constant irritation.

And the romance? That, too, was only in its raw beginning as yet, but Paul Revere was half

French, and even at the age of fourteen a pretty face stirred something within him, something which the stolid John Pulling was at a loss to comprehend. On Middle Street lived a deliciously fairy-like creature named Sarah Orne, the small daughter of a shopkeeper. Fairy-like not as to her raiment, for she was soberly and decorously garbed like a quaint little old lady of the provinces, but often as the two boys passed that way on the route to school an elfin face peered out of an upper window at them and dark eyes smiled mischievously. And in due time an acquaintanceship was gradually brought about. Hardly a romance in its advanced stages, but a source of mighty interest to Paul Revere.

All of which is by way of leading up to the next adventure in Paul's varied career which seems worthy of record.

Now in a family as large as that of the Reveres, with many mouths to feed, the children had something to do beside go to school and roam the streets and play. As soon as they were old enough the girls had to help their mother and the boys their father, and young Paul was the messenger and errand boy of the goldsmith's shop. His duties took him to all

parts of Boston, and that is one reason why he became so thoroughly acquainted with many out-of-the-way corners of the town. Usually he did his errands on foot, but occasionally he was allowed to ride his father's horse.

Paul Revere could not remember the time when he did not know how to ride. He was a fast runner, a hard fighter, and a strong swimmer, but in horsemanship no boy in Boston Town could surpass him. He was as much at home on horseback as some people are in a rocking-chair. He never knew the time when he could not ride for an indefinite period without a trace of weariness. And in spite of his headstrong disposition he had a natural love for animals and was always good to his mount.

When his father saw that he was able to be trusted on horseback he began to send him on longer and longer journeys, and that is how it came about that young Paul Revere took the dangerous ride alone to Dedham, with a precious cargo, when he was fifteen years old.

Miss Eunice Parks of Dedham was famed for her gracious beauty as far away as Boston. Her father was one of the leading citizens of his town and her mother was a woman whose social ambitions extended beyond her village

circle. Accordingly, when Eunice was married to Edmund Winthrop, the young barrister of Lynn, a great to-do was made over it. Only the very best of everything would serve, and Mistress Parks, finding her household somewhat short of silverware for the occasion, sent to Boston for a dozen of Paul Revere's best spoons, properly engraved. At the same time Mr. Parks sent in an order for a silver tea set which he intended to present to the bride.

Now Paul Revere the elder did not keep such things in stock; they had to be made to order, and the bride's parents had given him none too much time. The wedding day approached and the new silver was not forthcoming. So Mistress Parks sent a message to Boston, anxiously urging haste.

The silversmith did the best he could, but there were numerous irritating delays, so that the work was not finished until two days before the date set for the wedding. Revere had given his promise and intended to keep it, but when the time came he was unable to find a trusted messenger to take the goods to Dedham. In those days there was no Old Colony Railroad and the post chaise was a somewhat uncertain affair. Most of the business of that

sort was done on horseback, and it was not without its perils. There was little danger from Indians so near the settlements, but there were plenty of semi-outlaws, many of them petty criminals deported from England, and rough, free-lance characters of various sorts who did not scruple to take up the trade of footpad if the occasion warranted. As for what we know as police protection, it was meager and scarcely extended beyond the borders of the villages. Men who traveled the highroads at night carried their own police protection in their holsters.

The elder Revere was unwilling to trust his vaulable freight to any chance messenger, and in despair he at last determined to send young Paul. He knew that the boy would realize the importance of his mission, that he was an expert horseman, and that he had always shown a stout heart and a ready wit in emergencies. It might be time to put his character to the test.

Mistress Revere, when she learned of the decision, protested vigorously, fearing for the safety of her boy more than for that of Mistress Parks's spoons, but her husband reassured her.

"There is really little danger," said he. "Paul will start in the morning and travel in

broad daylight, when the doubtful gentry are seldom abroad. Besides, who would suspect a mere boy of carrying costly metal in his saddlebags? It is safer with him than with Thomas Bulger or Theophilus Grimes."

As for Paul, he was delighted and thrilled with the spirit of adventure as he stood among his admiring brothers and sisters and received his instructions.

He was up betimes the next morning, the day before the grand wedding, with his horse saddled and bridled and champing at the bit, and with the beautiful, shiny silverware stowed safely away in his saddlebags.

"Now remember, Paul," cautioned his father, "keep to the highway and ride straight to Dedham. Deliver the goods into Mistress Parks's own hands and tell her she may send me the money later on by her own messenger. I won't put too much upon you, and it may be dark when you return."

"But may I not carry your pistols, father?" begged Paul.

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Revere. "You'd do some mischief with them. You're safer without. If you scent trouble, trust to your

horse's heels. Now go, and good luck to you."

Neither of them observed a shadowy form skulking behind a corner of the house, nor heard a man running down the alley to leap upon a horse and go cantering away. Paul patted his horse's neck and trotted proudly through the town.

It was a delicious morning. The blue water of the harbor danced and rippled in the sun and a fresh breeze brought to the young horseman's nostrils the salt tang of the sea. Already the workmen of the North End were abroad, and many of them passed Paul with a cheery greeting. He turned into Dock Square and jogged up the hill to the Town House, then down Cornhill and into that long, broad way that was later named Washington Street, but was then called, in its different sections, Marlboro, Newbury, and Orange Streets.

All this was familiar going to him, and he passed the Province House and the Common with scarcely a glance, for his mind was fixed upon what lay ahead. Youth ran hot in his veins and he longed to urge his horse into a canter, but he remembered his father's instructions and spared his mount.

At length he passed the grove opposite Essex Street, crossed Frog Lane, and started down the mile-long isthmus known as Boston Neck. The town was now left behind him. On his left was the blue harbor and on his right the Roxbury Flats. Ahead he could see the houses and spires of the village of Roxbury and the open country beyond. He felt as free as the gulls that came soaring in from the sea to seek their breakfast on the flats.

Passing through Roxbury he turned south along the old Providence Road. The sun was now well up in the heavens and shone warmly over the fertile countryside. It was good, Paul thought, to be out here in the open, to feel beneath him the steady motion of his horse, to have a man's work to do. Farmers were at work here and there in the fields, for it was haying time, and occasionally he met plodding ox teams in the road. Far ahead he could see the dust of another solitary horseman who had evidently left Boston ahead of him.

Then the farmhouses began to appear at wider intervals, and about the middle of the forenoon Paul entered a little wood. Suddenly his horse reared and came to a halt as a man wearing a mask over the upper portion of his

face sprang out of the undergrowth at the roadside and seized the bridle.

At the same time another masked man leaped forward from the other side, with a pistol leveled at Paul Revere's breast, and cried, "Stand and deliver!"

CHAPTER III

A CHALLENGE

For a few moments Paul Revere sat dazed, terrified, speechless. Then his wits slowly returned to him. It flashed upon him that these men must have a reason for holding him up in this way in broad daylight, that they must be aware of what he carried in his saddlebags. He remembered then the figure of the lone horseman in the road ahead of him.

"Come," said the man with the pistol, approaching a step nearer, "dismount."

Slowly Paul slipped to the ground. He was unarmed; he realized that physical resistance would be useless. But he did not propose to give up the rich booty without a struggle. He must set his agile wits to work.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I'm only a boy, you see. I have nothing you want."

"He lies," said the man at the horse's head. He seemed to be a rough, uncouth fellow, bent upon making short work of the job. The other had the dress and bearing of a gentleman and

spoke in well bred tones. He smiled a little as he spoke.

"Come," said he, "you cannot fool us. We know."

He reached over and tapped the saddle-bags, which gave forth a muffled jingling sound. The man smiled again and stood as though waiting to see what the boy would say next.

"I told you," said the villain at the horse's head. "I saw it all before he started."

"You see," said the other, "we know all about you. We've come to save you the trouble and a long ride. Turn over the silver to us and we'll take it the rest of the way to Mistress Parks—or somewhere."

"And I know all about you," said Paul, seeking to gain time. "I shall have you taken and then you'll be hanged."

"The precious liar!" growled the fellow in front.

But the tall man continued to smile. He seemed to be enjoying the situation.

"No," said he, "you never saw me before and you will never see me again. You would scarcely know me if you did. What do you think you'd better do now, my lad?"

Paul did not answer at once. His quick ear

had caught a sound on the road far ahead. While seeming to regard his captor with fear and dismay, he was listening intently. Yes, there it was again, the creak of an ox cart. But Paul did not wish the others to hear. He suddenly changed his tone and began to moan and whine and plead. He would have wept to make the acting seem more real, but the tears somehow would not come.

"Playing baby won't mend matters, either," said the tall man at length, still smiling. He seemed inclined to play with Paul as a cat plays with a mouse, but the other man was obviously becoming impatient.

"Come, come," he roared, "let's have done with this fooling. Give the young monkey a clout over the head and we'll take his horse and silver and get out of this."

"Very well," said the tall man, his smile fading. "If the lad won't listen to reason—"

He advanced a step menacingly and reached out a hand toward the saddle-bags. Paul's sturdy fist shot out and caught the man stoutly on the arm, causing him to fall back a step.

Paul had no desire to risk a personal encounter with two strong men, but the case was desperate. Already he could hear the rumble of

the approaching cart wheels; he must gain time somehow.

The sneering smile returned to the tall man's lips.

"Why, the little spit-fire," said he. "He would fight, would he?" And he reached out a long arm and gave Paul a light box on the ear which sent the angry blood mounting to his temples.

The sight of blows was too much for the ruffian at the horse's head. Dropping the bridle he came lunging forward, roaring a vulgar oath.

His intention was unmistakable, and in another minute Paul Revere's adventure would have ended in painful and ignominious failure, but this was the boy's one chance, and he was alert enough to perceive and seize it.

The horse was now free. Paul turned like a flash and, grasping the horse's mane, thrust his foot into the stirrup. The two men rushed at him, but Paul did not wait to mount. At his shout the obedient horse shot forward, the hands of the highwaymen slipped impotently off his flanks, and Paul, intrepid young horseman that he was, swung his leg over the saddle in full stride.

Giving the good horse his head and plunging

forward at full speed, Paul Revere crouched low, expecting every moment to hear the crack of a pistol. But none came. Perhaps there was an element of chivalry alive in the tall man that made him hesitate to shoot at an unarmed boy.

His curiosity getting the better of him, Paul cast a glance over his shoulder just in time to see the other bandit, thoroughly enraged, snatch the pistol from the leader's hand, and as Paul swept around a protecting bend in the road, a bullet whistled past his head.

Then came the sound of pursuing hoofbeats.

The wood was a small one, and presently Paul's horse brought him out into the sunshine again. Before him stretched broad, sunny meadows, and in the middle of the road appeared a groaning wain, piled high with hay, drawn by four slow-moving oxen. Beside the load walked a stalwart farmer bearing two pitchforks on his shoulder; another, with a long willow switch, walked beside the oxen, while on the load rode a boy with rakes.

The men looked startled at the sudden appearance of this reckless young horseman and halted their oxen as Paul pulled up beside the hay cart. The pursuing hoofbeats sounded very

near and Paul did not stop for a lengthy explanation.

"Robbers!" he cried breathlessly, pointing toward the wood. "Footpads. They stopped me. I—"

But the hardy farmers, accustomed to dangers and emergencies of various sorts, needed no more. They, too, heard the hoofbeats now. Arming themselves with the pitchforks they stepped in front of the oxen, while the boy on the load, who was a year or two older than Paul and a stout lad, slipped down to take his place valiantly beside them.

This was the unexpected sight which met the eyes of the two highwaymen as they came pelting out of the wood. Instantly they drew rein, and the rough one turned and fled precipitately without more ado. The tall man paused a moment and again the smile came to his lips.

"My compliments, Paul Revere," said he. "You've shown your mettle and you've won through. But remember that I could have shot you down had I wished. I did not wish, for this country will one day have need of such as you. Perhaps some day will find us fighting side by side. I should relish that better than this sort of business."

So saying, he waved his hand and rode off among the trees.

In days to come Paul Revere remembered these words and often wondered whether this strange gentleman of the road might indeed not be among those who fought with him for freedom, but he never knew.

Paul turned with words of gratitude to those who had proved such welcome allies and explained the situation.

"We've got to rid these roads of such gentry," said the older of the two men, "and we'll make a beginning at once. Jonas, do you accompany this lad on to the village, and spread the word there. We'll see that those two do not return, if, indeed, they have any thought of it, which I deem unlikely."

Jonas, the farmer's boy, took hold of Paul's stirrup and together they proceeded toward the village which could be seen about a mile away. For a time they traveled in silence, for Jonas was a diffident lad and slow of speech, but he had an honest, eager face which Paul liked, and after a while the ice was broken. Paul, who could never have been said to have a poor opinion of himself, related the tale of his adven-

ture with gusto and Jonas Martin proved a good listener.

"You are from Boston," said Jonas at length. "What is the news from there?"

"There is little news," said Paul. "It has been very quiet since the Knowles riot. You heard of that, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Jonas. "Did you see it all?"

"I did," Paul replied, and proceeded to give the country boy an eye-witness account of that event.

"And nothing like that has happened since?" inquired Jonas.

"Nothing so important," said Paul, "but there have been small happenings that show that a fire is smoldering, as Michael Welch says. Michael is a man who works on the Long Wharf and sees everything and knows everybody. Caucus meetings are held regularly in the North End where I live, and Michael says the men won't be caught napping again."

"Down here," said Jonas after a pause, "the men disagree as to whether these things are treasonable or not."

"Men disagree in Boston, too," said Paul.

"Just now the Loyalists are in the lead, for the French are beginning to make trouble again and we have to stand by the King. Michael says we can only wait and see what happens."

"Father says," said Jonas, "that the time may come when we'll have to take a hand with Boston, for these are uncertain times."

"Perhaps that's so," said Paul.

They had now reached the village and Jonas left Paul to deliver his messages. As it was nearly noon and Paul had breakfasted early, he decided to rest here for half an hour. He took his horse to the inn to be watered and fed, while he took the saddle-bags into his own keeping and ate the dinner which he had brought with him. Then he set forth again on his journey.

Paul reached Dedham without further mishap, and after delivering the silverware, much to Mistress Parks's relief, he turned homeward. Near the village where he had left Jonas two mounted farmers met him and escorted him through the wood and well on his way toward Roxbury. As it turned out, however, this proved to be unnecessary, for they met not a soul on the road and Paul reached home that night in safety.

Paul Revere would hardly have been a normal

boy if he had not bragged a little about his exploit, though it should be said that he told his story truthfully, adding nothing by the way of fanciful embroidery. He told John Pulling first, and so the story spread throughout the North End and Paul found himself something of a hero. It must be admitted that he enjoyed this rôle, and as he and John approached a little knot of boys and girls at a street corner it is to be feared that he strutted a little. For he perceived the sweet face of Sarah Orne in the group. What he did not relish so well was the presence of James Newton, for James was given to aping the gallantries of the young men about town and he loved especially to display his masculine charms before Sarah Orne.

"Oh, Paul," cried Sarah, "do tell us all about it. Weren't you terribly frightened?"

"Oh, no," said Paul, a little vaingloriously but quite truthfully, "I wasn't afraid."

"Perhaps if anybody had seen you," interrupted James with a sneer, "there would be a different story to tell."

"Oh, James, how can you?" said Sarah reproachfully.

"Oh, James," echoed Paul scornfully. "He says that because he knows that if he had

been in my shoes he would have swooned."

"That's a lie!" retorted the young patrician hotly.

Paul's dark eyes flashed fire and the angry color slowly mounted to his cheeks.

"You'll take that back, James Newton," said he.

James only tossed his handsome head and langhed. He was older and taller than Paul Revere, if somewhat less robust, and, to give him his due, he did not lack courage. Besides, he had the dramatic gift and he was not unaware of his fair audience.

Paul clenched his fists and took a step forward, but Sarah stepped between.

"Please, Paul," she begged, "don't fight."

Paul looked into her blue eyes and hesitated.

"Oh, he won't fight," taunted James. "Never fear."

Paul was furious, but he yielded when John Pulling took him by the arm.

"Come," said John. "Come away. You don't want to fight before the girls. Besides, James is alone here; it wouldn't be fair."

"All right," said Paul, turning sulkily away, "but I'll make him take back those words yet."

"I shall take back nothing to please the son

of a tradesman," said James, and lifting his hat with a sweeping gesture he stalked away.

John Pulling knew his friend too well to suppose that the matter would end here. It was merely a matter of time and place, and in such an affair of honor it was, by all the rules of the code, incumbent upon John to act as his friend's second.

"I will fight him to-morrow," said Paul, "under the Great Tree."

Near what is now Hanover Square, opposite Boylston Market and the corner of Essex Street and Washington, there stood in those days a grove of shade trees. It was on the west side of what was then Newbury Street, opposite Essex, at the south end of the town. In the midst of this grove, near Frog Lane, a gigantic elm lifted its graceful branches—a tree later to become famous in American history, but then known simply as the Great Tree. This grove was the favorite playground of the boys of the South End, and Paul Revere well knew that if he sought out James Newton there it would be in the enemy's country.

John Pulling fully understood this, but he knew his friend too well to suppose that he could turn him from his purpose by any arguments re-

lating to his personal safety. In his present state of mind Paul would have strode down and tackled the whole South End single handed, so John concentrated his efforts on persuading Paul to accept one more friend as an addition to the supporting party to insure fair play. To this Paul at last granted a grudging consent.

"We might get Crispus Attucks," said Paul.

"No," objected John, "Crispus won't do. He'd lose his head and jump into the fight on his own account. I'll ask Ben Edes."

Benjamin Edes was the son of a North Side printer and a staunch adherent of the Revere clan.

"All right," said Paul, "get Ben."

Next morning the three boys met by appointment and took their way through the town to the South End playground. As they had expected they found a crowd of boys busy at their games. The tall form of James Newton could be seen acting as a sort of leader among them.

"He's there," said Benjamin.

"Yes," said Paul laconically, "I see him."

As they approached the play seemed to slacken, and eyes were turned upon them. Perhaps the news of the promised duel had been spread among them. James Newton thrust his

hands into his pockets and slouched gracefully against the Great Tree.

"Lo, here come the young mechanics," said he in a tone that reached them clearly. "Has any one anything to mend?"

A shout of laughter greeted this sally, but Paul Revere said never a word until he stood facing his handsome antagonist.

"James Newton," said he, "yesterday you called me a liar and otherwise insulted me. Now I'm going to thrash you."

He took off his coat and handed it to John. James was already in his shirtsleeves and wore a tight-fitting plum-colored waistcoat.

"You'd better take off that thing," said Paul, pointing to the waistcoat, "if you don't want its prettiness spoiled."

"It will not be necessary," said James, still smiling.

Then Paul Revere stepped forward and dealt him a resounding slap on the cheek.

There was a forward movement in the crowd, but John and Benjamin ranged themselves behind their friend and planted their sturdy legs solidly. James waved back his followers with a flourish, but the smile had gone from his lips. His face flamed a vivid scarlet and in his eyes

glistened tears of rage and pain. With a snarl he leaped upon his stocky enemy and they grappled.

CHAPTER IV

LOVE AND WAR CLOUDS

In the fury of the initial attack neither boy fought with discretion. They clinched with the primitive ardor of young savages, struggling, swaying, and panting. Then James managed to get his long leg crooked behind Paul's knee and they crashed to the ground. Paul was the under man, but long experience with the rougher element of Master Tileston's school had taught him many tricks of wrestling and he twisted himself from his opponent's grasp before James could pin him to the ground. In an instant both boys were on their feet again, facing each other with flashing eyes.

Now began the real battle with fists. James was no mean boxer and he had the advantage of a longer reach and the aggressiveness of a fiery temper. Again and again he whipped through Paul's guard with a telling blow to the face. Paul's lip was cut and his nose was bleeding, but he gave way not an inch. He gritted his

teeth, hunched his shoulders, and ignored the punishment he was receiving. And as James's attacks began to weaken, Paul but fought the harder.

At length James, smarting from two well directed blows, lifted his knee and caught his antagonist foully in the stomach. A growl of angry protest came from Benjamin Edes, but Paul waited for no referee's decision. Crouching like a cat, he launched himself full at his tall foe with an irresistible fury. Seizing James by the throat with both hands, he exerted every ounce of his strength and bore him backward to the ground.

For a time James struggled to loose the strangling hold. Then he lay quiet.

"Now," cried Paul Revere, relaxing his grip somewhat, "will you take back what you said?"

"Never!" gasped James.

Paul's fingers tightened again and James's eyes began to roll upward in a ghastly manner. His adherents, frightened by the purpling face of their friend, pressed forward and John Pulling saw that it was time to interfere. He stepped forward and laid a firm hold upon Paul's shoulders.

"Come, Paul," said he calmly. "You don't

want to kill him. You've thrashed him and that's enough. Come away."

Benjamin came to his assistance and together they dragged Paul to his feet. Delivering a last scornful kick at his prostrate antagonist he turned and strode slowly away, putting on his coat as he went. James raised himself upon his elbow and cried after him in a voice shrill and trembling with rage, "I'll not forget this, Paul Revere. I'll get even with you if it takes a lifetime. I'll take my oath on it."

This would be no truthful chronicle if it did not admit that those words somehow sent an uneasy chill through Paul's breast, but he only smiled and made no reply. It must be admitted, too, that he swaggered somewhat on his return journey through the North End and was pleased to have it noised abroad that he had whipped James Newton in a fair fight. But to his everlasting credit be it said that he breathed no word of this to Sarah Orne. If she learned of it later on it was from some other source.

And so, with whole-hearted play and staunch friendships, occasional brawls and not a little mischief, passed the school days of a Boston lad who never was a saint and was never to become one, but in whose nature dwelt the unflinching

courage, the keen sense of justice, the love of adventure, and the impulse to prompt action that set him apart as a leader among his fellows. In 1751, at the age of sixteen, Paul Revere left school and went to work as an apprentice in his father's shop. At first the restraint of this occupation was irksome to him, but he soon began to take a keen interest in his work. For there had been born in him the true spirit of the craftsman, a spirit that was to survive the tumult of war and the activities of a turbulent and unsettled time.

There came to Paul Revere the consciousness that he loved to make things, to make them well and to make them beautiful. At first assisting his father's workmen in the rougher tasks of the shop, he soon came to spend his spare time at a bench of his own. He began drawing designs for silver vessels and for decorations, and when his father found them useful, Paul experienced a new kind of joy, and to him a very deep joy, in seeing his designs wrought into gleaming silver pitchers, ewers, tankards, teapots, bowls, spoons, mugs, and porringers. He developed a remarkable ingenuity and mechanical skill and soon displayed his ability to grasp quickly the details of manufacture, so that

within a year he was serving as his father's chief assistant in the finer elements of the silversmith's craft. He became expert at chasing and engraving and enjoyed working out intricate and beautiful crests and coats of arms for his father's wealthy patrons whose love for the insignia of rank had not yet faded before the spirit of equality and independence.

Picture Paul Revere in those days, working steadily at his bench in his mechanic's smock, his eyes alight with joy of artistic creation, and it is not easy to believe that it was the same Paul Revere who outwitted the highwaymen on the road to Dedham, fought a bloody fight with James Newton, and would ere long take part in even more adventurous exploits. Yet it was the same Paul, as Crispus Attucks well knew and as one might guess who followed them on their mysterious prowlings about the unlighted back streets of Boston Town after nightfall or who watched him on his mad holiday gallops out along the country roads that lay beyond the Neck.

For Paul Revere's talents were many and varied and his was a many-sided nature. He loved his graver's tools and he loved his horse; he loved his friends and he loved old Boston

Town; he loved the excitement of mad adventure and he loved a quiet Sunday stroll over Copp's Hill with pretty Sarah Orne. And as for hatreds, he had those, too; there was tyranny and there was James Newton.

"I do not know," he said to Sarah one day, "whether I am soft or hard. For I melt at the sight of a lost dog, while I freeze up and could kill without a tremor a brute of a man who would kick such a dog."

And Sarah looked up at him out of her dark eyes as though she thought him the most wonderful person in all the world. Perhaps, in some ways, he was.

Paul's friendship for Michael Welch was one of the curious things in his life, for Michael was only a rough dock hand and much older than Paul. Yet there existed between them a genuine warmth of affection. All his life Paul chose his friends from high and low apparently without distinction. Perhaps in a measure in that explained his unquestioned leadership among the workingmen of Boston in later years and his failure, in spite of his recognized abilities, to rise high in the councils of state. For he had the faculty of singling out merit wherever he found it, and in Michael Welch he dis-



Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Silver tea urns made by Paul Revere

covered a remarkable native shrewdness and a grasp of political situations that statesmen might have envied. Michael was no man of action. He was rather a philosopher, sitting on the edge of the Long Wharf, watching the world of men go by.

It was with Michael that Paul foregathered to discuss the state of the country, a subject in which he found himself taking an ever increasing interest. For Paul Revere spent his boyhood and youth in warlike and troublous times. The French and Indian War had come to a nominal close in 1748, but Michael shook his head.

"You can't trust an Indian ever," said he sagely, "nor a Frenchman often. They call this peace, but your scalp is safer here, boy, than it would be on the French border or the western frontier. There'll be trouble, mark my words, so long as the French and the British try to share one country between them."

"Then why doesn't Parliament do more to keep the good will of the Colonies? England and the Colonies must stand together against the common enemy," said Paul.

"True enough," responded Michael, "and they will."

"I suppose they will," said Paul, "but I hear those talk who say openly that Parliament is doing wrong by us."

"Now, then, you're beyond my depth," said Michael. "Questions of right and wrong I leave to the Almighty. I find that man's view of it generally depends on whose ox is gored. I don't feel so sure that Parliament is altogether wrong. Let's put it this way. Suppose your father opened a shop in Roxbury and stocked it with tools and hired workmen and 'prentices, and sent you over to take charge of it. Suppose he wasn't satisfied with the returns and began to give you orders how you must run the business, who you must trade with and who you must not, and should require you to send him a percentage of the profits at regular intervals. You would be vexed, I've no doubt, to have your affairs interfered with like that, and you would be quick to take offense at any methods of unnecessary severity, but there would be many who would say that your father had a right to see that his business was run to suit him, after all the trouble he'd been put to. It all depends on whether you're father or son. And that's the way it is with England and the Colonies. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Paul, "I suppose so. My mother is English and I am loyal, but it seems to me, Michael, that Parliament is trying to manage a business too far away for them to understand. Anyway, I know that there are mutterings and more than mutterings in the North End. If men are not allowed to make an honest living they will make a dishonest one. You may forbid our merchants trading with the French, but it's another thing to stop them when there are mouths to be fed. And if pressed too far, Michael, they will fight, just as they did when Knowles impressed the sailors."

"Of that, now," said Michael, squinting shrewdly to windward, "it may be that I know a thing or two myself. Facts is one thing and the right and wrong of 'em is another. You'll know more, Paul, my boy, before you know less."

Paul was learning more every day, and if his views of the developing situation were prejudiced and radical and colored by the needs and the temper of the homespun class, it was but natural. As James had said, Paul was the son of a tradesman. His home was in the turbulent North End. He had chosen his friends from among those of like station, for he

had found them generally honest and of a robust independence of thought that was congenial to his own nature. What he had seen of the wealthy aristocracy of Boston and England had not attracted him. The James Newtons of his experience he heartily despised. He was a natural partisan. He did not belong to the class from which the new America was to draw her leaders—her Washingtons, her Jeffersons, her Hancocks, her Hamiltons; he was of the people who furnished the great moral impulse behind those leaders, without which Washington himself would have been impotent. At present his sympathies were naturally with his own class, and they were the sympathies of a very loyal but scarcely docile Englishman.

In this connection, two incidents in Paul Revere's life in the year 1752 are illuminating. The first took place on an August evening not long after Paul's conversation with Michael. A dark, moonless night was promised following a cloudy day, and Crispus Attucks had sent word to Paul to meet him after dusk near Hudson's Point below Copp's Hill.

Crispus, always chary of words, had given no hint of what was going forward, but Paul knew him well enough to know that the rendezvous

would not be for nothing. Paul knew that the half-breed's strange, silent prowlings about the old town left him ignorant of little that went on under cover of darkness.

Paul rightly guessed that it was to be a smuggling affair, for he and Michael often talked with shipbuilders and merchants who considered that they were unjustly treated by laws which sought to keep the Colonial trade in British hands by the imposition of high duties, and among whom evasion of these laws seemed justified and not immoral.

Paul found Crispus waiting for him in the black shadows of a warehouse, and together they made their way silently to the shore. Phantom-like figures were moving stealthily about a small landing wharf. Presently the sound of muffled oars was heard and a heavily laden boat drew in out of the darkness. Six barrels of molasses were rolled out upon the wharf, and the boat stole back for more.

"Hm!" grunted Crispus, his white teeth flashing for a moment in the darkness. "That will be made into rum and the rum will be turned into money."

There was no excitement, no confusion. The men worked methodically until the entire cargo

of some unseen ship was landed upon the shore and carted away to its hiding place. But the scene made a powerful impression on Paul's young mind.

"How can Parliament ever stop that?" he asked.

But Crispus only smiled enigmatically as he led the way back into town.

The other incident, equally quiet and seemingly insignificant in itself, was a meeting which Paul attended in a bare garret over a distillery in the North End in company with Michael Welch.

"It is only a caucus," explained Michael, "but if you keep your ears open you may hear something."

Paul recognized many of the mechanics and others sitting about the low room, and his presence was not questioned. Benjamin Edes's father sat in the moderator's chair and the discussion dealt largely with the candidates for fireward and tax collector who should be supported by the voters of the North End. Paul found it a bit tiresome, but after the adjournment of the meeting the men gathered in little knots and began talking in a more animated manner.

"We'll just tarry a moment," said Michael, drawing Paul to a chair at the side of the room.

Near them a group had gathered about a ship chandler whom Paul knew slightly, and presently snatches of their talk began to reach him.

"Bloated members of Parliament. . . . Show them that they cannot make slaves of free Englishmen. . . . Resist the officers if need be. . . ."

"Why Michael," whispered Paul, "this is treason."

"Hush!" cautioned Michael. The ship chandler was speaking.

"We can do nothing with all Boston against us. They do not understand. What we need is a leader," said he.

"There is one man who can see it all clearly," said an old sea captain, and all eyes were turned upon him. "We must have Sam Adams."

Paul Revere was thinking deeply as he went home that night. He was only seventeen, but those were times in which boys became men early, and the interests of boyhood had already given place in Paul's mind to matters of great import. For one thing, he was in love and had already harbored thoughts of marriage. Sarah Orne had grown up to be a most alluring albeit

a sensible young woman and she was much in Paul's thoughts. James Newton was still a dangerous rival, for Sarah was not insensible to the charm of his handsome figure and his polished manners, while Paul was but a soberly clad mechanic. Still, though Paul had never spoken to Sarah of love and marriage, he felt that he knew her heart and that she was no coquette.

And so he continued to work away ardently at his bench, fashioning things of beauty and gaining a reputation for his superior craftsmanship, and he continued to walk with Sarah on summer evenings and on Sundays when the breeze blew in fresh from the harbor and the country roads beyond the Neck called to him to mount his good gray horse and go galloping away. And Sarah came to know this young man of the many-sided nature and to admire him for things that others as yet did not dream of.

On January 22, 1754, Paul Revere's father died, and Paul, at the age of nineteen, succeeded him in the business of his goldsmith's shop. For a time the added responsibility of his business and the care of his mother and younger children absorbed all his attention. But Paul

Revere had a rare gift for organization, and by the time trouble broke out again with the French, Paul had his affairs well in hand and was living the life of a man among the men of the North End of Boston Town.

For the prophecy of Michael Welch was fulfilled and the clouds of war again rolled over the struggling young Colonies. Worried by the activities of the English pioneers in the Ohio valley the French became aggressive again in 1753. They sent their troops across Lake Erie, and in spite of the brave resistance of the young Virginian soldier-surveyor, George Washington, they penetrated as far as the spot where Pittsburgh now stands and established themselves at Fort Duquesne.

Boston, concerned with her own affairs, for a time looked upon this as a frontier dispute, and England and France remained nominally at peace until 1755, when the Seven Years' War broke out and Boston found herself again involved in the quarrels of the mother country.

Paul Revere was now at the age when the roll of drums stirs the blood. Forgetting for the time the grievances of his fellow Colonists, his heart flamed with a patriotic ardor. He wanted

to fight for England. He joined a local artillery company and spent his evenings drilling on the parade ground. Sarah thought him very fine in his new uniform, but when word came of Indian massacres and bloody fights, her heart misgave her. Neither John Pulling nor Benjamin Edes joined this company, but Crispus Attucks, whose strange devotion to Paul would have led him through fire and flood, enlisted as a private. Paul's natural gift for leadership began to display itself and a taste for the military life. If fortune later on had not played him false he might have become as great and useful a soldier as General Putnam, for the two men had many qualities in common. For the present, however, he was not looking so far ahead. He was eager to serve against the French, and in due course he received a commission as Second Lieutenant from Governor William Shirley.

In the spring of 1756 an expedition against the French at Crown Point was organized under General John Winslow, and Paul's company received the call to go. Paul had already so arranged his growing business that he could afford to leave it in the competent hands of his assistants and there was only Sarah Orne to

consider. For Paul knew that he was leaving a free field to James Newton, and his heart was disturbed within him.

On a mild evening in early May they walked together through the crooked streets of the North End, along the water front, and up the grassy slopes of Copp's Hill. Paul was in his officer's uniform—the uniform of the King—and he held his sturdy figure very proudly. If his heart was beating more rapidly than it had beaten even when he received the summons to duty, Sarah did not know. But there was something in his manner and his constrained conversation that made her own heart flutter as she walked demurely by his side, clad in her best gown of Quaker gray silk, with a snowy kerchief about her slender throat.

"Sarah," said Paul at length, "we march to-morrow morning."

"Yes, I know," said she quietly.

He stopped on the hillside, with the lights of Boston Town beginning to twinkle below them, and stood facing her.

"I might not come back."

Her face grew a little paler in the twilight and sudden tears filled the eyes that she turned up to him. He took her little hand in his.

"But if I do—when I do—will you wed me, Sarah? For I love you."

Sarah stood for a moment with downcast eyes and then raised her face again and swayed a little toward him.

"I promise," said she.

He caught her in his strong arms and kissed her, his hot French blood throbbing in his temples. Then, with no more words, he turned and led her back down the hill. To Sarah there seemed to be a thousand things to talk about, but that was not Paul Revere's way. What was necessary had been said and she was blissfully content. But after he had left her at her door with another kiss, he strode rapidly through the streets of sleeping Boston for hours to quiet the tumult in his rejoicing breast.

Next morning the roll of drums was heard on Boston Common and the town turned out to watch the soldiers go. Paul Revere, astride his good gray horse, rode beside his men as they went tramping off down Newbury Street, and waved his hand toward a handkerchief that fluttered from the crowd in front of the Province House—a handkerchief that soon was held to streaming dark eyes as Paul Revere rode off to war. While against the trunk of

the Great Tree indolently lolled the tall figure of James Newton, a sneering smile showing beneath his blonde mustache.

CHAPTER V

"THE CHILD INDEPENDENCE"

They started off gallantly enough, those young Bostonians, on their way to fight the French, but there was much disillusionment in store for them. Perhaps it was just as well for them that they should learn what a tiresome, inglorious thing war in those days was often like; they would have need of that knowledge in days to come.

For weeks it amounted to nothing but long, weary marches, with sometimes scanty rations, for there was no organized transport and commissariat in those days. And at night, after the toilsome day, there was vigilant guard duty to be performed because of the constant menace of a stealthy Indian attack.

Particularly after they crossed into Vermont and penetrated the mountainous country, did this danger become more imminent and the remains of Indian campfires were not infrequently seen. Scouting parties were sent in advance,

partly to discover the presence of Indians and partly for foraging purposes, and Lieutenant Revere was often called upon to lead these detachments. And always at his side was the faithful Crispus, whose Indian blood gave him the keenness of sense that rendered him invaluable for this service.

But the Indians for the most part kept at a safe distance, until the men of the regiment began to believe that their fears were largely fanciful.

"I believe they're more afraid of us than we are of them," said Revere.

Crispus was trotting steadily along by his side at the time, with his hand lightly grasping the stirrup leather.

"They are patient," said Crispus. "They will wait till the white man's eyes are dulled. Then you will hear the war-whoop."

They paused at the top of a hill to wait for the rest of the scouting party to come up. They were in the beautiful country that lies to the west of the Connecticut River, and before them stood the Green Mountains, extending to the horizon like ocean waves. In the valley behind them they could see the regiment crawling along the narrow, dusty road, the men

stretched out in a long file and the plodding horses dragging the old-fashioned cannon. The scene was nothing if not peaceful.

"Well," said Revere, "we must do our duty."

He gave the necessary directions to his little band and the men separated and went scouting off through the woods in pairs. Revere himself rode alone down the western slope of the hill.

He had ridden perhaps a mile and was lost in thoughts of home and of Sarah, when suddenly an arrow sang past his ear and plunged quivering into the trunk of a tree. Instantly he was on the alert. Drawing his pistol he leaped from his horse and stood waiting, shielding himself behind the big gray's body. A shot fired into the air would have given the alarm, but he did not dare waste it. He had only his two pistols, and he might not have time to reload.

Not a twig snapped; not a sound gave him any warning as to the position of his foe.

Suddenly a shot rang out in the forest, and with his death yell an Indian, hideously painted, leaped from behind a near-by bush on Paul's left hand, and then fell prone upon his face. As he leaped he hurled his tomahawk at Revere, but he was mortally hit and his aim was wild.

Simultaneously three half-naked bronze figures dashed out from cover and closed in upon him. The first met a bullet from Revere's pistol and turned a somersault in the underbrush. The second fell at a shot from the unknown musket, and the third turned and disappeared as if by magic.

"Good!" said a voice at Revere's elbow, and turning he looked into the half-smiling face of Crispus Attucks, who was coolly reloading his musket.

"Crispus!" exclaimed Revere. "How came you here? How did you know?"

"I never let you get too far away," said Crispus simply.

Paul Revere was not a man of many words. He simply grasped his friend's hand, and Crispus hung his head and blushed like a schoolboy through his dark skin.

The sounds of the shots brought others of the party on the run, and the danger of the ambush was over for the present. But during the rest of that arduous march Revere was never again indiscreet enough to venture off alone, and he never forgot that Crispus Attucks had saved his life.

Meanwhile, in Boston, James Newton was

making the most of his opportunities. Dressing himself in his best—and the best was very gay and colorful in those days—he called on the dark-eyed Sarah. Though a little reserved toward him, she seemed not ungracious, and at last he began to make love to her. And she, perhaps because some little devil of mischief lurked beneath her demure exterior, did not wholly repulse him. In the approved manner of the period, James dropped to one knee before her, with his hand upon his heart, and pressed his suit. Beneath her drooping lashes Sarah's eyes twinkled to see the proud young patrician thus kneeling before a Puritan's daughter. Gently she put him off.

"Then when may I have your answer?" demanded James, a little petulantly.

"When Paul Revere gets home," said she, "we can all talk it over together. I am betrothed to him."

It did not need Sarah's laugh to send the crimson mounting to James's temples. He leaped to his feet, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Do you think you can play with James Newton?" he demanded.

"Does it not serve you right," she asked, the smile giving place to something unex-

pectedly stern in her young face, "to take advantage of my true man's absence when he is fighting for his King?"

"His King!" echoed James scornfully. "A proper patriot is Paul Revere. Let me tell you, Mistress Orne, that Paul Revere will yet die a traitor's death, and I know of one who will gladly help him on his way."

Sarah rose to her feet in an attitude of dismissal, a flaming red spot in each cheek, and James Newton stalked wrathfully from her presence.

And so, when Paul Revere returned from the war, he found his sweetheart true.

It wasn't much of a war, so far as Paul Revere's part in it was concerned, and that filled him with chagrin. But he had done his appointed duty, and the French in the end were conquered. And the experience served him better than he knew.

For six months—from May to November, 1756—Revere served at Fort William Henry on Lake George, and during all that time his regiment took part in no action of consequence. Then the fall of Forts Oswego and Ontario to the French, who were generally successful in the early part of the war, compelled the retirement

of the British and Colonial forces and General Winslow's expedition was soon after recalled.

Returning home, Paul Revere again took up the affairs of his business and was soon leading his old life again in Boston Town, making marvelously beautiful silverware, attending the meetings of the Masons and the caucuses, discussing affairs of state with Michael Welch, and courting Sarah Orne. On August 17, 1757, when Paul was twenty-two and Sarah a little over a year younger, they were married in the Old North Church, with John Pulling acting as Master of Ceremonies, and he took her to his own home.

It had not been a particularly romantic wooing, but Sarah made him a good wife and a charming hostess, and more and more the Revere house became a sort of social center for the humbler folk of the North End. His business prospered, for in spite of his increasing outside activities he was industrious, a shrewd business man by nature, and unquestionably the foremost artist in his line in Massachusetts if not in the whole of America. The fame of his silverware spread throughout the Colonies, and it was the ambition of every bride and matron to have his mark impressed on the

bottom of her plate. Furthermore, with the help of his friend Benjamin Edes, who had gone to work in his father's printing house, Revere began experimenting with copper-plate engraving and printing, and by 1765 he had established a reputation as a clever if somewhat crude caricaturist; but of that, more later.

After his marriage Revere took an increasingly prominent part in the political affairs of the town, especially the North End Caucus, and though he never held political office himself in those days, except that of fireward, he ruled as a sort of boss among the voters of the North End. To him they came for advice and his voice was heard on deeper subjects than local politics in those half-secret meetings. The North End Caucus was becoming more and more the center of thought and action for those workingmen of independent spirit who were ever a thorn in the flesh of the King's representatives in Boston and the more conservative of the citizens. Perhaps they were culpably disloyal; very often they were wrong in their point of view; they were not among the advocates of law and order; but they kept alive the spirit of liberty, dear to every Englishman's heart, that was finally to expand and sweep over all the Colonies.

For a crisis between England and the Colonies was slowly but surely developing. It grew out of a difference of conception on the two sides of the water, though there were plenty of staunch Loyalists on this side and friends of the Colonists on the other. The rank and file of the Colonists, however, considered themselves free Englishmen with a just claim to the same rights, commercial and otherwise, as those enjoyed by their fellow subjects in England. But in the mother country, as in the other European countries, the American Colonies were looked upon as business ventures simply, to be exploited for the benefit and enrichment of those who had founded them, invested in them, and who gave them their protection. To prevent the riches of the New World from straying into hands which had done nothing to deserve them, therefore, it was ruled that the American Colonists should trade only with England. They must send their products to no other country, buy from no other country. To the British merchant and governing class this seemed to be but simple justice, and they looked upon the Colonists as recalcitrant and ungrateful. But it was an enforced monopoly, and the ambitious Colonists chafed under its restric-

tions. To prevent evasion of the trading laws, prohibitive duties were imposed on foreign exports and imports, and the extensive smuggling which resulted was as gall and wormwood to the British capitalists.

After Lord Geoffrey Amherst had conquered Quebec in 1759, and the British felt more certain of their control, they began to stiffen in their attitude toward the Colonies. The Tory Bernard was now the Royal Governor in Boston and George III ascended the British throne in October, 1760, though word of it did not reach Boston till late in December. And this new George was determined to rule his Colonies as a King, according to his extremely monarchical views, should.

It was in 1760, with the French menace removed, that a definite attempt was made to enforce the revenue laws more strictly and to put a stop to the sort of smuggling that Paul Revere had witnessed at Hudson's Point.

Charles Paxton, the Collector of Customs in Boston, was ordered to apply to the civil authorities of Massachusetts for so-called Writs of Assistance—a sort of blanket search warrant that should enable customs officers at any time to enter any house, shop, warehouse, or ship,

open any packages on their own authority, and to summon the assistance of the sheriff and his deputies in case of resistance. For any loss or injustice incurred through this procedure, no redress was provided. That there was much dutiable merchandise in hiding was not to be denied, but these Colonial Englishmen considered their homes and warehouses their castles and this attack upon their personal rights was hotly resented by a people already smarting under various special taxes imposed without representation or any voice of their own in the matter.

If King George and his ministers could have attended a meeting of one of the caucuses at this time, or even the more decorous Town Meeting, they might have hesitated in their action, but they were far from the scene. Boston was smoldering underneath with a fire that was nearly ready to burst forth into flames as she watched the working out of this plan.

The deputy collector in Salem was first ordered to apply for the writ by petition to the Superior Court in November, 1760. This court evaded the responsibility and ordered the case argued in Boston in the following February. Meanwhile Chief Justice Sewall died and Chief

Justice Hutchinson, a brave and upright citizen but a man with a deep-seated sense of loyalty to the Crown, took his place at the head of the Court.

Boston was in a turmoil of excitement and alarm. What would be the outcome? Would the court grant the petition? And if so, would the insurgent spirits of the North End resist the application of the writ? And then what?

All day long Paul Revere's shop was a rendezvous for the North End voters, some of them frightened, some skeptical, some openly rebellious. At night the meetings of citizens overflowed into the Green Dragon Tavern and fiery speeches were made. Through all this turmoil Paul Revere kept his head and waited.

"A good deal depends on what James Otis will do," said he. And all through the town ran the query, "What will Otis do?"

James Otis then held the office of advocate-general under the Crown. He enjoyed a large salary and prospects of high favor from the Government and future advancement, but the men of Boston knew that he was a patriot at heart. Now the test had come, and with it the question, "What will Otis do?"

When the revenue officers called upon him to

defend their cause in accordance with his sworn duties, he resigned his office at once and all Boston drew a deep breath and faced the future with a new courage. More than that, Otis undertook to act on the other side as counsel for the merchants of Boston against the issuance of the writ. A large fee was offered him, but he refused it. "In such a cause," said he, "I despise all fees."

The case was tried in the council chamber at the east end of the Town Hall, now known as the Old State House. Paul Revere earnestly sought admittance, but the doors were closed to all except high officials and members of the bar. But there was a young lawyer in Boston in those days, who had recently come from Braintree to practise his profession, and who saw it all. His name was John Adams, a cousin of Samuel Adams, and Revere had on more than one occasion met him at sundry meetings to which Tories did not come. A sort of friendship had sprung up between the two. Revere recognized young Adams's gifts and thought he saw in him one who might yet become a leader in the cause. That vivid day in the council chamber settled matters for John Adams and he came forth a

Revolutionary. It was from him that Paul Revere had the story of it.

It was a most impressive and dignified occasion, Adams said. Behind the judicial table sat the five judges of the court, all in new robes of scarlet English broadcloth, white cambric bands, and big snowy wigs. Chief Justice Hutchinson, who was also Lieutenant Governor of the Province, presided with graceful gravity. Behind them hung large portraits of Charles II and James II in gold frames. Standing in the hall were most of the lawyers of Boston and Middlesex in their black gowns and white bands and wigs tied with black ribbon.

Jeremiah Gridley, one of the greatest lawyers of that day, argued the case for the writs in a powerful speech.

Then up rose James Otis, his pale face set with serious intention, in his eyes glowing a prophetic fire, and began a speech that lasted for five hours. And for the full five hours he held John Adams and the rest of them spellbound. At first his voice trembled a trifle from sheer earnestness, but as he warmed to his subject his words came like a clear, bell-like challenge to all the oppressors of the earth.

For Otis did not confine himself to the subject at issue. He went into the whole question of the relation of England to her Colonies and he drew up a tremendous indictment against the tyrant across the sea. It has been called one of the greatest orations of modern times, and his hearers knew that the great word had at last been boldly spoken, when he said in ringing tones, "I am determined, sir, to my dying day, to oppose that kind of power the exercise of which, in former periods of English history, cost one King of England his head and another his throne." And those prescient words of his, "Kings were made for the good of the people, and not the people for them," sound like a commonplace, a truism, to us, but the shock of them to the Loyalists gathered there can hardly be overestimated.

Daring words were those; the might of the King himself had been questioned. But Otis was not the only one in Boston that day whose heart rebelled against oppression, whose neck ached to throw off the yoke of obedience. Samuel Adams was at work on a revolutionary plan and Paul Revere was fanning the flame in the North End.

Afterward, long afterward, John Adams de-

clared that on that day "the child Independence was born." At the moment, however, he scarcely grasped that larger significance of Otis's speech. But Paul Revere, when Adams told him of what had happened, only nodded, smiling grimly, said "It is well," and went home. For Otis's eloquent words were but the expression of a vision that had already come to Paul Revere at his work bench.

Hutchinson was a sincere friend of the Colonists, but his was a judicial, legally trained mind. He believed that the right to command was vested in King and Parliament, and that it was his duty to follow the law. After receiving further counsel from England he issued the order granting the hated writs.

A period of riot and turmoil followed. The officious agents of the custom house, armed with their writs, began breaking into warehouses and seizing goods. They confiscated the private property of Boston citizens amounting to thousands of pounds. The angry owners stoutly asserted that much of this had not been smuggled at all, but they had no redress under the law and the cries of indignant protest rose louder and louder. The officials in their zeal used but slight discretion and many a Loyalist

merchant was in those days converted into an ardent Whig.

As their activities led them into the North End, the customs house officials began to meet with more and more determined resistance, and the sheriff, who had many friends in that part of the town and even owed his office to the friendliness of the North End Caucus, began to find excuses for not appearing on the scene.

At length their activities brought them to a long warehouse on Fore Street, near the North End wharves. No one denied that it was filled with smuggled goods, but this was carrying the war directly into the insurgent country and a powerful resistance was organized. When the officers and their hired agents reached the warehouse, they found the windows and doors barricaded. Axes were brought into play, but when the doors were battered down the officers found the place swarming with men armed with cudgels. They attacked but were promptly repulsed. They surrounded the place, but it was so well garrisoned that it appeared that nothing short of cannon would dislodge the determined and well organized defenders. Not only were the owner and his employees within, but half the workmen of the North End seemed to

have gathered there under some effective leadership.

The foiled officials attempted a parley, but the defenders only laughed at them and bade them come on. The Collector himself was sent for and reinforcements arrived, but Paxton hesitated to open fire on his fellow Bostonians and the only result was an indeterminate siege. the warehouse burst open simultaneously and a hundred workmen poured forth. It was no bluff. With fists and cudgels they rushed the besiegers, and their attack was so determined and so well timed that the officials, surprised by the unexpected sortie, withdrew their men, some of whom, half-hearted hirelings, had already fled.

Quiet again settled over Fore Street. Leaving a guard within the warehouse and sentries posted at the street corners, the workmen dispersed to their homes, while the rest of Boston, learning the news of the North End riot, buzzed with excitement. It was evident that this was no unplanned action. Samuel Adams was quietly at work in his home. John Adams and James Otis were in their offices. It was none of them. Who, then, was the leader who had so effectively and skilfully organized this bold re-

sistance to the officers of the King? The truth of it was never published, but there were those who knew.

When the excitement had died down and Fore Street had reassumed its normal aspect, the figure of a well dressed gentleman might have been seen lounging in the shadows across the street, watching the warehouse doors. Languidly he scrutinized the men as they came forth, but he made no move until at last the main door opened and a well knit, round-faced man in the cloth suit of a well-to-do tradesman came out.

James Newton started and his eyes lighted with an unpleasant smile. He strolled nonchalantly across the street and confronted the burly tradesman.

"You are clever, Paul Revere," said he, "but you are not clever enough to hide your deeds from me. I know who it is that has incited these misguided men to revolt against law and constituted authority. You are a traitor to your King, Paul Revere, and mark my words, a traitor's fate awaits you. I have sworn to even the score between us, and, by God, I will."

Paul Revere clenched his fists and his eyes flashed dangerously. But he soon gained con-



The Plea of James Otis against the Writs of Assistance

From a mural painting by Robert Reid in the Old State House, Boston

trol of himself, and, brushing by his enemy without a word, he passed on up the street. He had his own ideas about evening that account, but the time was not yet.

CHAPTER VI

THE BIRTH OF THE SONS

It was one of the extraordinary attributes of Paul Revere's many-sided nature that, in spite of his activities as the leader and balance-wheel of the proletarians of Boston's North End and the manifold distractions of those troublous years that preceded the Revolution, he was able so to conduct his business that it prospered mightily. The fame of his beautifully designed and finely wrought silverware spread far and wide and many wealthy and fashionable people who differed with him in politics were proud to possess the valuable product of his shop, bearing his impressed mark, ⊙REVERE in a narrow rectangle, and graceful crests and monograms of his engraving. Occasionally he entered upon a small business ventures of other sorts, and they nearly always proved profitable and gave evidence of his ability to grasp essentials and his energy in promotion.

On November 2, 1762, his growing family

requiring larger quarters and his means permitting, Revere hired a house in Fish Street (now North Street) on the northerly side of Lewis's Wharf, paying £16 a year for it. Here he lived until 1770.

Michael Welch, now grown older, had given up active physical work but was still employed as a watchman on the Long Wharf, and Revere, always attached to his old friends, frequently sought him out when the political problems of the day were most puzzling. In Michael's keen insight into human nature and in his native shrewdness and even, philosophic temper, Revere found much comfort and enlightenment, and not a little of his success in holding steady the disorderly elements of the town during those seething times was due to Michael's influence.

For they were seething times and there was always something of moment for the two men to talk about. Much of the oppression which was coming to be more and more keenly felt was in the way of restraint of trade, and the Yankee's pocket-book was ever a tender spot. In 1763, the French having been driven from the American continent for good, England began to contemplate the cost. Her debt was enormous

for those days and Parliament decided that the Colonies, which had unquestionably received benefits as the result of the wars, should bear a heavier share of the burden. George Grenville, who became Prime Minister in 1763, was wholly in accord with this proposal and in the following year he took definite steps to enforce the tariff regulations and especially the so-called molasses act.

This molasses act was, in brief, an order to the effect that molasses might be imported into the Colonies from the West Indies only in English vessels, and this usually meant a circuitous route from the West Indies to England and back to America, rendering the transaction so ridiculously expensive as to be no longer profitable. This sounded the knell of a prosperous industry—the manufacture and exporting of rum—and the hard-headed Yankee could see no sense in it. Furthermore, the American fisheries were among the more profitable of the Colonial industries, and while England served as a ready market for the best of the product, the West Indies had accepted the inferior grades. This outlet was now cut off both by the revenue provisions and by the impossibility of taking molasses in exchange.

Consequently the sense of outraged justice burned more hotly in Massachusetts and clashes between smugglers and the King's revenue officers became more frequent and more serious.

But Massachusetts was not the only Colony to suffer. From the coast-wise skippers Michael Welch picked up a fund of information regarding events and the growing discontent in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. It was in December, 1763, in connection with a case involving an interference by the Church of England with the free clergy of Virginia, that the great orator Patrick Henry delivered his first inflammatory speech, a speech that even in our day would be considered ultra-radical and subversive of constituted authority. But he had the people with him, and when he asserted Virginia's right to make her own laws and declared that "a king, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to obedience," he was but echoing the now familiar words of James Otis, uttered in Boston, and his insurgent sentiments struck an answering chord in the other Colonies.

How Paul Revere's heart thrilled when he heard those words!

"It's the voice of America," he said to

Michael. "The Colonies are beginning to catch the idea that they must make common cause against a common wrong."

"Yes," returned Michael, shaking his head solemnly, "and things are going to be worse before they're better. Englishmen don't back down before speeches. Mark my words, Paul Revere, we'll see British soldiers in this town before many years, and what then?"

"What then?" echoed Revere. "Why then we shall have to learn to be soldiers ourselves, I take it."

But not every one was able to look so far into the future as Sam Adams and Michael Welch and Paul Revere. Among the tradesmen and laborers of Boston Town there was little notion of unity of action beyond the somewhat narrow limits of their own immediate vision. But they were waxing more and more indignant all the time with the consciousness of personal oppression, and Paul Revere, sensitive to the impulses that surrounded him, found himself drawn inevitably into the vortex of revolt. He was now, in 1763, a rugged, mature man of twenty-eight. By nature a man of action and of fiery spirit, his tough-mindedness was scarcely proof against the rebellious spirit of the time as ex-

emplified among the men with whom he came most constantly in contact. The apprentices in his own workshop openly talked sedition. Gradually but surely he was drifting beyond Michael Welch's pacific and somewhat pessimistic philosophy. His whole nature demanded resistance.

As an active member of the Masonic Fraternity and of the North End Caucus, Revere met frequently with the most outspoken of the North End Bostonians. These groups began more and more to take on the color of a loosely organized Revolutionary Party. Their more or less secret meetings developed into the Caucus Club, which met for no other purpose than the discussion of these vital questions in an atmosphere of good fellowship and sometimes conviviality. Many of the Masons of Boston, with their fraternal bonds and their predilection for secret meetings, were included in the club, together with the members of both the North End and South End Caucuses.

Before the end of 1763 this organization had taken on a more definite and regular form, under acknowledged leadership, and was renamed the Union Club. Samuel Adams became a member, but he continued to remain in the background

and for the present to confine his activities to the more dignified and authoritative Town Meeting and to the quiet of his own study. John Adams was an invited guest on more than one occasion, but such aristocratic patriots as John Hancock were considered outside the pale, while James Newton and Tories of that stripe would have been treated roughly had they endeavored to gain admittance. For the present the control of the organization remained in the hands of the workingmen themselves.

They met in various places and talked a great deal. For a time, indeed, the club debates served as a sort of safety valve for the letting off of revolutionary steam, and no sort of plan of action took shape. A man of vision and power was needed to direct them, and that man was Sam Adams. But while they were waiting for him, Paul Revere fell into a sort of nominal leadership. Naturally a moving spirit, he had long been looked up to by the carpenters, bricklayers, shipwrights, printers, tailors, and apprentices who made up the major part of the membership of the club. And beside him, supporting him loyally in his position, stood John Pulling, Benjamin Edes, and the rest of the old Grammar School clan. More and more

Revere, feeling his responsibility, sought out Sam Adams for counsel, and more and more Adams began to make use of him as the trusted emissary between the leaders of the embryonic separatist movement and the masses.

All this was leading up to the events which followed the promulgation of the hated Stamp Act and the first concerted resistance to British authority. As far back as 1755 Shirley, a more popular and fair-minded Governor than Bernard, had suggested revenue stamps as a peaceful means of raising money in the Colonies. It would not be a burdensome tax, he argued, and would entail no infringement of personal property rights. But the temper of the Colonists was different now; they were ready to resist any tax of whatever sort that was not imposed by their own elected legislatures.

In 1763 the plan was revived and Lord Bute introduced it in Parliament. According to this plan all legal documents, business papers, and even newspapers printed in the Colonies must appear on special paper stamped by the Government and sent from England. The idea found favor in England and in 1764 Grenville gave advance notice of its adoption.

The word spread like wildfire through Boston.

Lawyers and business men joined the ranks of protest. Use Grenville's paper indeed! It was an outrage. Paul Revere merely laughed; the thing seemed too absurd. But when he discovered what a serious view of it was taken by the members of the Union Club, and that some vigorous action was demanded, he found his own responsibility involved. He asked for time to consider the matter, and then he did a characteristically sensible thing. He went to consult a wiser man than himself—Sam Adams.

He found John Adams closeted with his cousin in the latter's study, and the two men were evidently engaged in earnest conversation. The surroundings were not elegant, for Adams was notoriously careless in such matters and a man of limited means. The house was not an imposing mansion and the study was a cluttered, disorderly, somewhat shabby room, though not without evidences of the fact that it was the workshop of a man of intellect. As Revere entered, both men faced him, and he could not help being struck with marked differences in the appearance and bearing of the two.

Samuel Adams was at this time forty-two years old—a man at the height of his powers. Somewhat above the medium height, with a

strong, earnest face, relieved from austerity by a certain mobility of expression and by the light of his fine, keen, gray, intelligent eyes. His features were rather prominent, the jaw denoting determination, and his abundant hair was beginning to show signs of turning gray. His snuff-colored cloth suit was worn carelessly and was somewhat wrinkled.

A graduate of Harvard in the class of 1740, Adams was a scholar and, like his contemporary Thomas Jefferson, a man of many intellectual curiosities and attainments. But he was no intellectual snob; in that as in everything else he was a thorough democrat. An unpretentious man personally, he was neither shy nor retiring when occasion summoned him to push himself forward in a good cause. He was a merchant in a small way, but not a prosperous one like Revere. His chief source of livlihood, indeed, was the salary he received as Clerk of the Assembly. He was a prominent member of the Old South Church as his father had been before him, and he inherited Puritan traits.

Unlike some of the patriots of his time, there was not a flaw in the fine metal of Samuel Adams's democracy. Democracy and unmixed justice were his religion. To some he seemed

a fanatic, to others a seer; no one doubted his sincerity. His striving and dreaming were all for a sacred cause, with not a hint of personal ambition. Adams was so genuine and transparent in this, it was so readily recognized and felt, that he was accepted as the real leader of the proletariat, though not so intimately one of them as was Paul Revere. Still, he was known personally to hundreds of men about the wharves and shipyards and in the shops of Boston, for he was as friendly to water boy as to ship master. He was literally no respector of persons save as a means to a desired end. Thus he selected Paul Revere as the handiest and most reliable executor of many of the plans of which he himself was the originator. In later years he became known, and not without reason, as the Father of the Revolution.

Samuel Adams owed much of his success to his prominence in the Boston Town Meeting, where he had long been a power. His was that rare ability to crystallize popular thought and put it into words. Eloquent, persuasive, keenly intelligent, his spotless integrity, sincerity, and unselfish devotion to the cause of justice were unquestioned by his fellow citizens. He had a gift for political organization. These things,

combined with his steadfast courage and his almost uncanny gift of seeing into the future, placed him naturally in the forefront of all the forward-looking movements of his day.

John Adams was a man of different type. Rather short and sturdy, his face rather florid and his expression vivid, he was considered a handsome man. His dress was neat if not elaborate and his manner was easy and urbane. Brilliant as a lawyer, talented, energetic, of an ardent temperment, he possessed much of that personal magnetism that means everything in political leadership. His social graces were more marked than those of his cousin, but being younger, and wise withal, he was content to follow the other's lead. John Hancock was annexed later as the ornamental, influential, titular leader of the group. At present the two cousins bore the burden of leadership, with Revere as their trusted agent among the masses.

"I come to tell you," began Revere, "what I suppose you already know. The Union Club, the men of Boston, are wrought up almost beyond control over this proposed Stamp Act. We have restrained them, counseling prudence and patience, but they cannot be held in check indefinitely. The moving spirits of the Union

Club are demanding some sort of action. Cannot you come and address them? They will listen to your wisdom."

"I think myself," said John Adams, "that the time for concerted and well ordered action is approaching if this impulse is to be directed. We must prevent mob violence at all hazards. Nothing would be more hurtful to our cause. Some prudent step, it seems to me, must be taken to forestall an imprudent one."

"True," said Sam Adams, after a few minutes' deep thought. "But let me beg of you, Revere, to hold the people in check yet a little longer. The Union Club, as I see it, is not yet in a position to come out in the open as the champion of the rights of all the people. There are many true but conservative patriots whose adherence would be alienated by premature action. The Union Club is still looked upon in many quarters as merely an organization of a single class whose members have not always refrained from mob violence. It has gained no standing, no authority to speak with the voice of the people."

"But, Mr. Adams—" interrupted Revere.

"I know what you would say," continued Adams. "Your point of view is inevitable.

But true democracy means not merely justice to the laboring man. It means universality of interest, the brotherhood of all classes. The people includes my colleagues in the Assembly and my cousin's fellow lawyers as well as your ardent workmen of the North End. So far as we have representative legislative bodies, responsible to the whole citizenship, let us work through them. You may say this to the workingmen of Boston," he continued after a pause; "you may tell them that the voice of the people will soon be heard. Meanwhile, bid them to be patient yet a little longer and let me ponder on the wisest methods."

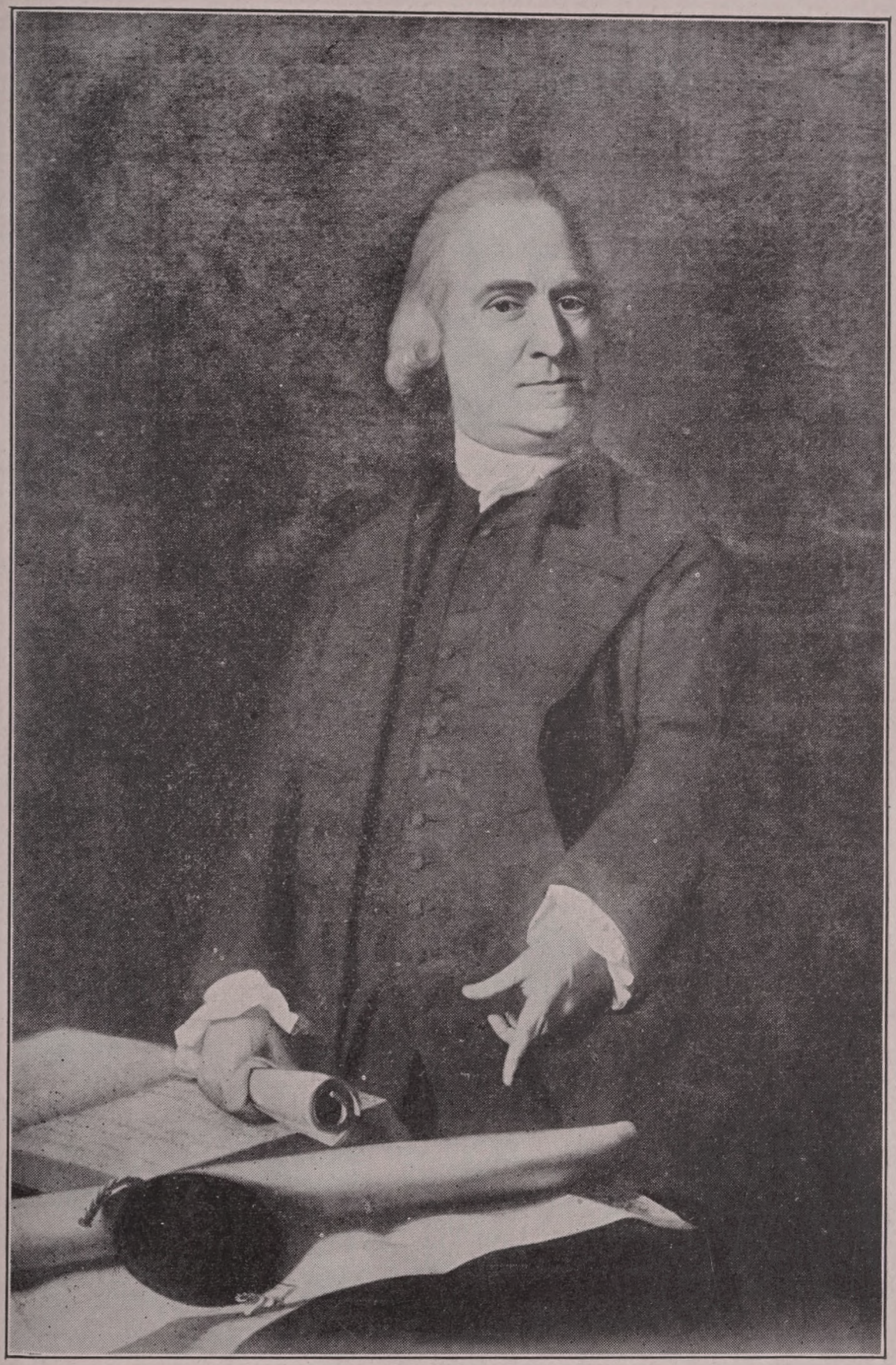
Sam Adam's pondering bore early fruit. In May, 1764, Boston held a gigantic Town Meeting. The auditorium of the Town House was packed. The air was electric with expectation. Revere was there, holding his clan in check by means of the alert, flashing glances of his bright, commanding eyes. Routine business was hurried through with in a perfunctory manner. The moderator's address touched on the vital question at issue, and still the audience waited for something else.

Then Sam Adams arose and stepped to the front of the rostrum. Without preliminary

oratory he said, in a quiet but incisive voice, "I beg your calm consideration of a set of resolutions which I have prepared in the hope of expressing the desires that I know are this day uppermost in the minds of the voters of Boston."

Then, in a clear, steady voice, he read what was afterward recognized as the first of a series of great state papers from his pen. Whether at this time he foresaw the sequel, no one can say, but read in the light of history, these resolutions of objection appear extraordinary in the clearness of their prevision. With moderation but with the utmost directness, Adams condemned the Stamp Tax and all that it signified. He voiced the first formal expression of what had up to that time been a nebulous idea—the doctrine of the injustice of taxation without representation.

Boston passed Sam Adams's resolutions with a cheer. Their language satisfied conservatives and radicals alike—all, indeed, who were not still bound by the chains of reactionary Toryism. On that day he placed Boston soundly on record as a community of patriots actuated by a common purpose. He



Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Samuel Adams

From the painting by John Singleton Copley

drew together the diverse elements of the coming revolution.

Shortly after similiar resolutions were presented by Adams and adopted by the Massachussetts Assembly. Word of this was sent to the other Colonies and the words of Sam Adams were echoed in resolutions adopted in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, and South Carolina. Something like recognized solidarity was growing up among the Colonies, a thing that Adams had been working for all along, and Benjamin Franklin, a statesman with a like vision, was sent by Pennsylvania to England to argue the cause of the Colonies before the ministry.

The wisdom of Sam Adams's course was manifest also in its effect upon the minds of those incorrigibles who made up so large a part of the Union Club. They felt that something had been done at last, that they had not been betrayed by their leaders. For the present they were willing to remain relatively inactive, but the language heard in their meetings became more and more inflammatory.

These meetings continued to be held largely in secret, though the fact of them was well

known. These rebellious workingmen were still in somewhat bad repute. Among the more conservative property owners, even sturdy Whigs, they were looked upon with something akin to apprehension as trouble makers—the Socialists of their day. And Revere, though at heart sympathizing with them in all things, felt in large measure responsible for their good behavior in the eyes of the law. The increasing boldness of the speeches made him uneasy, and at last he persuaded John Adams to attend and address a meeting of the Club.

It was held in the printing office of Edes & Gill in the North End. Ben's father was one of the more outspoken of the substantial business men of the town, and had not feared to print his own fearless words. Since 1755 his firm had published *The Boston Gazette and Country Journal,* which was becoming more and more the mouthpiece of the patriotic party.

Many of the men were smoking, and the oil lamps shed a murky light over the forms and presses. It was a curious scene, and yet not unimpressive.

The men liked John Adams, and listened attentively while he spoke. He explained to

them the underlying theory of the Stamp Act, its seeming right and its intrinsic wrong. He explained the wisdom of protesting through lawful means and urged continued patience. But at the end his ardor got the better of him.

"But think not that these moderate methods mean submission!" he cried. "Let not the King and his ministers be deluded. Let them enjoy no false sense of security. If they deem us cowards, they will learn the truth to their cost. For we be English born, and our rights were guaranteed to us at Runnymede by a more English king than George. If we must fight for our liberties, so be it; we will not forego them."

The smoky rafters of the printing shop shook with the cheer that answered John Adams's words. Hot-headed young orators took up the strain, and that night, for the first time, the word Liberty, in the sense of secession, was boldly spoken.

The thing had gone far beyond the intention of either John Adams or Paul Revere, but both men had been carried beyond themselves by the spirit that charged the air. An inherent prudence led Revere to rise and speak

in behalf of moderation, but as he spoke his own fiery nature asserted itself, and like Adams he concluded with a challenge.

"Let us, therefore," said he, "bear with toleration while we may, but let them not press us too far. Let them learn that the workingmen of Boston will never bend craven necks to their yoke. Let them know that, whatever others may do, we here are banded solemnly together as true Sons of Liberty."

And as sworn Sons of Liberty they passed out into the night.

CHAPTER VII

"LIBERTY, PROPERTY, AND NO STAMPS!"

During the fall of 1764 the Sons of Liberty were active, but continued to refrain from demonstrations likely to prejudice their cause. Revere devoted himself largely to solidifying the organization and increasing its membership. More and more of the workingmen of Boston joined, particularly the younger men, and Revere was successful in enlisting the active support of many in the merchant and professional classes. Samuel Adams, John Adams, James Otis and others identified themselves more definitely with the organization. Dr. Joseph Warren, a friend of Sam Adams, a physician of repute in the town, and a high-minded patriot, was among the more notable of the new members.

Frequent meetings were held in various places. John Adams was accustomed to attend gatherings of the Sons in the South End, held in the counting-room of Chase & Speak-

man's distillery in Hanover Square, near the Great Tree. Revere continued to take a leading part in meetings held in the Green Dragon Inn and in obscure places in the North End. The name, Sons of Liberty, was formally adopted and communication was established with similiar bodies in New York and elsewhere.

In spite of the efforts of Franklin, Parliament passed the Stamp Act in March, 1765, to become effective on November 1st. When the news of it reached the Colonies eyes flashed and lips tightened, but there was no violent outbreak. In Boston Adams and Revere held the Sons of Liberty in firm restraint.

In May resolutions of protest were drawn up in the Virginia Assembly, of which George Washington was a member, and there Patrick Henry delivered his famous oration, concluding with the words, "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

In Massachusetts Governor Bernard laid the act before the Assembly, which heard him out without disorder but immediately filed a formal protest. The populace, however, was more outspoken. Sam Adams's words, "No taxation without representation," became a popular

slogan. Edes published a scathing denunciation in his newspaper and the Sons of Liberty held stormy meetings.

Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Hutchinson was appealed to as a native Bostonian, but without result. He was known as a brave, scholarly, upright man, a bigger man than the English Bernard, and the people had confidence in his integrity, but he failed them. His was not the temperament of a crusader. He tried to smooth things over, and partially succeeded, but the fundamental problem remained unsolved. Hutchinson was opposed to the Stamp Act, but he believed that, once passed, it had become the law of the land and should be conscientiously enforced.

Then the Sons of Liberty began to show signs of life. Revere realized that they could not be restrained indefinitely and so he took active charge of their activities. And indeed, this was more to his liking than passive protest. For the first time he led them out into the open. He organized a parade and a mass meeting under the Great Tree, where he had once fought James Newton, and if James was watching, as he doubtless was, he must have been impressed by it all. For it was no lawless mob that Paul

Revere led through the streets of Boston that day, but a representative company of men of all classes with determined faces and jaws grimly set.

This taste of free play, however, only produced an appetite for more, and some of the younger Sons of Liberty began indulging in escapades of greater or less significance on their own account. Andrew Oliver, a brother-in-law of Hutchinson, was appointed the King's stamp officer. On the morning of August 14, 1765, Boston awoke to find a grotesque effigy of Oliver hanging in the branches of the Great Tree and beside it a stuffed boot which some wag had prepared to represent the Earl of Bute, author of the Stamp Act. Boston generally took it as a piece of harmless if pointed fooling and laughed delightedly, but Oliver was angry. He informed Hutchinson, and the Lieutenant-Governor ordered the Sheriff to cut down the effigies.

The Sheriff made an effort, though it may have been a somewhat half-hearted effort, to execute this order, but a big crowd of good-natured citizens stood in his way and would not let him get near the tree. Perhaps it was as well, for surrounding the tree was a cordon

of the Sons of Liberty who did not appear quite so good-natured.

In spite of the wrathful threats of Oliver, the effigies remained swinging in the breeze all day. At nightfall the Sons themselves cut them down and carried them on a bier in a mock funeral procession along Marlboro Street and up Cornhill.

A good deal of the boy remained in the heart of Paul Revere, a good deal of that love for mischievous adventure that had checkered his schooldays, and when his followers, catching sight of him smiling by the roadside, seized him and threw a priestly black gown over his shoulders and thrust him into place at the head of the procession, he did not resist.

As he marched solemnly along in this somewhat undignified rôle, he became conscious of hurrying footsteps by his side and presently the word "Traitor!" was hissed into his ear. He turned quickly and found himself looking once more into the scornful, hating eyes of James Newton.

"It is a fitting part you are playing, Paul Revere, and one quite in keeping with your vast dignity and importance. I think I see before me Bottom, the weaver. But one day

you will take a step too far, and then, remember—'' He was prevented from finishing his speech by some of Revere's followers who, recognizing him for a Tory, hustled him unceremoniously out of the way. But he had accomplished his purpose. He had renewed his old threat and he had spoiled Paul Revere's fun for that night.

The Council was in session in the Town House, with Bernard and Hutchinson in attendance, and the procession paused before the building. It would have taken but a word to send them scurrying inside to break up the meeting if not to assault the Governor. Revere, the laughter all gone from his face now, sprang up on the steps and turned to face the crowd. They could hardly hear what he said, but they could see by the stern look on his face and the flash in his eye that he would brook no nonsense. They stood swaying uncertainly before him.

It was a tense moment for Paul Revere. His whole power over these men was at the test.

''Liberty, property, and no stamps!'' cried a youth in a leather jerkin, a muscular young blacksmith, and made as though to dash past the figure on the steps. Revere reached out his right arm, caught the youth about the waist,

and with a twist of his powerful shoulders hurled him back into the crowd.

An angry cry arose and dark looks were shot at the goldsmith. But Revere only squared his broad shoulders and waited. The crowd hesitated. Then some one shouted a waggish remark, laughter broke out, and the tension was broken. The procession gathered again about the bier and discussed the next move. Then, shouting their new cry of "Liberty, property, and no stamps!" upward toward the windows of the Council Chamber, they turned off down the hill.

Revere, his victory won for the present, stepped down and followed quietly in their wake.

The procession, growing ever more noisy, passed on down King Street and through Merchants Lane (later Kilby Street) to Oliver's Dock. Here they stopped before a half-finished wooden building which was thought to be the new stamp office.

Revere saw that trouble was coming, but having accomplished his main purpose, and having in all probability saved the person of the Governor from violence, he forebore to press his advantage further. He did not wish to

endanger such prestige as he had won; he might have sore need of it all before long, if things kept up at the rate they were going. So he stood quietly at one side and anxiously watched the Sons of Liberty make a wreck of the new building.

They carried the boards and timbers across Milk Street to Fort Hill, where Oliver lived. In front of the house they built a huge pyre and placed the effigies on top. Then they set fire to it, and in the lurid light of the mounting flames they danced wildly about, yelling like Indians and ruthlessly trampling upon the flower beds of Mistress Oliver.

Madness was getting hold of the mob again. A few of the more unruly spirits, perhaps made madder through recourse to pocket flasks, mounted the porch steps and burst through the doors. In the upper rooms the trembling family waited, watching the crazy scene through darkened windows.

The ringleaders entered the drawing-room, tore portraits from the walls, and began to demolish furniture, when suddenly the stalwart form of Paul Revere appeared again before them. He was thoroughly angry now, and Paul Revere had a temper not to be trifled with.

His round face was flushed and his eyes shot fire. The wreckers paused in their unholy task, held by the hypnotism of those wonderful flashing eyes.

"Knaves!" cried Revere. "Cowards! Do you think to advance the sacred cause of liberty by breaking tables and threatening defensless women and children? Back to your homes, every man of you, or, by God, you shall return with broken heads."

So saying he wrenched a stout leg from a broken chair and advanced upon them in a manner that was not to be mistaken. One or two of the men seized similar weapons, but no determined move was made to meet Revere's attack. They were cowards, these few who had sought to indulge their taste for destruction behind the mask of patriotism, and they drew back before the man of courage.

In a few minutes the house was cleared and Revere stood alone on the porch, the very personification of righteousness wrath, with the light from the bonfire playing upon his florid features.

Then the reaction set in. Some one shouted "Revere!" Hats went sailing into the air and a mighty cheer arose. The ruffians of the mob

had vanished into the obscurity of the surrounding shadows.

"Revere and Liberty!"

Then they dragged him to the head of the procession again and marched off to disband in King Street.

But there was more trouble to come. A demon of lawlessness had been loosed among these young men and no one man could always be on hand to hold them in check. Resentment against the provisions of the Stamp Act was growing in all quarters, and the mistaken idea got abroad among the wharves and water-side taverns that Hutchinson might have changed the whole course of events, that he had betrayed his fellow Bostonians. The mob elements, ever seeking for a definite and near-by object for their animosity, fixed upon him as their arch enemy, ignoring his reputation for justice and fair dealing.

On the night of August 26th a mob collected in King Street and proceeded to work itself into a frenzy about a bonfire. It was not an organized movement of the Sons of Liberty, though there were undoubtedly members of the organization there and the Sons were afterward accused of fomenting the trouble. As a matter

of fact there was a meeting in progress that very evening at the Green Dragon Inn, and Revere, all unsuspecting, was in attendance.

The mob, indeed, was made up of the worst element of the town, attracted to the scene by the possibility of loot. In those uncertain times police protection was lax and licence often masqueraded in the guise of Liberty. Revere had, in fact, been deliberately deceived and the mob had virtually a free hand.

They began by plundering the wine cellars of the Registrar of the Admiralty opposite the Court House and the Comptroller of Customs in Hanover Street. Then, flushed with liquor, they moved on Hutchinson's mansion in Garden Court.

It was a fine old house, one of the most distinguished in Boston, and its beautiful mahogany furniture and other appointments were those of a gentleman of taste and means. Hutchinson was a scholar and his library was one of the best in America at that time. It contained a valuable collection of books, pictures, manuscripts, and priceless state and historical papers.

Hutchinson was duly warned by friends and sent his family away by a rear door. He him-

self scorned to turn his back on a mob and remained to face them, in spite of protests of his family and friends. The gang was already in front of his house when his daughter reappeared.

"Why, what does this mean?" he cried. "I bade you go away with the rest."

"I know," she replied, pale but calm. "But I have seen the mob. You are in peril and I cannot desert you. If you will not come with us, then I will remain. Who knows but that my presence may save your life?"

Hutchinson was thunder-struck, but he could not move her. Commands and entreaties were of no avail. And at the last, to save her, he took her away just as the mob broke into the house with axes. It is quite possible that only this prevented bloodshed that night and consequences of the utmost gravity.

The scene that followed is one upon which no true American would care to gaze. The roisterers overran the house, plundering, dismantling, and ruthlessly destroying like vandals. The treasures of the library were irretrievably ruined. All night they caroused like beasts amid the wreckage.

Revere was informed, but too late. In the gray of dawn he arrived with John Pulling, Benjamin Edes, and a little band of the genuine Sons of Liberty. He was angry, but there was a look also of sorrow and disgust on his face as he silently set to work. Many of the ruffians were now helpless with drink and there was no resistance. In an hour the place was deserted.

Well might Revere be discouraged, for the indignation of the city was aroused and the blame fell on the Sons of Liberty. Hutchinson had not yet lost his popularity and the crime was unpardonable. An effort was made to arrest the ring-leaders and bring them to justice. The act was generally condemned and the Assembly voted funds to reimburse the Lieutenant-Governor.

But the harm had been done and a blow had been dealt from within at the cause of Liberty. The Sons of Liberty were in disgrace and their usefulness had come to an end for the time being. James Newton seized upon this occasion to send a taunting note to Paul Revere, but the latter made no reply. He was sore at heart. People were saying that Sam Adams had loosed a power for evil that he could no

longer control, and it did look that way. And Revere knew only too well what Sam Adams expected of him.

But he did not allow himself to be cast down for long. Before many days he was thick in the work of reconstruction. The Sons must be reorganized on a new basis of discipline and responsibility, and Revere's genius for organization soon began to accomplish this task. He collected the most reliable of his followers and placed them under lieutenants like Pulling and Edes. Patrols were organized, partly to watch for the coming of the hated stamps and partly to guard against any recurrence of the Hutchinson affair. At last Revere, by strenuous labor, succeeded in rehabilitating the Sons in the eyes of Boston, and the people began to look upon the patrols as a protection rather than a menace.

And now the stamped paper began to arrive on incoming ships from England, and mysteriously it began to disappear. Some of it was known to have been burned; some of it was unaccountably lost in the harbor out of the boats that were bringing it from the ships; some of it was magically spirited away. Perhaps Michael Welch, watching there on the Long Wharf, could have shed some light on the subject,

but he displayed only the profoundest ignorance before his questioners. Boston as a whole was kept in the dark, and knew only the fact of disappearance, but a good deal of shrewd guessing was done, and Boston, beginning to feel a more friendly disposition toward the Sons of Liberty, took the matter largely as a good joke on the authorities and laughed.

It was all accomplished in the most quiet and peaceable manner; nothing in the nature of a clash with the officials was permitted to occur. But the fact remained that no stamped paper was to be had in Boston. Tory sympathizers who sought to obtain some for printing their business and legal documents were quite unable to get any. Oliver felt the pressure on him from both sides. He threatened; he issued futile proclamations. He redoubled his vigilance, but all to no purpose. He was at wits' end. He succeeded only in making himself personally hated by the Sons of Liberty, against whom his wrath was chiefly directed, and they decided to teach him a salutary lesson.

On a wet day in September word was passed about among the Sons to meet under the Great Tree, which was now beginning to be spoken of among them as the Tree of Liberty. Two

or three hundred of them gathered there and a delegation quietly seized Oliver and brought him, fuming and protesting, before them.

The news that something interesting was about to happen traveled rapidly through the town, until a crowd of some two thousand people of all classes and all shades of political opinion had flocked to the spot. They found no disorderly mob this time, but a quiet, good-humored, though evidently determined company of workingmen, with Paul Revere conspicuous in their midst.

At first the spectators could not make out just what was happening after Oliver arrived. Revere appeared to be arguing with him. For a time Oliver was disposed to be defiant, but those determined faces about him gradually exerted a moral influence in support of Revere's arguments, and he weakened. Perhaps he retained a lively recollection of the night when only Revere's intercession had saved his home from ruin.

At length Oliver was seen to accept sullenly a paper which Revere pressed upon him and the crowd fell into silence while the stamp officer read it aloud. He refused to raise his voice and only a word or two was caught by

those farthest away. But there was no doubt as to its significance. Oliver promised solemnly to make no attempt whatever to enforce the Stamp Act, and the oath was administered by Richard Dana, Justice of the Peace.

Oliver was then permitted to make his way to Hutchinson's home, where he reported the affair and tendered his formal resignation. The Sons of Liberty, with Revere at their head, formed to march back to the Town House and disband, while the populace quietly dispersed.

Revere gazed with pride upon his men who had kept their passions so well in hand and had carried the thing through so successfully. It was a day of genuine triumph for him—a triumph mitigated only by a glimpse of the sinister figure of James Newton hovering in the outskirts of the crowd.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REPEAL

Paul Revere, in these days, found himself torn between two opposing forces. On the one hand was the eagerness for direct action on the part of the rank and file of the Sons of Liberty. It is safe to say that their minds had not yet conceived the idea of a final break between the Colonies and Great Britain. They were taken up with the urgency of the immediate situation and their impulse to resist was rather emotional than carefully considered. With this feeling Revere, himself a man of action rather than philosophy, naturally sympathized. The Sons knew this and pressed him hard. It would have been so easy to seize the customs officers and even the Governor himself and administer punishment.

On the other hand was Adams's counsel of patience. He alone realized that this was no temporary situation. A student of British politics and a man of wide correspondence, he

alone comprehended the full depth and significance of the struggle, he alone saw whither it was leading. Keen judge of men that he was, he understood Revere thoroughly and he knew just how to manage him. He knew, too, how to value Revere's leadership of the masses and he took infinite pains to keep Revere under his control. And Revere's tough common sense told him that Adams was right. That Adams was able to steer events as he did was due in no small measure to the ability of Paul Revere to keep his head and his grip on the popular will. It was Samuel Adams who, through Revere, warded off chaos and anarchy until the time was ripe for concerted action.

Concerted action, that was Adams's great idea, an idea which led him eventually, against his natural instincts, to the plan of federation. He saw the Colonies in a turmoil over the Stamp Act. In Boston the widely condemmed crime of the Hutchinson raid had produced only a temporary reaction; the majority of the citizens were in favor of some form of effective protest if not actual resistance.

Adams lined up his friends in Boston and in the Massachussetts Legislature and propounded his plan. On October 7, 1765, in accordance

with this plan, delegates from nine of the Colonies met in New York. They adopted strong resolutions, memorializing the King, asserting their loyalty to him, but denying Parliament's right to tax. But it was all to no avail. The King's stubborn resolution was only stiffened and the law went into effect.

On November 1st, the date of enactment, mournfully tolling bells and flags at half mast all over Boston proclaimed the hated Stamp Act in force. Again the Sons of Liberty paraded, solemnly. Effigies were again hanged in the Liberty Tree and banners bore the slogan of "Liberty, property, and no tax." But there was no sign of violence. Revere, won over by Adams, had his men well in hand.

Hutchinson was firm. He was resolved to enforce the law. There was to be no business done in custom house or law courts, no wills or real estate transfers recorded without the stamps. But, owing to the mysterious activities of the Sons of Liberty, there were no stamps. Business was at a standstill. An association of merchants agreed to buy no goods from England until the act was repealed, and this boycott of British goods suggested a threat of further smuggling. Patriotic lawyers and

judges agreed to recognize the validity of unstamped documents. Edes published his *Boston Gazette* boldly with skull and crossbones in place of the stamp.

These quiet but resolute demonstrations began to make themselves felt in England. Grenville had been succeeded by Lord Rockingham in July and the new ministry began to show itself more inclined to take the Colonial opposition seriously. The New Whigs had organized to work for honest representation in Parliament. Their cause was akin to that of the Colonies and they began to make their power felt. Benjamin Franklin worked unremittingly to place the New Whigs on record as friends of the Colonies, and to such good purpose that a debate was started in Parliament that lasted for three months. William Pitt championed the American cause and publicly declared that he was glad the Colonies had resisted. The King's followers began to weaken, and toward the end of March, 1766, the Stamp Act was grudgingly repealed. Though this was due rather to the pressure of the political situation in England than to any official tenderness toward the Colonies, it was nevertheless a triumph for Franklin and Adams.

On May 16th the brigantine *Harrison* dropped anchor in Boston Harbor and Michael Welch sent post haste for Paul Revere.

" 'Tis the *Harrison,*" said he, pointing out the vessel. "Her captain, Shubael Coffin, is an old friend of mine. I know not what news he brings, but whatever it is, 'twill be honest. Captain Shubael goes about the world with his eyes and ears open, and he may have somewhat to tell us."

They were not long to be kept in suspense, for soon the captain's gig was seen drawing toward the Long Wharf.

"Well, Michael Welch," cried the bluff, red-faced captain as the boat came alongside, "you're still at your post, I'm glad to see. And I'm back in Boston Town again, praise be. And Paul Revere, I'm glad to see ye. I've news ye'll like, I doubt not."

"The Stamp Act is repealed?" cried Revere.

"It is, praise be," said Coffin.

"Then thank God, they've come to their senses," cried Revere, his pale face showing how deeply the news affected him. He did not wait for details, but turned and hurried back to town, spreading the news as he went. In his wake he left a cheering, exulting throng.

Among his many other accomplishments, Revere was a skilled ringer of chimes and was at this time head bell ringer for Christ Church in the North End. Thither he hastened, stopping at his home for a moment to shout the glad news to Sarah and to dispatch one of his apprentices to round up his bell ringers.

But the news had spread faster than he. A cannon boomed somewhere off toward the south and then the bells of the Hollis Street Church floated over the city. As eagerly as a boy Revere, grabbing the keys from the venerable sexton of Christ Church, dashed into the edifice, and set the chimes a-pealing. An answering clangor sprang from Old South, King's Chapel, and Brattle Street, until all the bells of Boston were ringing. And everywhere sounded the roar of brass cannon and the bang of muskets and shotguns.

James Newton and the rest of the Tories must have wondered if the staid old town had suddenly gone crazy. People thronged the streets, waving flags, singing and shouting. The demonstration of rejoicing was as spontaneous as the popular sense of relief was profound. And all because of a mere matter of revenue stamps—and what they meant.

In the evening there were bonfires and music in all parts of the town. The sound of drums was heard, and down Cornhill swung the marching company of the Sons of Liberty with Paul Revere at their head. All their misdemeanors were forgiven now. The people lined the roadside and cheered and every window was brilliantly lighted save those of disapproving Tories.

The Liberty Tree had become now a sort of symbol of all that the Sons of Liberty stood for, and thither they marched, swinging their lanterns. There a huge bonfire was lighted and about it, as gay as schoolboys, capered John Pulling and Benjamin Edes and the substantial Revere, while the tall form of Crispus Attucks might have been seen hurling tar barrels upon the flames and soberly rejoicing in the barbaric splendor of the scene.

Meanwhile the Selectmen of the town had called on Samuel Adams to tender him their formal congratulations and before they parted they had voted to set apart May 19th as a special holiday and to provide funds for a more formal celebration.

On the evening of that day the town was

illuminated and the Sons of Liberty again marched to the Liberty Tree whose branches bore a brilliant fruitage of lighted lanterns. Then back to the Common, where fireworks and a pyramid of 280 lanterns awaited them. And here it seemed as though the entire populace of Boston and the country for miles around had gathered to bring to a fitting climax a day that had been filled with banners and flags, rolling drums and martial music, pealing bells and roaring guns.

Paul Revere's skilful hands and ingenious brain had not been idle during these three days, and at one side of the Common a piece of his handiwork drew popular attention. It was a wooden obelisk, designed by Revere and built under his direction. On each of its four sides it bore caricatures, portraits, and verses, touching upon the Stamp Act, the triumph of its repeal, and the condemnation of the oppressors, and it amused the crowd mightily. Unfortunately, in the midst of the jubilation, the obelisk caught fire and was consumed, so that Revere's purpose of having it removed to stand beneath the Liberty Tree as a permanent memorial could not be carried out. He had, however,

preserved the inscriptions and sketches on a copper-plate engraving, prints from which were eagerly sought.

For by this time Revere's reputation as a caricaturist and engraver was widespread, and he made his graver serve the interests of the Liberty propaganda. He began by engraving the music scores for volumes of "psalm tunes," and this was followed by the production of crude but vigorous cartoons which were printed by Edes and others and were widely circulated. Before the repeal of the Stamp Act he had published a cartoon in which the odious piece of legislation was represented by a dragon attacked by Boston backed by the other Colonies, while the effigy of Oliver swung from the branches of the Liberty Tree. Below the picture were some of Revere's stiff but vigorous verses. These things were hardly works of art like Revere's silverware, but they produced their effect.

Now Revere engraved a copper plate which was fixed to the Liberty Tree. It read, "The Tree of Liberty, August 14, 1765." That was the date of the hanging of the Oliver effigy, and thus was commemorated the first public protest against tyranny.

All of these things were straws which indicated the way the wind was blowing, and it is extraordinary how many of these affairs are intimately connected with the varied activities of Paul Revere, in how many of them his hand is more or less plainly shown. While the pot was simmering it was impossible for him to keep his fingers out of it.

At the time of the repeal, King George was praised on every hand for his generosity and justice, but again the reaction was but short-lived. Gradually the situation began to be better understood. It was pointed out, for instance, that Parliament had accompanied the act of repeal with a statement declaring that it had the power to bind America "in all cases whatsoever." That hardly looked like an admission of error.

All this Samuel Adams had clearly seen from the first and he patiently waited for what would follow: "What little we have gained by compulsion can only be held by compulsion," said he. "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."

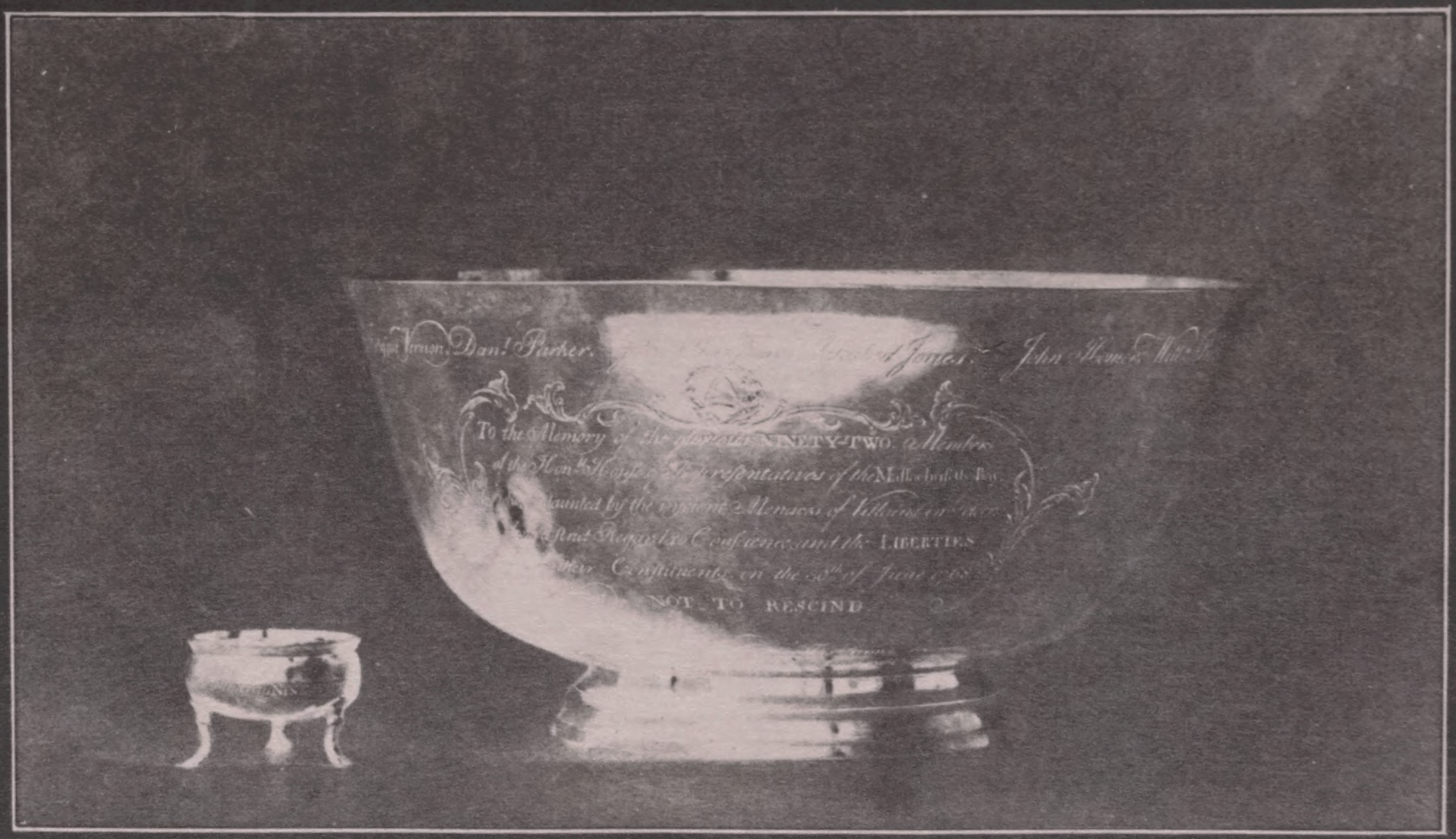
Adams, as always, was right. In 1767 there came a change in the political situation in England. The chief friend of the Colonies,

Pitt, was ill. The New Whigs were temporarily beaten and were in eclipse and the friends of the King were in the saddle again. George III, indeed, was supreme, and his stubbornness and mistaken ideas regarding the functions of the British monarch, rather than any innate cruelty, were leading him toward absolute and unreasoning despotism.

Parliamentary action followed promptly. The Molasses Act, still on the statute books, was revived. On June 29, 1767, Parliament passed a bill imposing duties on glass, paper, lead, and painters' colors, on wine and fruit imported from France and Portugal, and especially on tea, and provided elaborate machinery for strict enforcement. Writs of assistance were issued and all the King's officers and judges were made quite independent of the Colonial legislatures.

Popular resentment rose high again, but it was the despairing resentment of a people balked and curbed at every turn. The taxes were small but the principle involved was big. And in their resentment against the spirit of despotism in high places the Colonists were but sharing the feelings of many of the truest patriots in England.

The people were despairing, but Sam Adams



Paul Revere's famous punch bowl, given by the Sons of Liberty to the "Illustrious Ninety-two," and a salt-cellar made at the same time

was not. He kept his head. In his comfortable but somewhat shabby old house in Purchase Street, overlooking the water, he was working tirelessly in the cause of freedom. A light glowed in his study window far into the night. His quill pen was never idle. He conducted a vast correspondence for those days when typewriters and stenographers were unknown and he wrote voluminously for the Colonial papers. The thing that was in his heart gave him no time for rest.

One night early in the winter of the year 1768 Adams called his daughter Hannah to his study.

"Daughter," said he. "I want you to read over this draft and see if my spelling is beyond reproach."

"And whom is this letter for?" asked Hannah.

"For one of my correspondents," said Adams with a whimsical smile. "King George the Third."

Hannah gasped, for she held in his hand one of Adams's famous state papers, a formal petition of protest addressed to the Throne.

"Only think of it!" she exclaimed. "That paper will soon be touched by the royal hand."

But her father was not one to be carried away with enthusiasm. "My dear," said he "it will more likely be spurned by the royal foot." And again he was right.

The General Court of Massachusetts adopted the resolution, however, and the petition was duly dispatched. Then Adams presented an even more significant proposal. He drew up a circular letter addressed to the other Colonies, proposing concerted action and suggesting the establishment of permanent and representative committees of correspondence for the purpose of keeping closely in touch with events and crystallizing public opinion. Resolutions authorizing the sending of this letter were passed in the General Court by a large majority on Feburary 11, 1768.

The news of the sending of this letter and the receipt of the petition sent the King into a towering rage. He peremptorily ordered Governor Bernard, as soon as the General Court should convene, to see to it that the House of Representatives rescind its vote and, in addition, declare its "disapprobation of and dissent to that rash and hasty proceeding." Otherwise, the Assembly would be dissolved.

The Governor accordingly sent a message to

that effect to the General Court on June 21st.

The committee in charge reported against complying with the King's commands, whereupon the matter was referred to a vote of the House on June 30th.

Then again James Otis came to the fore with one of his thrilling, convincing, heartening speeches and the House voted not to rescind by a majority of ninety-two to seventeen. Whereupon Bernard immediately dissolved the Legislature.

Boston was thrown into a turmoil and "the illustrious ninety-two" became popular heroes. This popularity was shared by John Wilkes, Member of Parliament from Middlesex, who was thrown into prison at about this time for his defense of constitutional government and his championship of American rights.

Paul Revere's exuberance over these tidings knew no bounds. He gathered his Sons of Liberty together in the Green Dragon Tavern and bade them drink to the health of Wilkes and the non-rescinders. To Wilkes they sent a congratulatory message.

"The heart of American Liberty still beats," cried Revere, "and brave men have sounded the knell of tyranny."

Then he went forth and drew one of his famous cartoons to commemorate the event and the irate King became a laughing stock in Boston. It pictured the seventeen rescinders being driven into the jaws of Hell.

There still exists a wonderful silver punch bowl which Revere made at this time and which was presented to the courageous ninety-two by fifteen of the Sons of Liberty. Heart and mind, voice and hand, everything that Paul Revere possessed were enlisted in this cause.

Still another example of Revere's craftsmanship was the medal designed by him and struck for the Sons of Liberty. On one side it bore an arm and hand grasping a rod surmounted by a liberty cap and surrounded by the words "Sons of Liberty." On the other side appeared the Liberty Tree. Each member of the organization wore one of these medals about his neck as a constant reminder of his trust.

For the Sons had now become, under Revere's skilful management, a secret order of great power and cohesiveness. Their success in disposing of the hated stamped paper had taught them how to work under discipline and they were now well organized for the tasks before them. There were a number of prominent

Bostonians who had become leading members, but the rank and file still consisted of traders and mechanics who trusted Revere above all others. The lawless element had been weeded out as well as the half-hearted, and there were now something over three hundred members, all picked men, bound together by a solemn oath of allegiance to the cause of freedom.

They were, in a measure, the dangerous radicals, the Reds of that day, and were looked upon as such by the Tory reactionaries. Their hand appeared to be raised against established law and order and government, and if the King's arm had been a little longer, Paul Revere and the rest of them would have been given short shrift. But apparently the majority of the citizens of Boston were not afraid of their Bolshevists. Indeed, now that they had shown themselves to be amenable to discipline and reason, and to have forsworn destructive violence, they were very largely supported by public opinion. For the revolution that was impending was no mere class uprising, embittered by class hatreds; it was a democratic impulse embracing the majority of an entire people and concerned alike with the rights of high and low.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the minority was quiescent. There were staunch Tories among Boston's most influential families, and their political power was not to be ignored. Nor were they guilty of any lack of astuteness. Indeed, they began to organize among themselves and to fight fire with fire.

Samuel Adams knew this; Paul Revere knew it. Crispus Attucks was not one of the sworn members of the Sons of Liberty, but he was a sworn friend of Paul Revere and he used his eyes and ears in dark and hidden places. The Sons had their appointed watchers whose duty it was to report on the activities of the Tories, and Crispus Attucks discovered that these watchers were watched.

"Then have a secret society, too," said Crispus, "and they will do a mischief yet."

"What mischief?" demanded Revere. "Why should we fear them?"

"They will wait," said Crispus, "as the Indians waited who attacked you. They will wait for their chance and then they will take it."

"But you are watchful, Crispus," said Revere. "You will warn us in time. I see nothing to fear."

But Crispus shook his head solemnly. "But I fear," said he. "I fear most for you, Paul Revere."

"For me?" echoed Revere with an incredulous smile.

"For you," said Attucks. "Because of their leader."

"And who is he?" demanded Revere.

"James Newton," said Crispus. "Him I watch night and day."

CHAPTER IX

MOLASSES AND TEA

It was spring again in Boston Town. The trees on the Common were putting forth their leaves and the grass was growing green. The muddy reads from the countryside were dying out and the harbor had taken on new life.

Moored beside the Long Wharf lay a ship laden with molasses. For days there had been no sign of life on her decks; no move had been made to discharge her cargo. For the owners had refused to pay the exorbitant duty and the custom house officials had ordered the molasses to remain untouched until the law had been complied with. Night and day an armed guard paced the wharf, while Michael Welch smoked his pipe and watched and reported to Revere.

Then, on a dark, moonless night, three brawny figures stole out of the shadows of the warehouses. The guard was bound and gaged and quietly led to a place of concealment. Boats with muffled oars came mysteriously

from the north, tackle was rigged, and under cover of the darkness the molasses was unloaded from the seaward side and silently taken away.

About midnight Paul Revere, anxious to learn how things were going and particularly anxious that there should be no clash with the authorities, left his home and walked through the unlighted streets of the water front toward the Long Wharf. Behind him skulked an unseen figure.

As he turned a corner he heard a low whistle behind him. He stopped, turned, and peered into the darkness. At the same instant two men darted out from somewhere and seized Revere by the arms, while the one who had given the signal hastened to their assistance.

Revere struggled mightily. Breaking the hold of one of the men he hurled him bodily into the gutter. The second he dealt a blow in the face, but this one held on until the third arrived. Revere felt a rope being passed about his arms and realized that he was overpowered. Then one of his assailants struck him a cowardly blow.

Revere was more astonished than afraid, but he realized that he was being submitted to no

child's play and the warning of Crispus Attucks recurred to him. Was it true, then, that he was to be made a victim of James Newton's hatred? He tried to make out the faces of the three men, but they were unfamiliar to him. Hirelings, no doubt—imported ruffians. Two of the men took him by the arms while the other urged him forward with a kick.

"One word, Paul Revere," said a gruff voice, "and you will be gagged and laid by the heels."

Totally unable to resist, Revere started to walk along with his captors, when suddenly there was the sound of a blow and the man in the rear let out a curse and fell groaning to the ground.

Revere turned his head quickly and beheld a tall form in the act of bringing a cudgel down upon the head of one of the others. In an instant two of them were *hors de combat* and the third promptly took to his heels and disappeared.

"Never mind them," said the rescuer in a voice which Revere immediately recognized as that of Crispus Attucks. "Come away from here as quickly as you can."

He deftly loosed the knots which bound Revere and hurried him toward a street where

the windows of an inn shed a faint light.

"Who were they?" asked Revere. "What did they want with me? Did they know what was going forward this night?"

"They knew nothing," answered Crispus, "save that you had ventured out alone. I told you you were watched, and by whom. But," he added with a momentary gleam of his teeth, "more than one can play at that game and Crispus Attacks was born with eyes like the night hawk."

"Thank you, Crispus," said Revere simply. "I'll not forget this night."

"And now," continued Crispus, "you must go home."

"Not so," said Revere. "If they have been watching they may know too much. I must see that nothing untoward happens at the Long Wharf. Our sentries must needs be put on their guard."

"I tell you they know nothing of that matter," insisted Crispus. "It is you and you alone they have been watching and plotting to harm."

"Nevertheless," said Revere, "I must go."

"Then," said Attucks, "I will go with you."

The two men strode along in the shadows,

Crispus still grasping his stout stick. At the entrance to the wharf they were confronted by the sentry of the Sons of Liberty. Revere gave the pass word.

"Does all go well?" asked Revere.

"All goes well," said the sentry.

"No alarm has been raised?"

"None."

Still not fully satisfied, Revere, accompanied by his trusty henchman, passed down the pier to where the molasses ship stood with no lights showing. Not until they got quite close did they become conscious of sounds of activity on board, the creaking of pully blocks, the sound of rolling barrels, low-toned commands.

"Your eyes are sharper than mine, Crispus," said Revere. "Tell me what you see."

"Nothing," said Crispus, "but a boat approaching and another leaving."

"It is well," said Revere. "John Pulling is in charge and the work will be done. We will return now."

Pausing to warn the sentry of possible interruption, they left the wharf and passed on up King Street, with eyes and ears searching the dark shadows.

Suddenly a sharp cry pierced the night, and then another.

"What was that?" cried Revere.

"It was a boy's voice," said Crispus, "and I think I know whose."

They hurried forward until they come to a spot where a yellow light struggled out from a small shop. A large boot over the door told of the business conducted within.

Inside they saw a short, round-shouldered man with a brutal face which gave token of a recent indulgence in rum. On his forehead was a dried trickle of blood. Crispus called attention to this.

"I thought as much," said he. "I thought I recognized Eph Brackett. Now you know who one of your enemies is, though you knew the real one before."

"I see," said Revere, "but what's all this?"

In a corner of the shop lay what had at first appeared to be a bundle of rags. Now it moved and disclosed the huddled form of a frightened boy of about ten. The cobbler approached him with an uplifted strap.

"I'll teach ye to spy on me when ye should be in bed, ye young whelp. I'll teach ye."

Again the strap descended and again came the piteous cry.

The dark eyes of Crispus Attucks shot fire. He had been a street gamin himself and he knew only too well the life of hard knocks and cruelty.

"You stay here," said he to Revere. "It is better that Brackett should not recognize your hand in this. No need of making bad matters worse. He knows me, and so does Peter."

He stepped quietly into the shop, seized the astonished cobbler by the throat, and forced him back upon his work bench.

"Eph Brackett," said he, "we've been through all this before. You needn't tell me that it's your right to handle your son as you wish."

He drew one of the shoemaker's knives from the bench and held it close to Brackett's face. There was a dangerous glitter in his eyes, something savage in his face, that made Revere half inclined to interfere. Crispus was scarcely to be trusted when his half-breed blood was aroused. But he withheld his hand.

"Let this happen once more, Eph Brackett," he hissed between his teeth, "and I'll kill you. Peter," turning to the boy, "get off to bed,

and if he beats you again, come and tell me."

The boy slunk off through the inner door. Attucks threw down the knife and released the cobbler, who stood unsteadily before him, pale and completely cowed.

Without further words, but with a look full of unmistakable meaning, Crispus turned and left the shop, and the two men walked away without comment.

Revere found his nature stirred to its depths by the events of that night. His personal connection with the affairs of the day, it appeared, was not to be without its complexities. He knew now that his movements were watched, that he lived in the midst of constant danger that was all the more disturbing because its nature was ill defined. He knew of old, though he had hitherto scorned, the implacable enmity of James Newton; now he was convinced that the warning of Crispus Attucks was not a mere figment of his imagination.

He did not know the meaning of personal fear. Besides, he had ample evidence that Crispus was to be depended upon. What concerned him more was the realization that intelligent and sinister forces had been set in operation against the Sons of Liberty and against

himself as one of their leaders. It occurred to him that he could be hanged for what he had already done, if the proper machinery were set in motion, and he knew that he had an enemy who would balk at nothing to accomplish his downfall.

This realization had, indeed, the effect of injecting into his activities a caution which he had hitherto deemed unnecessary, but it in no wise dampened his ardor. He was committed to the cause, and since he had no heart for passive participation, he continued with his manifold enterprises. And the Sons of Liberty continued to keep things pretty well stirred up in Boston Town.

The next meeting of the Sons was a noteworthy one, for on that occasion Dr. Joseph Warren, Dr. Benjamin Church, and one or two other prominent citizens of Boston, inspired by the words and example of Adams and Otis, came forward to assume active leadership. The Sons of Liberty were no longer a mere band of mechanics; the organization assumed almost the significance of a political party, representative of all strata of society.

The Green Dragon Tavern in Union Street, near the beginning of the North End section,

was now the regular meeting place. It was an unpretentious two-story brick building with a pitch roof. Above the entrance projected an iron rod on which crouched the green dragon that gave the inn its name. Within was a large room where the Sons were safe from intrusion. Every man was known personally to the leaders and at every meeting the members renewed their oath of secrecy.

When the formal part of the meeting was over, refreshments were ordered, pipes were filled, and a number of the prominent members, including Revere, remained to chat with Warren and to get his views on the political situation. He was a younger man than Revere—twenty-eight at this time. He was born in Roxbury in 1740, graduated from Harvard in 1759, and soon became one of the prominent physicans of Boston. During the small-pox epidemic in 1764 he had done yeoman service. He associated with the foremost men of the community, was highly thought of by all, and had made hosts of friends. His kindness had endeared him especially to the poor, of whom he seldom asked any fee. He possessed, in short, the qualities of a popular leader. Already he was a close and trusted friend of Samuel Adams, and Revere

had long known him as a prominent fellow Mason. In after years he retained the highest place of all the men of his time in Revere's memory.

Dr. Warren was a man somewhat above medium height, with a graceful figure, engaging manners, and an expressive countenance. His tastes were naturally quiet, and he had a decided bent for philosophy and literature, but the times brought out sterner qualities in him. He developed great personal courage, though always modest, and a fighting will. As a public orator he rose to marked distinction. Years afterward Edward Everett said of him, "Amiable, accomplished, prudent, energetic, eloquent, brave, he united the graces of a manly beauty to a lion heart, a sound mind, a safe judgment, and a firmness of purpose which nothing could shake." That such a man was a tremendous acquisition to the ranks of the Sons of Liberty is obvious.

Of all the taxes that had been imposed since the repeal of the Stamp Act, that on tea had stirred the country most deeply.

"It isn't that it is such a heavy tax," explained Warren. "Indeed, there is reason to believe that the price of tea may be made less

than before, temporarily at least, in order to break down the resistance. I have been informed that the sixpence export tax is to be removed for that purpose. But the threepence tea tax will remain, and that is as unjust as though it were three pounds. Some of the other taxes are being repealed also, but an issue is to be made of the tea."

"The East India Company is back of that," said Revere, who had been talking with wise Michael Welch. "They mean to try to force it on us, to create a market here for tea willy-nilly. Their hearts are all in their rotten money bags."

"True," said Warren, "and the East India Company has a tremendous political influence. Lord North is back of them and it is said that the King himself is deeply interested financially. I'm afraid human weakness does not stop short of thrones."

"But can they do it?" asked John Pulling. "Can they deceive the people? Can they make us take their tea?"

"They will try, you may be sure of that," said Warren. "There is no telling what lengths they will go to, for they are determined not to back down on this for fear of losing all control

of the Colonies. But I do not think the people are deceived. They understand the situation pretty well in all the Colonies. Sam Adams has seen to that. Why, the whole country is boiling mad and something more than tea is brewing. A big principle is involved and at last the Colonies have begun to realize it. They have their backs up. Letters received by our committee from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and I think from South Carolina and other Colonies, all tell the same story. Patriots everywhere are responding to Adams's suggestions and are agreeing among themselves to eat nothing, drink nothing, and wear nothing brought from Great Britain until this tax on tea is removed. I see no signs of weakening, either. I believe that Parliament, in pressing this tax, is doing more to cement the Colonies together than we could have accomplished by our own efforts in twenty years. Meetings are being held everywhere and the chain is being forged."

"Then," said Paul Revere, "Boston must not lag behind."

"Boston," returned Warren, "must lead, as always."

In Paul Revere's mind it was a clear case

for activity on the part of the Sons of Liberty. He reached home late that night in too agitated a state to go to sleep at once. He lighted a candle and stood, fully dressed, by his wife's bedside, a picture of stern resolution.

"Sarah," said he, "there is to be no more tea drinking in this house."

She opened her eyes and smiled up at him sleepily.

"Paul," said she, "you've been drinking raspberry leaves for a fortnight and never knew it."

There were in Boston, of course, many who could well afford to drink tea and pay the taxes on British goods, and not a few of them continued to do so—people naturally selfish and lacking in public spirit, or people with Tory sympathies. Not so Paul Revere, though he was rapidly becoming one of the more prosperous business men of the town. Every venture he undertook—and he seemed able to turn his hand to almost anything—succeeded. His silverware was famous and his silversmithing lucrative. He was engraving seals and bookplates. He was even dabbling in dentistry and had opened a shop near the head of Clarke's wharf for the sale of various things including

false teeth. In spite of increasing family and public cares he was becoming rich, but he shut down at once on the purchase of British goods.

Hundreds in Boston were doing the same thing. Tea became unfashionable even among the wealthy. Homespun became the almost universal attire. Spinning wheels were brought down from garrets, spinning bees became a recognized social function, and young society ladies learned to spin as more recently they learned to knit. Bereaved persons dispensed with mourning garb because crape came from England. The people simply boycotted British goods.

Governor Bernard, alarmed by the widespread non-importation agreement of the Colonists, and foreseeing trouble for the revenue officers and a probable loss of prestige for himself, sent a panic-stricken report to England and asked for the support of troops. Somehow the news of this got abroad and Boston seethed with indignation. So they were to be bullied into drinking tea, were they? Samuel Adams conferred with the Selectmen of the town. It seemed to him necessary to provide some sort of outlet for the popular wrath and he had an instinct for dramatizing such situations. A call

was sent out for a special Town Meeting that should be a great popular mass meeting of protest.

It is doubtful whether Adams expected to accomplish anything definite by this action, and he told Revere as much. The latter, though he took steps to pack the hall with vociferous Sons of Liberty, was thrown into a pessimistic frame of mind and wandered down to the Long Wharf to tell his troubles to Michael Welch. Michael had but little cheer to offer him.

"Do you believe that dreams have a meaning?" he asked.

"The Bible is authority for it," replied Revere.

"Last night," said Michael, "I dreamed that I saw red-coats in the streets of Boston, and I heard the sound of muskets firing."

"God forbid," muttered Revere as he turned sadly away.

As he passed along into King Street he observed two undisturbed figures by the side of the pier, apparently happily absorbed in their occupation. Crispus Attucks was teaching sailors' knots to his protégé, little Peter Brackett.

CHAPTER X

THE RED-COATS IN BOSTON

Not even the taxes had so stirred the resentment of the liberty-loving people of Boston as this possibility of being placed under martial law. On the day of the Town Meeting such a crowd gathered that neither the Town House nor Faneuil Hall was big enough to hold it, and the meeting was adjourned to Old South Church.

This was a historic spot on Marlboro Street near the foot of Cornhill. The church had been built on Governor Winthrop's old lot and the former Governor's house, now used as a parsonage, faced south with its end toward School Street. The grounds were called The Green and were shaded by big buttonwood trees. The church was an old-fashioned edifice with a copper spire and a roof of Welsh slate. The pulpit was at one side, opposite the Milk Street entrance, and there were raised seats in front.

It was no incongruous meeting place for

these solemn and resolute patriots, and it was a memorable occasion. Adams, Otis, and others addressed the Bostonians with ringing speeches.

"Are you to be forced by soldiers to drink tea?" they demanded. "Are we Britons or slaves?"

The meeting adopted strong resolutions of protest which were forwarded to the Governor and presumably to London, but all to no avail. Massachusetts, considered the leader of the rebellious movement, had been chosen to bear the brunt of the King's displeasure, and he was only too glad of a plausible excuse to punish his recalcitrant subjects over the sea and to crush the incipient insurrection. His ministers told him that Boston was a disorderly town and they cited the Hutchinson riot, the purloining of the stamped paper, the secret machinations of the Sons of Liberty, and the open flaunting of the authority of the revenue officers in support of their contention. It must be admitted that they had some reason on their side and the King was easily persuaded. Against the urgent advice of Burke, Pitt, Fox, and other English friends of the Colonies, he dispatched troops in the fall of 1768.

Toward the end of September Paul Revere

and Michael Welch saw eight British men-of-war sail into Boston Harbor, one after another, and drop anchor in those free waters, and Michael learned in his usual mysterious way that they brought the 14th and 29th Regiments of British regulars, a detachment of the 59th, and a train of artillery with two cannon.

They made an imposing demonstration, and on October 1st a part of these troops—over 700 soldiers with their officers—landed on the Long Wharf and marched into town. A great crowd gathered to watch them, but it was a sullenly silent crowd. There were no cheers save from a few irreconcilable Tories; the troops had to make all their own noise. This they did with vigor, advancing with great pomp and parade, adding insult to injury. The officers, gay in their gold lace, cast haughty glances toward the populace. The soldiers were known to be supplied with sixteen rounds of powder and ball apiece. The cannon were set up in King Street. Regimental colors were flung in the faces of the insulted people and their ears were assailed by the rattle of drums and the screaming of fifes. All this martial pomp was intentional, but it failed to inspire awe in the hearts of the stalwart Bostonians.

Every one knew that, by reason of a previous edict, these troops, if brought over at all, should have been quartered at Castle William, the fort in the harbor, but the law was utterly disregarded. Constitutional rights were blithely trampled upon. Tents were pitched on Boston Common. In November more soldiers were landed, and as colder weather came on they were quartered in the Town House, in Faneuil Hall, and in barracks in various parts of the town.

Popular indignation was intense, but Samuel Adams firmly held to his policy of watchful waiting. To give them something to do, the Sons of Liberty were organized into patrols set to watch the troops, and every movement was known in advance to Samuel Adams. He and Warren organized a Committee of Correspondence and Safety and continued their efforts to crystallize public opinion throughout the state. As their chief messenger they chose the trustworthy and intrepid Revere, and during these days he was less often in his shop than on his good gray horse galloping along country roads with letters and dispatches.

Causes for irritation increased; that was inevitable in the circumstances. Governor Bernard, a coward at heart, began to fear for his own

safety, and in 1769 he left for England, leaving Hutchinson to bear the burden alone.

The hand of the military was heavy and powerful and its grip tightened on Boston Town. Adams saw no hope for local freedom except through outside aid. He consequently organized central committees of correspondence in Providence, New Haven, Hartford, and other New England cities and strengthened his communications with New York and Philadelphia. And Paul Revere's journeys, often at night and not without their dangers, became longer and more frequent.

Nevertheless Revere did not allow his hold on the leadership of the Sons of Liberty to slacken. With consummate skill he managed to keep them at once employed and out of mischief. They adopted signs of recognition and distress and their activities, now that they knew they were watched both by the soldiers and by Newton's gang, became ever more secret. Names were seldom used and no roll of membership has been preserved. What had once been Revere's radicals had become the hope of Boston.

And the Sons had their hours of merriment. It is worth recording that three hundred of them held a convivial banquet at The Liberty Tree in

Dorchester on August 14, 1769, and drank the health of every known opponent of King George. This was the anniversary of the resignation of Oliver. It was a remarkable gathering of Boston patriots. Sam Adams was there and John Adams, James Otis, Dr. Warren, Josiah Quincy, and other notables, and there was a deluge of oratory and other things. And it was noteworthy for another reason: John Hancock came as the guest of Samuel Adams.

John Hancock represented the most aristocratic element of Boston's social and commercial life, and Adams had long been seeking to commit him to the cause of freedom, realizing how much of powerful influence he represented in his elegant person. Hancock was a wealthy merchant whose ships had been interfered with and who bore a grudge against the King and Governor who had failed to recognize his position in the scheme of things. He was resentful; he was inclined to approve of the idea of resistance; but thus far conservatism had held him somewhat aloof.

Rich and well born, handsome and keen of intellect, if somewhat conceited and over prideful, he was the first of Boston's aristocracy, almost the only one, to break with the Tory ele-

ment. As time went on he was suspected of ulterior motives; it may be that he hoped, through the development of events, to become the king of a new empire. But he remained true and loyal through it all; Adams had read his man rightly. He flattered and cultivated him, but it was a means to a goodly end, and Hancock, when at last he threw his fortunes in with the Colonists, proved the powerful acquisition that Adams had predicted.

That time was not yet, but here he was, in his red velvet suit and white silk stockings, his gold braid and his snowy ruffles, breaking bread with the rude mechanics of the North End. Such was Adams's vision of democracy.

Throughout the country the situation was developing, as we shall presently see. All minds had been focused on the one word, tea. But in the meantime that was little comfort to harried Boston. For months she was subjected to the humiliation of seeing rough British troops and arrogant British officers in her midst, for the King had not sent soldiers that would be likely to fraternize with the Colonists. The people fretted and complained; the Sons of Liberty chafed at restraint. Several formal

protests, engineered by Adams, all proved futile. Hutchinson was firm as a rock in what he believed to be his duty; the military leaders were coldly scornful.

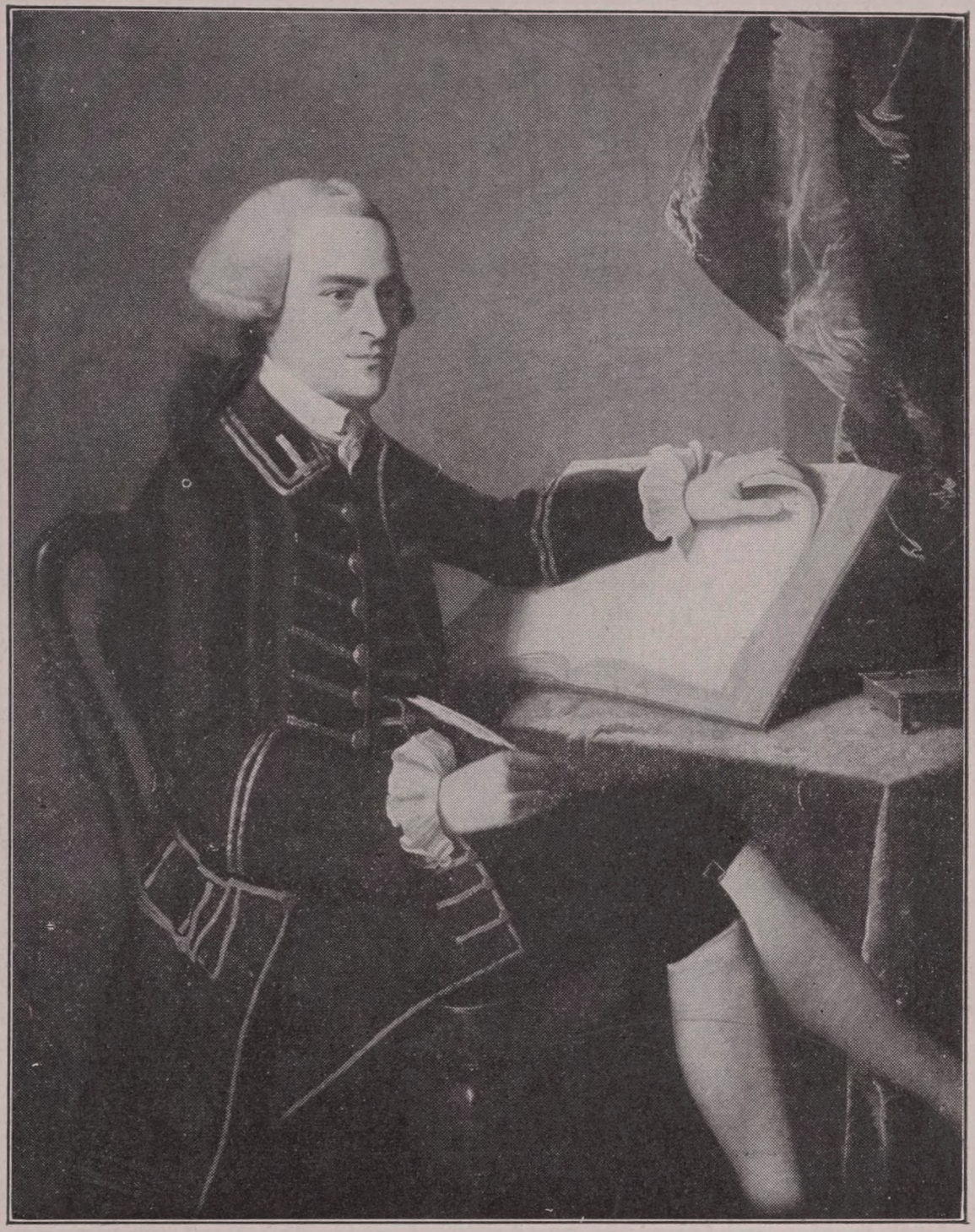
For a long time, nevertheless, the restraint on both sides was remarkable. The soldiers behaved as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. Revere kept a constant watch on the Sons and they on the lawless elements of the town. Still, it became increasingly difficult to prevent clashes and irritation was growing on both sides. Newton did his best to stir up trouble and—boys will be boys.

In September, 1769, a month after the Dorchester banquet, James Otis was brutally assaulted in the British Coffee House by one of the Commissioners of Customs, aided and abetted by two or three British officers, all more or less the worse for liquor. He was struck on the head with a sword and was rendered unconscious. Already in rather feeble health, he never recovered from the shock. He took to his bed and later became insane.

Otis was beloved of his people; he had been one of their staunchest champions. Though the offending officers were punished, popular feeling

was most bitter. It was with difficulty that Paul Revere, fiery hearted as of yore, could maintain his attitude of restraint.

But Revere had a domestic problem of his own. His son Paul, Jr., now a lad of ten, was more or less the same sort of wild harum-scarem that his father had been, and the boys of Boston were a thorn in the side of the soldiery. However correct might be the deportment of the adult citizens, it was next to impossible to prevent the boys from sky-larking at the expense of the troops. As winter came on snowballs began to fly from ambush to break on cockaded heads, and cries of "Lobster-back!" were shouted from a safe distance. Not even the patrols of the Sons of Liberty were able to suppress this sort of guerilla warfare. Paul Revere, Jr., was one of these youthful offenders and Peter Brackett was another. Revere took steps to keep his boy at home, but there was no one to control Peter. He seemed possessed of a very imp of mischief; his ingenuity in inventing new forms of torment for the soldiers seemed inexhaustible. It was rare sport, but it was dangerous. Revere spoke to Attucks, who had assumed a sort of guardianship over the gamin, but it produced slight results. Revere sus-



Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

John Hancock

From the painting by John Singleton Copley

pected that any remonstrance from Crispus on the matter would be but half-hearted at best. Attucks himself was a potential firebrand.

This and many other things helped to increase the tension. Groups of laborers here and there, smarting under some real or fancied injury, swore vengence. A hidden, bloodless warfare was being waged between the soldiers and the Sons of Liberty, which both sides recognized and resented; and James Newton did his best to foster this feeling.

Revere began to receive reports of scrimmages, more or less serious, between workingmen and soldiers. Now and then a luckless youngster would be caught and soundly thrashed. During February, 1770, there was almost daily some form of disturbance, though as yet no bloodshed.

Meanwhile the people had not forgotten about tea. Some smuggling and buying of tea was going on all the time in spite of the popular mandate. The Tories drank tea and seemed to be able to get it. A man named Theophilus Lillie was one of those who had refused to sign the non-importation agreement and who was known to be dealing in tea. The Sons of Liberty subjected him to a silent persecution. One day

some one planted before his shop a post bearing a finger of scorn. Word of this got about and men and boys gathered to see the fun, including Peter Brackett and a young crony of his named Christopher Snider.

Lillie, deeming discretion the better part of valor, kept to his shop, but a friend and neighbor named Richardson took up the cudgels in his behalf. Richardson came to his window with a fowling piece and ordered the post removed. He was known as a Tory sympathizer, and to the Sons of Liberty as an informer in the employ of Newton, and his commands were greeted with jeers. Richardson, infuriated, fired point-blank into the crowd.

By a strange turn of fate the first life to be given in the struggle between Britain and her Colonies was that of an eleven-year-old boy, Christopher Snider. One of Richardson's shots had pierced his breast and he fell upon the icy ground.

In the confusion that followed the firing this was at first noticed only by Peter Brackett, who stood, awed and terrified, gazing helplessly down upon the white face and lifeless form of his friend. Then he raised a shrill cry of grief that drew men to the spot.

"He's killed a lad! He's killed a lad!" they cried.

Uproar and confusion followed. Some one wanted to set fire to Richardson's house. Another fired an impotent pistol into one of the windows. But no definite steps were taken until Paul Revere strode in upon the scene.

"What is this?" he demanded.

They told him, and Peter Brackett clung weeping to his hand while he bent over Snider's body. The face that he then turned upon the crowd was dark and stern.

"You see what you've done!" he cried. "You, too, are to blame for this. But come, it is a time for action. We must make an example of this murderer that shall not be forgotten."

He summoned two of the Sons of Liberty whom he recognized in the crowd and led them into the house. But it was empty. A search from garret to cellar failed to bring the miscreant to light. Newton's men had forestalled them and Richardson had been hustled out of a back door and away to a place of safety.

On Monday, February 26th, a public funeral was held for the martyred Christopher Snider. Prominent citizens marched in that solemn procession to the Liberty Tree and then to the bury-

ing ground. Paul Revere, with a face like a thunder cloud, led a squadron of the Sons on horseback, and five hundred school children, including young Paul and Peter Brackett, followed the little bier.

The iron had entered into Boston's soul. Feeling ran perilously high. All that week there were clashes with the soldiery and Revere was kept busy night and day forestalling trouble. On Friday, March 2nd, a group of rope makers got into a quarrel with a squad of soldiers. Blows were struck, and only timely interference prevented a bloody riot. Revere and his patrol arrived in the nick of time to quiet the rope makers and officers hurried the soldiers away. But an angry mob had gathered and both sides issued definite threats for the following Monday.

Picture to yourself Boston in those tumultuous days. It was little like the usually tranquil and well governed city of to-day. Blood had been spilt in the streets and threats of vengeance had been uttered. Armed soldiers passed to and fro, meeting hard-fisted laboring men with hatred in their eyes. Peril lurked at every street corner at night. The Sons of Liberty kept up their silent, mysterious patrols, and

Newton's men watched them from doorways. Least of all was Paul Revere's life safe, for there lurked ever behind him the baleful menace of an implacable personal enemy.

The Selectmen of the town, in a desperate effort to avert calamity, sent another petition to Hutchinson. The Governor's Council met to consider the situation, at last persuaded as to its gravity, but they delayed action too long.

On Monday, March 5th, Paul Revere arose with a presentiment of evil. Leaving his shop early in the care of one of his assistants, he spent the entire day walking anxiously about the town in company with John Pulling.

"I would to God, John," said he, "that I knew where trouble will break forth. The pot is boiling everywhere,"

"May good luck befriend us," returned John.

Mistress Revere had given her word that young Paul should be kept indoors that day, but Revere was almost as anxious regarding Peter Brackett. There was no telling what trouble he might get into, and ever since the death of Snider Revere had been obsessed by a fear that Peter might meet with a similar fate. He knew that Attucks was not to be trusted if the sound of battle should arise. He inquired frequently

for the two but could gain no satisfactory information. He was as much afraid for them as he was unconscious of any danger to himself.

"What news?" demanded Revere of a ship chandler's porter whom he met hurrying down Middle Street. The fellow paused.

"Nothing that I have seen with my own eyes," said he. "But they say that a soldier struck a negro boy with his musket butt and sent him rolling, and that a crowd of men and boys chased him to his barracks. He ran like a scared rabbit, they say."

"Was Crispus Attucks or Peter Brackett in that crowd?" asked Revere.

"I can't say, sir," replied the man. "It's more than likely."

"Come, John," said Revere, "we must look into this. There's trouble brewing or I'm no prophet."

It was now late afternoon and the shadows of the early spring day were lengthening in the streets. A late snow had fallen the day before and all sounds were strangely muffled. Revere strained his ears but could hear nothing. They passed up Hanover Street and into Queen, and still the town seemed ominously quiet. Revere

quickened his steps so that Pulling was hard put to it to keep up with him.

"Something tells me, John, that we're too late," panted Revere.

"God forbid!" whispered Pulling.

As they approached the Town House they caught sight of men and boys running, and they soon found themselves part of a thin stream pouring into King Street. No one seemed to know what was happening, but all day they had been keyed up to a high pitch of expectancy and their faces were pale and drawn.

Suddenly a shot rang out.

Revere broke into a run and dashed through the gathering crowd into King Street. Ahead of him there seemed to be a tangled mass of humanity, struggling in opposite directions. Stones flew through the air and hoarse shouts arose. A full-fledged riot appeared to be in progress.

Again a shot rang out, and then a scattering volley.

Revere plunged headlong into the mass of men. A dim vision of red coats in a line behind a screen of smoke met his gaze, and the lithe form of little Peter Brackett diving into the very center of the human maelstrom.

CHAPTER XI

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

There are various accounts of just what happened in Boston Town on that fateful Fifth of March, 1770. Probably the angry rope-makers were at the bottom of it, and there were some drunken sailors in the streets, but doubtless the boys were at fault, too, while the soldiers had about reached the limit of their patience.

It is said that two young rope-makers, passing the barracks near Cornhill, refused to answer the challenge of the sentry and accompanied their refusal by insolent remarks. The sentries endeavored to enforce their commands. A scuffle followed and a crowd gathered. A patrol of the Sons of Liberty, obeying Revere's instructions to be vigilant and prevent disorder, appeared on the scene and hustled the offenders away.

The rope-makers and their supporters, still looking for trouble, encountered a squad of soldiers marching from the main guard in King

Street to the Brattle Street barracks. There was now with the rope-makers quite a crowd of men armed with sticks and followed by a group of truant schoolboys. The men barred the way with threatening gestures, and from behind this cover the boys laid down a barrage of snowballs. The soldiers fixed their bayonets and forced their way through but in accordance with orders withheld their fire. Somehow the crisis passed and the mob continued on its way down King Street. Here they found a lone sentry before the Custom House.

"That's the one that knocked me down," cried a negro boy.

"That's the one," yelled Peter Brackett. "Knock off his hat."

A volley of snowballs followed and the men with sticks advanced menacingly. The sentry quickly loaded his musket and called for help. Some one, probably one of Newton's trouble-makers, notified the main guard. A squad of six privates of the 29th Regiment came hurrying up to the sentry's support and word of the trouble was dispatched to Captain Preston, in command of the guard company. He was found in the concert hall at the head of Hanover Street.

Meanwhile the seven soldiers stood before the Custom House with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, scarcely knowing what to do. The whole town by this time seemed to be aroused and bells were beginning to ring. The mob was growing larger and more unruly. Stones began to mingle with snowballs, and the steady-headed Revere was still blocks away.

Presently Captain Preston arrived with eight more soldiers. Taunts and gibes filled the air.

"Bring up the regiment!" "Lobster-backs!" "Why don't you fire?"

Suddenly came the crisis. A well-aimed stone hit a soldier on the cheek. Stung to action, he fired, and his bullet shattered a window across the way. A perfect storm of missiles followed this shot, and the other soldiers opened fire. Whether or not Preston gave the order for a volley was never fully determined, but it is certain that the soldiers with one accord shot to kill.

As the smoke rolled upward the missiles ceased to fly and a frightened hush fell upon the immediate spectators. For there upon the snowy street lay the still forms of seven men, five of them stone dead. Two of these were, as it happened, innocent bystanders; one was

a riotous sailor, one a rope-maker, and one, according to the historian, "a mulatto or half-breed Indian of gigantic stature, named Crispus Attucks, who had been especially conspicuous." Later the names of the killed were given out as Samuel Gray, Samuel Maverick, James Caldwell, Patrick Carr, and Crispus Attucks. Two were mortally wounded—Christopher Monk and John Clark—and four others were more or less seriously injured.

When Paul Revere came hurrying down the street, elbowing his way through the press, the smoke of the volley still hung in the air. All was confusion, but at first Revere saw nothing but the figure of little Peter Brackett as the lad hurled himself between the legs of the men in front. Heedless of possible danger to himself, Revere followed headlong. Into the thick of it he went and seized Peter just as the lad was about to hurl a heavy stone at the soldiers.

"Peter!" cried Revere. "Drop that! Don't you see there's been plenty of trouble already?"

Peter dropped the stone and, grown suddenly limp in Revere's grasp, turned up to the man a face livid with rage and grief. He could not speak. Silently he pointed to the figure of a

tall man lying prone upon the ground. Then he buried his face in Revere's coat tails and wept uncontrollably.

Revere looked and caught his breath.

"Crispus!" he gasped. "Is it you?"

He stooped and felt under the fallen man's coat. The breast was sticky with blood. The wild but faithful heart beat no more. Crispus Attucks was dead.

For a moment Revere bowed his head in grief and despair. Then he quickly rose to his full height and gazed about him with eyes that flashed like lightning.

During these few minutes the crowd had stood sobered, awed, benumbed—those who had not fled. The soldiers, too, stood waiting in silence as the realization of what they had done swept over them. But the bells were still ringing; there was a forward movement outside the inner ring; angry shouts arose; another attack was imminent.

Revere, still holding Peter's hand, stepped toward the mob.

"For God's sake, have done!" he cried. "Would you have more of this? Has not enough blood been spilt already? Pulling! Edes!"

He placed a whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast. Half a dozen stalwart mechanics emerged from the crowd and, forming a line, pressed them back.

"To your homes!" cried Revere. "In Heaven's name, disperse!"

The mob hesitated, drew back. Captain Preston uttered a low command. The soldiers lowered their muskets and quietly formed in a column of twos. One of them went hurrying away for reinforcements.

Then John Pulling appeared from somewhere with a squad of a dozen of the Sons of Liberty.

"Clear the street," commanded Revere, and quietly the Sons set about their work.

Along the street the snow which had tempted the now thoroughly frightened boys, was trampled and muddy, but where the foremost had stood spots of crimson dyed the whiteness of it. On the snow lay the slain, and now that order was partially restored, Revere called half a dozen of his men to remove the bodies. It was a sad and gruesome scene, and Revere stood for a moment in silent contemplation over the last of them.

"Ah, Crispus," said he. "If only reason could have tamed that mad heart of thine.

None truer ever beat. Freedom has lost an ardent friend this day. God grant that this blood has not been spilled in vain."

So saying he led the trembling Peter away.

Several companies of the 29th Regiment now arrived at the spot and took possession of the street. All was order and quiet again and only the blood stains on the snow bore silent testimony to the tragedy. But at the head of the street the mob was gathering again. More trouble was in the air; hot resentment and the thirst for revenge had not died in those hearts. Revere turned Peter over to a friend who promised to conduct him to a place of safety and hurried up the street.

But it was not Revere who quelled the riot this time. One as brave as he had come. Governor Hutchinson, fully realizing that he had become on object of popular resentment, quietly made his way to the Town House and presently appeared on the balcony. Something in his mien quieted that mob. For after all he was an American, and true courage has a magnetism of its own. Hutchinson knew that he was hated by the radicals; he knew they had looked upon their dead and demanded vengeance; he knew his own life was in danger, that only a

slight shifting of the balance might loose upon him a storm of murderous fury. But he stood there before them without flinching, and they harkened.

"I promise you justice," said he, "and whatever else you may say to me, you know me to be a man of my word. This affair will be investigated at once. It shall be sifted to the bottom and those who are guilty shall suffer. Your own judges shall decide. Meanwhile I beg of you to return to your homes and let this dying day see no more bloodshed."

They harkened; some even cheered; but only a few obeyed.

"Let the soldiers go first," shouted an irate tanner, "and then will we."

A shout of approval greeted this demand. Hutchinson was quick to see the necessity for this.

"It shall be done," he promised and left the balcony.

In a short time the troops were seen marching off to their barracks. Revere's men quietly circulated among the people, spreading the news that Preston and his men had been placed under arrest. The mob melted away and the sun set over the city.

That night Paul Revere sat long in his darkened window, brooding over the death of his friend. And in those hours died also the last lingering loyalty to England and England's king.

The next day a great crowd gathered spontaneously in Faneuil Hall and the leaders were forced to act. On one point they were unanimous; the troops must leave Boston's streets or there would be war to the death. The leaders had no choice but to represent the popular demand. Samuel Adams was appointed chairman of a committee to wait on Hutchinson and demand the removal of the troops to Castle William.

The committee did its duty. Hutchinson met them in friendly spirit but at first refused to parley. He stood firmly upon the ground of his duty. Only General Gage, he said, had the power to order such a movement, and Gage was in New York.

Adams reported his failure to the meeting, but no one was satisfied. Further efforts were demanded, and another meeting was called for three o'clock in the afternoon. Meanwhile Adams promised to hold a consultation with the Selectmen and other leaders.



Revere's cartoon of the Boston Massacre

During the hours that followed there was no repose in Boston and but little business transacted. People poured into town along Roxbury Neck and across the Charlestown Ferry. The main streets were jammed and the soldiers discreetly kept away.

By three o'clock it was evident that the crowd was so immense that Faneuil Hall would be totally inadequate. The meeting took a change of venue to Old South Church, and when that edifice was filled the crowds still swarmed in the street all the way up Cornhill to the Town House where Hutchinson was sitting in council.

Again Adams presented his demands. Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, who was in command of the troops in Boston, replied that the Governor was disinclined to accede to the request, but that he, as a measure of public safety, would engage to remove one regiment to Castle William.

Adams went back to report to the meeting, and as he went he made up his mind to hold out to the bitter end. As he passed up the aisle eager voices questioned him. He made no direct reply but only smiled and whispered this cryptic hint, "Both or none. Both or none."

From the pulpit Adams rendered his report

calmly and without proffering advice. The moderator put the question.

"Is this satisfactory?"

From somewhere in the church there sounded a single feeble "Aye," and all the people laughed.

"Contrary minded, vote no," said the moderator.

He was greeted with a mighty roar. As with one voice they shouted "No!" Then some one raised the cry, "Both regiments or none!" It sounded very like the voice of Paul Revere. Then others took up the cry, and Adams smiled behind his hand.

Adams returned to the Town House with the decision of the people. As he entered the council chamber his face was stern and his jaw set. Before him were ranged the twenty-four royal councilors in their scarlet waistcoats and powdered wigs, their gold braid and snowy ruffles, and beside them several of the British officers in full uniform. There was a picturesque, impressive majesty about the group that might have awed a less self-possessed man than Adams. As it was, he stood there in his simple homespun, the conscious equal of them all.

Adams had finished with begging, with tact-

ful diplomacy. He simply announced with quiet directness that he demanded the immediate removal of all the troops in the name of 4,000 free men.

Hutchinson solemnly shook his head.

"I have already told you," he replied, a bit curtly, "that it is impossible. We have not the authority."

It was now late afternoon and the level rays of the afternoon sun struck in through the windows, lighting up the gorgeous scarlet and gold and throwing the patriot's gray figure into a huge silhouette. Silence hung over the chamber as Adams slowly lifted his arm and pointed toward the Governor.

"If you," said he in a voice vibrant with suppressed emotion, "or Colonel Dalrymple, have the power to remove one regiment, you have the power to remove both. It is at your peril that you refuse. The people become impatient. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected, and it must be both regiments or none. Boston has spoken. Your decision, gentlemen."

Undaunted by all their magnificance he faced them, immovable as a rock, challenging the basic authority of the Government. Hutchinson

turned a trifle pale but showed no sign of yielding. Some of the others, however, began to fidget under the stern, steady gaze of Adams. Dalrymple leaned over and spoke a few words in a low tone to Hutchinson. Then he rose nervously and wiped his brow.

"Both regiments or none," repeated Adams.

His will was unwavering. The tension was extreme. Again Dalrymple spoke, huskily. Then Hutchinson, beaten at last, slowly nodded his head and dropped his chin to his breast.

"Go!" sputtered Dalrymple. "The orders will be given before sundown and both regiments will be removed to-morrow. Now go!"

And, bowing with dignity, Adams went.

Hutchinson saw to it that Dalrymple lived up to his word. The next day saw the troops in motion through the streets of Boston, but this time there was no martial music, no flowing banners. Silently they marched, like an army in defeat, forever after to be known as Sam Adams's regiments. For to that man in homespun, that quiet civilian, belonged the bloodless victory. Thus had the so-called Boston massacre produced a result that months of protest had failed to accomplish. Crispus Attucks had not died in vain, and from his blood and that of

his fellow martyrs there sprang a new spirit of confidence and of freedom. Boston had thrown off the hated shackles and breathed once more.

An era of better feeling followed for a time. Both the Selectmen of the town and the Governor conducted investigations into the causes of the shooting. Preston and the soldiers were given a fair trial and were honestly defended by two of the leading Whig lawyers, Josiah Quincy and John Adams. Preston was acquitted on the ground that it could not be proved that he had given an order for the volley. Six of the soldiers arrested were also given a verdict of not guilty. Two were convicted of manslaughter, were branded on the open palm, and were discharged from the service without honor.

By the irreconcilables, naturally, this sentence was considered very mild. It failed to obliterate from their memories the sight of patriot blood upon the snow. Revere was one of these. Wisely he held his peace, but he engraved and circulated one of the most famous of all his cartoons. It was an animated if not strictly accurate representation of the Boston Massacre, colored by hand. It showed King Street, with the Town House in the background, a squad of soldiers firing

upon the unarmed citizens, and the slain falling into the arms of their comrades. Unquestionably it produced its effect, an effect not easily estimated in these days of illustrated newspapers. There was one newspaper, however that did not cringe. A week after the massacre Benjamin Edes published a scathing account of the affair in his *Boston Gazette,* illustrated with a row of five coffins engraved by Revere.

Benjamin Edes, indeed, had become one of the telling personalities among the masses in this struggle for liberty. He had succeeded to his father's business and with his partner, John Gill, he published the *Gazette* and many of Revere's cartoons. He was not a printer merely, but a journalist and publicist, and, as ever, a staunch friend of Revere. Edes & Gill also published the *North American Almanac and Massachusetts Register.*

About this time Revere produced three engravings of Boston Harbor, showing the location of the British naval vessels and the town in the background. The first was issued as a poster in April, 1770. The second appeared in the *Almanac* for 1770. The third was published later, in the first issue of the *Royal*

American Magazine, in January, 1774. There were barely half a dozen copper-plate engravers in the country at that time, and Revere was called upon to do most of the engraving for this publication. For some time he was engaged to engrave two illustrations a month, chiefly lampoons and portraits, and he continued his work with book-plates, seals, and detached cartoons, using his talent whenever possible to carry on the American propaganda.

Revere, indeed, was one of the busiest men in Boston. First of all a cunning artificer, his chosen craft was never long neglected, though he ceased making tea sets, producing in their place silver jugs and tankards for ale and cider and mugs and pitchers for milk. He was active in the affairs of the New Brick Church in Middle Street and a member of the standing committee. In 1770 he became Master of St. Andrews Lodge of Masons. He mixed much in local politics, attending regularly the meetings of the North Caucus, endeavoring to keep the local offices in the hands of patriots. He started a campaign for better lighted streets, for none knew better than he the dangers that lurked in deep shadows, and he served as a member of the committee on lamps.

In spite of all these distractions, he continued to prosper in business. During this year, 1770, he moved again. He bought a house in North Square for £213, 6s, 8d (trust Paul Revere to strike a good bargain) where he lived during the years of the Revolution and where several of his children were born. North Square was then a good residential quarter. The house was an old but substantial one, having been built soon after the fire of 1676. It was a square, unpretentious, well built house of three stories, the second projecting out over the first in the old style. On the ground floor he had his workshop; most of his goods were sold at the shop near Clark's Wharf. The family occupied the two floors above the shop. Though nearly a century old when Revere bought it, this house is still standing, somewhat altered, one of the historic landmarks of Boston. But what was once a section of fine homes is now a slum inhabited largely by foreigners on whom the significance of the spot is lost.

And now, installed in his new home, with his business affairs well in hand, Revere threw himself into the thick of the struggle that centered about one little word—tea.

CHAPTER XII

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT

Though gratified by the withdrawal of the troops, and bound by his word of honor to do his utmost to preserve the peace, Revere had become in his heart a thorough-going rebel. Lacking the wider vision of Adams, he yet had the intelligence to see that the anomalous condition of affairs could not go on forever.

"Ben," he said one day to Edes, "what is your honest feeling now? Doesn't it seem to you somehow as though you had ceased to be an Englishman?"

Edes pondered awhile before making answer. The three old friends were taking a Sunday afternoon stroll up over Copp's Hill. The land lay smiling in the mild May sunshine which brought out the whiteness of the sails of the British fleet in the harbor and danced over the ripples of the river. John Pulling was now a captain in the militia company, Edes was the leading journalist of Boston, and Revere was the trusted deputy of the chiefs. But after all,

they were only three Boston boys grown up.

Of the three John Pulling was still the most conservative, though never recoiling from danger. Edes, like Revere, was impetuous and his pen was often dipped in venom.

"It is strange," he remarked, "how the old ties have become stretched almost to the breaking point. Who would ever have believed it?"

"Perhaps there is yet a way out," said Pulling.

"No," said Revere with decision, "the thing has gone too far. I loved Crispus Attucks like an erring brother, and him they have killed. They have forfeited my loyalty by that act if by no other. I know not what is coming. I do not ask you to commit yourselves to a vow to join a revolt that has not yet developed. But this I do ask. We three have been true friends for many years. Shall we stick together? If the time comes, as indeed it well may, when Americans reach the conclusion that they must at last break with the country they once loved, if your judgment tells you that honor lies that way alone, will you go with me and keep our friendship true?"

And there on Copp's Hill, in the Sabbath hush, they solemnly joined hands.

Shrewd man of business that he was, Revere fully realized how much he stood to lose by this decision. It was conceivable that the trade he had so laboriously and successfully built up might, in the course of an upheaval, go to ruin. But he had thrown his life and his fortune into the balance; for him there was no turning back.

And he cared nothing for personal danger. With his good wife Sarah, however, it was different. She knew something of the perils of Boston streets and country roads. She knew—none better—the quality of the personal enmity that hovered, a constant menace, over their household. On many a night she lay sleepless, listening for the returning footsteps of her reckless husband and fearing she scarcely knew what.

"Oh, Paul," she pleaded, "if you are forgetful of yourself, remember your wife and children, and take care. There is now no Crispus to watch over you. Deadly enemies follow your footsteps. For my sake, promise that you will be prudent."

Revere laughed and kissed her. "My shoulders are broad and my fists are hard, and there is a Providence that watches over us.

Have no fear. Nothing untoward shall happen to me. But for your sake, I promise."

The death of Attucks had left Revere with another problem. He felt himself responsible to a degree for Peter Brackett. Under the protection of Crispus the lad had defied his brutish father and had fled from home. Now he was a vagabond, friendless and unguarded. All the evils of the town lay in wait for him. He was twelve years old now, but with the cunning of a lad of sixteen, and self-reliant withal. Revere was oppressed with a sense of an unperformed duty toward him. Attucks had loved him, and that meant much to Paul Revere.

On a warm day in June Revere come upon him naked, with other gamins, on the Long Wharf, where they had been swimming and diving and troubling the soul of Michael Welch. Paul bade him dress and go with him, and the boy, to whom Revere appeared as a sort of demigod, promptly obeyed.

"I need an errand boy in my shop," said Revere. "I will give you a shilling a week, with bed and board and clothing. Will you come?"

His voice was gruff, but Peter was quick to catch the look of kindly solicitude in his eye. His lip trembled and he made no reply, but

with a lighter step he trudged along by the goldsmith's side.

If Revere was undemonstrative in this transaction, his wife was not. She knew Peter's story. His homelessness and the genuineness of his bereavement appealed to her, and her heart made room for him. Revere gave the boy a bed in the shop and a shilling a week, but it was Sarah who fed and clothed him like one of her own. Never had he known such kindness, such a warmth of motherly love, in his life. His heart swelled with the joy and gratitude of it and he became Mistress Revere's devoted slave.

"Do you want so much, then, to repay me?" she asked with a smile.

"Oh, I do, I do," declared Peter.

"Then I have two requests to make. Help us to keep young Paul out of mischief, and try to watch over Mr. Revere's safety. You know how much he goes abroad at night, and how Crispus used to follow to protect him when he least suspected it. There is no Crispus now; he has no friend of just that sort. I am afraid for him sometimes. You know the streets and by-ways of Boston almost as well as Crispus did. You can help if you will."

Peter's face lighted marvelously. It seemed as though a great trust had been committed to his keeping from the hand of the fallen and beloved Attucks.

"Oh, I will. I will, gladly," he cried. "I would die for him."

"Ah, but there must be no rashness," she warned. "You must be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove."

And Peter promised.

And Revere never knew. When he went abroad at night on his mysterious missions he supposed that Peter was sound asleep on his cot, but it was not so. A silent little figure dogged his footsteps wherever he went, and an active little brain became very wise in the night life of Boston Town and the doings of the Sons of Liberty and the movements of Newton's men.

Revere's midnight excursions now were largely for the purpose of keeping an eye on the vigilance of his patrols. They were working well, quietly walking the streets two by two, jotting down notes of this suspicious occurrence or that, and allowing no movement of Newton's men to escape them. A shrill blast on a whistle would have summoned reinforcements a dozen strong at any instant during the

night, but such a need seldom arose. The town, for the most part, was quiet.

And the town knew that it was safe in the hands of the Sons, for Warren was their recognized leader now, and Warren held the confidence of all Boston. In 1770 they elected him to the legislature. A patriot orator like Otis, the two Adamses, and Josiah Quincy, he could also wield a trenchant pen and he wrote often for the *Gazette*. He carried on a voluminous correspondence and his figure was looming large in the new political life of the Colonies. He was now heart and soul in the movement with Samuel Adams, and Revere was proud to be reckoned as one of his intimate and trusted friends.

The town was quiet, yes, but the tea was boiling under the lid. It was well for Boston that Warren and Revere had so thoroughly organized the Sons of Liberty, for there would be work for them to do ere long.

Adams and Warren, and Revere in his own way, were closely watching the development of events. They had friends in England who kept them well informed. The enforced withdrawal of the two Sam Adams regiments from Boston was a blunt rebuff to the King. It

capped the climax and added explosive fuel to his wrath. The very word tea was enough to enrage him and he resolved to concentrate all his energies on that one point.

In 1769 Virginia had passed a non-importation agreement, prepared by George Washington, which was generally adopted by the other Colonies. The London merchants, noting the serious falling off of their trade, concluded that the time had come for concessions to the Colonists. Their pocketbooks and not kingly honor were their chief concern. In January, 1770, Lord North had become prime minister, and through him the merchants brought pressure to bear on the stubborn King. Reluctantly he yielded—on everything but tea. In fact, on the very day of the massacre he had issued new orders demanding the strict enforcement of the tea tax.

In April Parliament removed the tax from paper, glass, and painters' colors; all the taxes were withdrawn except that on tea. A small tax, a minor matter in the affairs of his realm, but in the King's eyes tea represented a fundamental principle. If he yielded there it would mean a great loss of prestige; any one might then defy the royal authority. And in sticking

to this one point he was shrewd, too. Of three million Colonists it was estimated that one million drank tea. Their favorite brew was Bohea, and of that the East India Company held the monopoly under royal grant. They might forego other importations with but little discomfort, but tea, thought the King, would tempt them into yielding.

The new tax arrangement produced varying results. In some quarters the opposition was weakened; in others it was materially stiffened. New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Boston, four of the largest seaports in the Colonies, continued the struggle. Following the example of her steadfast leaders, Boston stood firm. She saw, as plainly as did the King, that a great fundamental principle was involved The tension, which had relaxed after the withdrawal of the troops, gradually returned and an increasing restlessness was noticeable among the more radical groups.

During these days frequent messages passed back and forth among the committees of correspondence, for it was difficult to reach a conclusion as to the most effective methods of relieving the situation and the opinions of men varied widely. As always, it was difficult for conserva-

tives and radicals to agree on the middle ground that would unite them. And during these days Revere was much abroad, covering the Massachusetts roads on his gray horse, carrying letters and resolutions and, if the truth were known, hugely enjoying the adventurous freedom of his occupation.

During his intervals in town he rested little, for Newton was active, endeavoring to sow dissention and propagate disloyalty among the Sons of Liberty, and there were always the patrols to be looked after. And on more than one occasion Revere was given reason for believing that Newton had never lost sight of his main objective. He sought constantly to betray Revere into some misstep or, failing that, to contrive some cruder method of doing him harm.

As a rule either Edes or Pulling accompanied Revere on his rounds, for they were lieutenants in the secret service, but one night, forgetting his promise to Sarah and eager to investigate certain mysterious activities about one of the warehouses where tea was stored, he set out alone.

As he was passing along a dark stretch between two of the infrequent lights he was

startled by a sudden blast from a watchman's whistle. Turning about he beheld two shadowy forms in the act of bearing down upon him. From a distance came the sound of running footsteps. His would-be assailants hesitated, turned, and then, as one of the patrols, summoned by the whistle, came in sight, they disappeared in the shadows.

Revere was in no doubt as to the meaning of this. The thing that puzzled him was the identity of the person who had given the timely warning. He had passed no patrol and was unable to learn afterward of the presence of any. No one had observed the small figure of Peter Brackett, shrinking in a doorway, trembling with delightful excitement. And even if he had been discovered, there would still have been need of an explanation as to how Peter had obtained one of those special whistles. The ways of an urchin are often inscrutable. As it was, Peter kept his counsel and neither Revere nor his enemies learned anything about this competent successor to Crispus Attucks.

A year passed with only the most gradual change in the situation. On March 5, 1771, Boston solemnly celebrated the anniversary of the massacre. Bells were tolled from 12 to 1

and from 9 to 10 in the evening. Boston showed that she had neither forgotten nor forgiven. In the Manufactory House an oration was delivered by Dr. Thomas Young, now one of the prominent patriots.

In the evening of that day Revere drew the crowd to North Square by an ingenious device which foreshadowed the recent use of moving pictures for propaganda purposes. He fashioned a series of transparencies and displayed them in the windows of his house. In the south window of the second story appeared a representation of the ghost of Christopher Snider and his tomb. The middle window showed the scene of the massacre, and in the third window appeared an emblematic figure of America, with the liberty pole and cap, her foot resting on the body of a fallen grenadier. Beneath each appeared verses of the sort that it was Revere's amusement to compose.

Another year passed, with a deadlock still on the tea question and little sign of weakening on either side. Then came an added source of irritation. In August, 1772, it was ordered that all the Massachusetts judges should henceforth receive their salaries from the crown, so that they became no longer responsible to the people

for their acts. One by one it seemed as though the Colonies were being deprived of the rights so hardly won by the English people since the days of King John. There appeared to be no way to resist this order, so Adams countered by reorganizing his Massachusetts committees of correspondence and welding them into a working body like an invisible legislature, the real government of the colony. Dr. Warren was made the ranking member of the Boston committee.

The year 1773 proved to be a momentous one for Paul Revere, both in his public and private affairs. As spring came on his wife fell ill, and in spite of all Dr. Warren's skill she grew weaker. In those days he used to snatch such moments as he could, to sit by her bedside and hold her thin little hand, while she smiled bravely up at him and begged him not to be reckless and talked sweetly of the past and the Sunday walks on Copp's Hill and the bright days of youth and courtship. He realized now what a constant inspiration Sarah had been to him; how much she had helped him to become the man that he was. It was hard to see her go, but softly she slipped away. On May 3rd she died, leaving him with a small infant and

half a dozen other children, of whom young Paul was the only boy.

Grief is not always good for a man, and perhaps it was as well for Paul Revere that stirring events intervened to prevent his brooding over his loss. Close to Adams and Warren as he was, he was aware that the tea situation was now more rapidly developing. Word came from England that the East India Company, alarmed by their losses, had advised the King to remove the tax altogether, but he would not listen.

"I have granted them too much indulgence already," said he. "This law shall be enforced to the bitter end."

In the spring of 1773 Dabney Carr of Virginia joined Samuel Adams in perfecting the system of inter-colonial communication. Federation, which was eventually to form the foundation of a new nation, was on its way. In spite of the fact that there were no telegraphs and no railroads in those days, word was sent rapidly all over the country to the effect that the King was more stubborn than ever and that more tea ships were coming. In many cases the news helped to join the Colonies more closely in a common cause. Philadelphia circulated her famous handbill, "By uniting we stand, by dividing we

fall." In most of the large seaports leading citizens petitioned their Governors to send the tea back unloaded. In some cases they were successful, but not in Boston, where the resolute Hutchinson stood by his guns.

In many of the cities tea was being drunk again. But it was not British tea; it was smuggled from Holland; and the knowledge of this made the King and his supporters even more bitter. British tea was offered at a lower price than the Dutch, but for the most part the people would have none of it. Great quantities of tea lay unsold in British and American ports.

Every sort of pressure was brought to bear, and not without some result. At one time a group of New York merchants broke their agreement. Rhode Island and New Hampshire yielded to the temptation. But Boston and Charleston sternly refused to have any dealings with the faithless Colonies. Fearing a further defection, Samuel Adams redoubled his efforts toward concerted action. He perceived that some crisis, some dramatic action was needed to knit them together.

"Whatever others may do," ran one of his circular letters, "Massachusetts will stand

firm." And Massachusetts did. In that Colony Adams procured through his committees a vote of the inland towns. Though less intimately affected than the seaports, they voted unanimously that tea must not be landed in Massachusetts.

The Sons of Liberty were given the duty of watching the tea ships and Paul Revere was kept very busy between the superintendence of the patrols and riding with messages for Adams and Warren. He was much away from home and his motherless household was a constant burden on his mind. In September the baby died; something must be done.

"After a few months," as an old account has it, "his household being in sore need of a mother's care, he married again, an excellent and charming woman, Rachel Walker." Young Paul, not to mention Peter Brackett and the girls, certainly needed looking after. Revere's precipitancy on this occasion has been adversely criticized, but not by those who knew him best, who knew that no man ever lived less open to the charge of disloyalty, who understood the exigencies of his feverish, crowded life. This courtship was indeed no lingering one. Rachel Walker, who was ten years younger than Re-

vere, was swept off her feet by his hasty wooing, and they were married on October 10, 1773. But Revere had not blundered through haste. The new wife made an excellant mother to his children and to the new ones that followed, and a faithful helpmeet to Paul Revere.

And all the time he felt approaching the tea crisis. He attended many meetings at Faneuil Hall and voted for resolutions that were addressed to Governor Hutchinson in vain. Tea continued to come into Boston Harbor and to be unloaded, but it was only stored away; there was scarcely any one to buy. Revere's men, now trusted with arms, patrolled the water front night and day, keeping watch of the warehouses and of the ships that came in with the tide or lay at anchor in the harbor. It was no small task, for there were wharves all around the pear-shaped peninsula. Newton's men were organized to smuggle out supplies of tea, but thus far there had been no clash between the two forces.

Officially active in these affairs was the North End Caucus, which numbered among its voting members many of the leading patriots of Boston. The roll call of one of the meetings, held in William Campbell's Salutation Tavern, at the

corner of North and Salutation Streets, has been preserved. Sixty voters were present at that meeting, including Samuel Adams, John Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, Dr. Benjamin Church, Dr. Thomas Young, Paul Revere, Captain Pulling, Benjamin Edes, and many others whose names appear in these chronicles.

A notable meeting of the Caucus was held on October 23rd, at which Gibbens Sharp acted as moderator. The minutes read as follows:

"Voted: That this body will oppose the vending of any tea sent by the East India Company to any part of the Continent, with our lives and fortunes.

"Voted: That there be a committee chosen to correspond with any Committee chosen in any part of the town, on this account; and call this body together at any time they think necessary.—Paul Revere, Abiel Ruddock, and John Lowell the Committee."

In other words, readiness for immediate action at the call of Paul Revere. And it is interesting to note that these men were beginning to think in continental terms.

An effort was made to bring pressure upon the persons to whom the tea was consigned, a method of action that had been successful in

other cities. Matters were approaching a head, the situation was becoming critical, and meetings were frequent. On November 2, 1773, the North End Caucus met in the Green Dragon Tavern, with Nathaniel Holmes as moderator and Abiel Ruddock secretary. Special committees were sent to request the presence of John Hancock and the members of the Committee of Correspondence. Then the business proceeded as thus recorded:

"Voted: That this body are determined that the tea shipped or to be shipped by the East India Company shall not be landed.

"Voted: That a committee be chosen to draw a resolution to be read to the Tea Consignees to-morrow at 12 O'Clock, noon, at Liberty Tree; and that Drs. Thos. Young and Church and Warren be a committee for that purpose and make a report as soon as may be."

The committee met and reported this resolution:

"That Thos. and Elisha Hutchinson, R. Clark & Sons, and Benjamin Faneuil, by neglecting to give satisfaction as their fellow citizens justly expected of them in this hour, relative to their acceptance of an office destructive to the community, have intolerably insulted

this body, and in case they do not appear, forthwith, and satisfy their reasonable expectation, this body will look upon themselves warranted to esteem them enemies to their Country, and will not fail to make them feel the weight of their just resentment."

A threat to make the stoutest Tory tremble. The Caucus then adjourned with this action:

"Voted: That this result be accepted.

"Voted: That Capt. Proctor, John Lowell, G. Johonnot, James Swan, John Winthrop, and T. Chase to be a committee to get a flag for Liberty Tree.

"Voted: That Thos. Hichborn and John Boit be a committee for posting up said notification."

Thus was the kettle boiling. More ships had been coming in during the autumn. New York was in line again now. The people there and in Philadelphia and Charleston voted to remove the consignees from office. From Philadelphia a ship was turned back to England unloaded. In Charleston a cargo was landed, but, there being no one to receive it, it was thrown into a damp cellar to spoil. New York burned one lot and sent another back. Annapolis also burned a tea ship.

But in Boston tea continued to arrive, was unloaded and stored, for there the consignees, two of whom were relatives of the intrepid Governor, enjoyed the strongest sort of protection. Boston, having considered herself the leader in this movement, was bitterly chagrined.

"What are we coming to, Paul?" demanded Benjamin Edes. "The Governor and the consignees have flouted the Town Meeting and the North Caucus. Must we stand by with folded hands and see them choke the town with their filthy tea?"

"Be patient, Ben," said Revere with a smile. "It is not always wisest to tell a journalist everything. But be of good cheer and watch for an Indian uprising. You will know more ere long. The Sons of Liberty have a trick or two left in their pack yet. Listen to this, and you can be puzzling your blessed old head as to what it means."

Behind the tightly closed shutters of the inn chamber above them some sort of merry making was going on. Edes pricked his ears and caught the words of the last stanza of a song.

"Our Warren's there and bold Revere
With hands to do and words to cheer,

For liberty and laws;
Our country's *braves* and firm defenders
Shall ne'er be left by true North Enders,
Fighting Freedom's cause.
Then rally, boys, and hasten on
To meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon."

CHAPTER XIII

BREWING THE DRAUGHT

The autocrat of German blood who ruled the American Colonies from across the sea was as tricky as he was obstinate. By fair means or foul he was determined to collect his tax of threepence a pound on tea. He knew that Governor Hutchinson would support the custom house officers. He knew that the custom house officials had the power eventually to unload the tea and turn it over to the consignees. He knew that these men were picked Tories who enjoyed the protection of the Governor's power, and he figured that they would be able to get it and could sell it in spite of Sam Adams and his rascally crew.

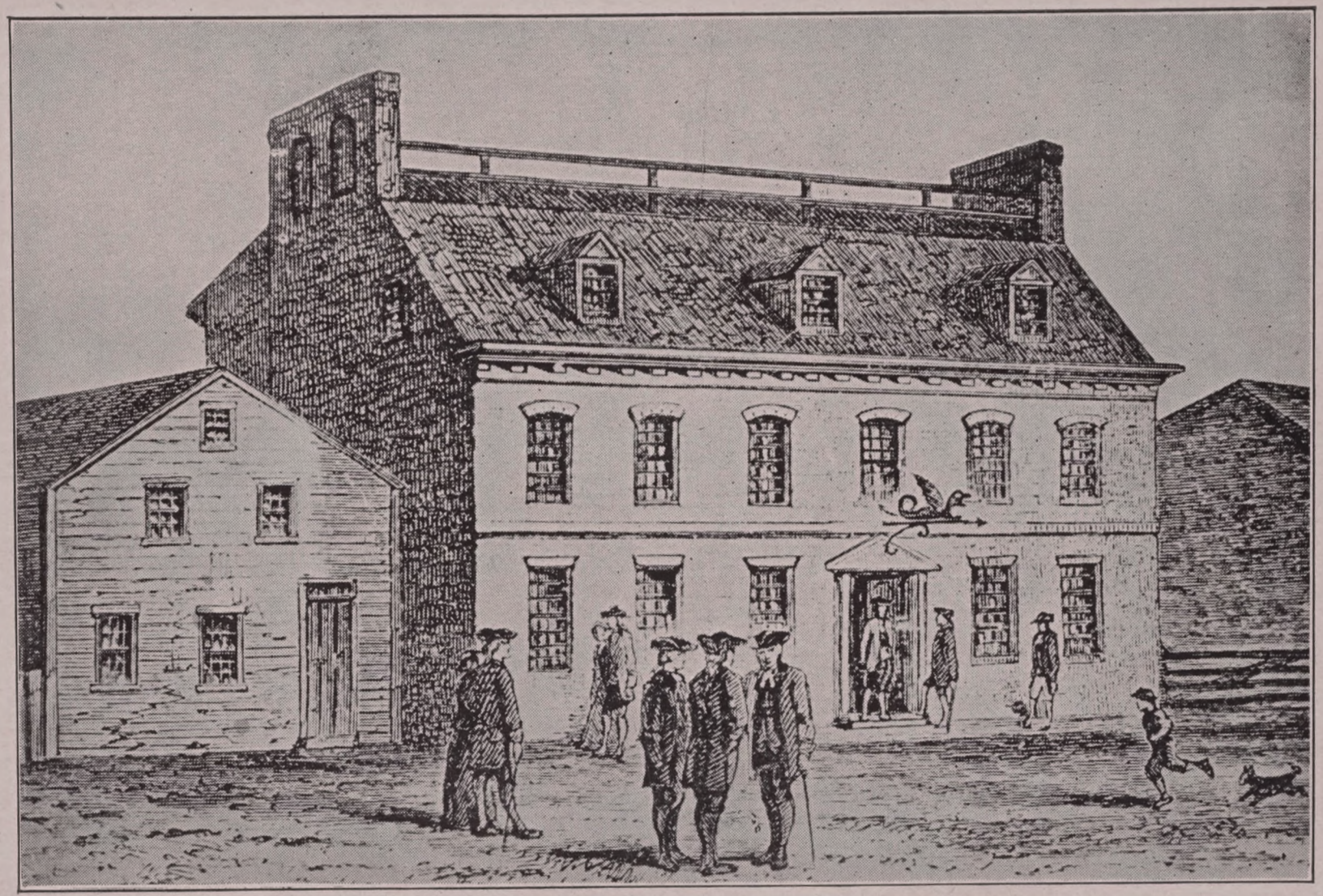
But he reckoned without his host. Adams saw through this trick. And he had not the slightest intention of letting it succeed. He saw how much depended on it; that the solidarity of the Colonies and the whole cause of liberty were threatened if Massachusetts, the

leader, should fail where others had succeeded. And the King apparently knew little or nothing of the resolute character of Paul Revere and his now well drilled mechanics.

Early Sunday morning, November 28, 1775, Michael Welch observed a ship entering the harbor, and as soon as he was certain of its identity he sent word to Paul Revere. It was the *Dartmouth,* Captain Hull, with 114 chests of Bohea tea aboard. The owner was Francis Rotch, a Nantucket merchant, who had recently come to Boston to look after his somewhat precarious interests.

The people of Boston were on their decorous way to church when the news began to spread. Some of them turned aside to discuss the situation, while the others found it difficult to listen to the sermons that morning, though some of them were decidedly to the point. After church the people gathered in excited groups on the street corners and in front of meeting-house doors. Sunday dinners were forgotten. The tea had come. What was to be done about it?

The *Dartmouth* come to anchor below Castle William and Captain Hull came ashore. The custom house officers, speaking for the Governor, informed him that he was ordered to land



The Green Dragon Tavern

From an old print

the tea. Adams sent word to Hull that he would not be permitted to unload the tea, but that he must bring his ship up to the wharf and land the rest of his cargo.

The Captain, utterly perplexed by these conflicting orders, appealed to Rotch. The owner was an amiable fellow, a Quaker and a peace lover, with a desire at once to comply with the law and to give no offense to the Colonists, but he found himself between the devil and the deep sea. In his quandary he did nothing.

But Adams was not idle. He called a meeting of the North End Caucus and stated the case as he saw it.

"The hour of resistance appears to have arrived," he said, and the North Enders, weary of inactivity, greeted his statement with tumultuous cheers. They voted to call a mass meeting the next day to consider the situation.

Benjamin Edes worked late that night; there were no union hours for printers in those days. And next morning Boston awoke to find this broadside conspiciously displayed:

FRIENDS! BRETHREN!
COUNTRYMEN!

That worst of plagues, the detested
Tea, shipped for this Port by the East

India Company, is now arrived in this Harbor. The Hour of Destruction or manly opposition to the Machinations of Tyranny stares you in the Face; every Friend to this Country, to himself, and to Prosterity, is now called to meet at FANEUIL HALL, at NINE o'clock

THIS DAY

(at which Time the Bells will ring), to make a united and successful Resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive Measure of Adminstration. Boston, November 29, 1773.

Early as was the hour for the meeting, word had got abroad long before the bells began to ring. People swarmed into town from Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Cambridge, and Charlestown. Before 9 o'clock Faneuil Hall was filled to overflowing and the meeting was adjourned to Old South Meeting-House.

The records show that Jonathan Williams acted as moderator of the meeting and that John Hancock, now irretrievably allied with the insurgent movement, made a speech, as did also John Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, Josiah

Quincy, and Dr. Thomas Young. Then Samuel Adams presented a resolution to the effect "that the tea should not be landed; that it should be sent back in the same bottom to the place whence it came, at all events, and that no duty should be paid on it." It was unanimously adopted.

Six post riders were appointed to spread the news and to call on the countryside for aid. It was voted that a patrol of twenty-four men, in two watches, should be set to watch constantly the *Dartmouth* and the other ships that were reported to be on the way. Volunteers for this service were asked to leave their names at the office of Edes & Gill. At the close of the meeting there was a general rush in that direction. Not only did the excitement-loving mechanics respond to this call, but many of the more substantial citizens, including Samuel Adams and John Hancock. On the first night's watch Paul Revere served under Captain Edward Proctor.

On that same day, Monday, the *Dartmouth* drew up alongside Griffin's Wharf (now the Liverpool Wharf), south of Fort Hill, below the rope walk and within sight of the windows of Samuel Adams's house on Purchase Street. Here the watch was set. A committee headed by Adams sought out Rotch, the owner, and

secured his promise not to go aboard until the following day.

But little was accomplished by this respite. Two more tea vessels arrived—the ship *Eleanor,* Captain Bruce, and the brig *Beaver,* Captain Coffin—and were moored beside the *Dartmouth* at Griffin's Wharf. A formal protest was addressed to the Governor, but he was tired of protests and would not listen. Still, he postponed action on his own account. There were warships in the harbor, but he was reluctant to call on them for aid. Perhaps he recalled the meeting of the Council after the massacre and Sam Adams's face on that occasion; or perhaps he still loved Boston.

But the town was up in arms. No one could think or talk of anything but the tea ships. Revere and many others closed their shops that the ranks of the watch might be kept filled and that the men might attend the frequent meetings held on the Common, under the Liberty Tree, and elsewhere. Nor did the regular patriot patrols of the Sons of Liberty fail to keep up their vigils. Newton's men, too, were active, but they had the town against them now and were obliged to move with the utmost stealth.

The twenty days allowed by law drifted by with no definite action on either side. The owners dared not unload their cargoes. All Massachusetts, and the nearby Colonies as well, were waiting breathless to see what Boston would do in this crisis. If she failed, it would mean deep despair to many a brave heart. Adams knew this and his brain was busy. He saw what the outcome must be, but he resolved first to exhaust every peaceful expedient. As chairman of the committee he treated with the merchants, since Hutchinson could not be moved. The owners of the vessels said that they were powerless to take the tea away without a special permit from the custom house, and that this had been refused. But Adams knew that if the ships were not withdrawn before December 17th, the custom house had a legal right to seize the cargoes. This would mean that the tea would find its way into the hands of Tory merchants and the King's trick would succeed. The patriots would have none of that. Adams persuaded the honest Rotch to interview Hutchinson, but without result. He could get no permit to take his ship away until the tea had been landed. A deadlock was

established, while the Collector of Customs contrived to fritter away the days of grace, as it was to his advantage to do.

But the patriots were not wholly idle. Tea was being ardently discussed in church and lodge, mass meeting and caucus. A meeting of St. Andrew's Lodge of Masons, of which Warren and Revere were members, was held November 29th at the Green Dragon, and these were the significant minutes of the meeting: "Lodge adjourned on account of the few Brothers present. N. B.—Consignees of tea took the Brethren's time."

Most of the prominent patriots were Masons, Sons of Liberty, and caucus politicians; pretty much the same crowd was to be found in all their gatherings. Whether the big idea was conceived at a meeting of the Lodge, the North End Caucus, or the Sons of Liberty hardly matters. The important fact is that a plan was hatched, a plan that was to outwit the wily King and throw his ministers into a fury. No one knows for sure how or where it started. All proceedings were kept very secret, for detection would have meant severe punishment and probable failure. No minutes were kept of those meetings; no names were recorded. It is

said that Dr. Young set the ball rolling and it is pretty well established that Dr. Warren took personal charge, while Paul Revere acted as the executive, with the fecund brain of Samuel Adams always in the background.

All the patrols were now acting under Warren's orders and the Sons of Liberty were being drilled for a special purpose by Paul Revere. Prominent now among those who formed the special watch to guard against the unloading of the tea was Henry Knox, a Cornhill bookseller, who was later to become a General in the Continental Army. Knox was a short, thickset man, a loyal Son of Liberty, and a personal friend of Revere. Knox made a fourth in the little group of friends that gathered one day in the office of Edes & Gill.

"I wish," said Edes, "that you'd tell me a little more about this plan."

"I told you, Ben," said Revere with a smile, "that it isn't best for a journalist to know too much."

"To tell the truth," said Pulling, "I'm a bit in the dark myself. I get the drift of the thing, but the details seem to be a matter of mystery."

"As a matter of fact," explained Knox, "only the chiefs know the whole of it. It is

better so. Newton is sharp as a fox, and if anything were overheard or should leak out it would ruin the whole plan."

"But what are we expected to do?" asked Edes.

"Simply follow your leader," said Knox. "The final orders will not be issued till the eleventh hour. That much I have from Warren himself. It is all arranged, you may be sure of that. Meanwhile, Paul here has his instructions, and if the Sons are not ready when the clock strikes, it won't be his fault."

So it was that the Sons of Liberty, trusting their leaders, prepared themselves for an act whose main features only they guessed. It is needless to say that this air of mystery did nothing to allay the feeling of suppressed excitement.

Meanwhile nothing happened. The three ships lay idly at their dock, closely watched by the patrols. The days dragged by until the three weeks were nearly up and the Sons of Liberty showed marked signs of impatience. A mass meeting was held on December 14th, but Adams saw to it that no definite action was taken and the meeting was adjourned till the 16th, the last day of grace.

Everybody was talking tea. "Throw it overboard," whispered the more adventurous. There seemed to be no other way, and yet such an act appeared foolhardy to the more cautious. How could they throw it overboard? The folly of violent action, leading to bloodshed, had already been demonstrated. The ships were watched by the custom house guard as well as by the Sons of Liberty, and the Governor had the right to call out the militia in case disorder threatened. Newton's spies were at work and a false step would mean failure. But Newton's spies never knew what was going on behind the closed doors of the Green Dragon.

"Patience," urged Knox and Revere. "Wait for the orders."

On December 16th great crowds gathered to attend the big meeting. It was realized by all that something must be done at once. By sunrise the next day the revenue officers could board the ships under guard, the tea would be unloaded, the consignees would pay the duty and expenses at the custom house and get possession of the hated stuff, and the other Colonies would lose all faith in Boston.

"There is only one way," said the wise ones. "The tea must be destroyed. There is no place

for it on Massachusetts soil." But how might this be accomplished? So they went to the meeting, hotly discussing the problem pro and con. At the meeting the arguments were continued, but strangely enough the leader, Samuel Adams, appeared to be procrastinating. What was the meaning of that?

But there were some who had not been merely talking. For days Revere had been drilling the Sons of Liberty and passing along the mysterious, cryptic orders of Dr. Warren. Gradually these orders began to take significant form and joy and confidence returned to the hearts of the Sons.

Now, on December 16th, they began secretly to gather. Shops were closed. Revere attended the mass meeting in the morning, but in the afternoon he was absent. So were Knox, Edes, Pulling, and others who invariably attended such gatherings. Newton's men noticed this, but sought them in vain. The Green Dragon Tavern was deserted; there was no one in the office of Edes & Gill. All was quiet at Griffin's Wharf. The Masonic minutes for that evening read: "Lodge closed on account of the few members in attendance, until to-morrow evening." What did it all mean?

Here and there about the town Newton's men saw little groups meet as though by prearrangement and walk off together. In the afternoon a number of these came together at the office of Edes & Gill and shut themselves into a back room.

"Are we all ready?" some one asked.

Shutters were drawn and conversation was in whispers. Presently Knox and Revere departed, while the rest busied themselves with mysterious preparations, not without laughter.

As daylight waned Paul Revere, Jr., stole out of the house on North Square and stationed himself in the shadows around the corner. There he was soon joined by Peter Brackett.

"What news?" demanded Paul.

"Great news," whispered Peter, "but I won't breathe a word of it. I promise you, though, that we shall see great doings this night. You slip in and get us some bread and butter and then come with me."

His eyes were sparkling with pleasurable excitement. As soon as Paul returned the two slipped away in the gathering dusk.

Meanwhile a momentous meeting was in progress in the Old South Meeting-House and matters were being steered to their destined crisis

under the astute leadership of Samuel Adams. At the morning meeting Rotch had again reported his inability to secure clearance papers. The warships in the harbor made slipping out impossible. He was willing to do anything in his power to help his fellow citizens, he said, but he was tied hand and foot. At Adams's request he agreed, quite hopelessly, to see Hutchinson once more and to approach him with something more like a threat. The Governor was on that day at his country seat in Milton. Rotch started on his errand and the meeting adjourned to await his return.

Though it was a miserably cold and rainy day, the people thronged the streets. It has been estimated that two thousand flocked in from the nearby towns. At 3 o'clock Old South was packed again and the overflow filled Marlboro, School, Milk, Water, and Cornhill Streets. Seven thousand of them gathered in and about the old church.

It was a solemn rather than a noisy gathering. Every one seemed oppressed by the seriousness of the moment. While they were waiting for the return of Rotch they listened to speeches by Dr. Warren and others.

At 4.30 Adams varied the proceedings by call-

ing for a vote. "If Mr. Rotch reports failure, shall the tea be landed?" The question was greeted by a storm of "Noes!"

The short December day, the last day of grace, was drawing to a close. At 5 o'clock the candles were lighted in the church, and there was no word of Rotch. Outside in the drizzle of the darkening streets the people moved restlessly about. It was 5.30, and still no Rotch. But Samuel Adams sat as calm and undismayed as though attending a church meeting.

At 6.15 there was a new movement in the crowd and cries were raised. There was a little swirl in the aisle of the church and Francis Rotch approached the pulpit. Adams signed for order. The audience waited in breathless interest.

Rotch stood at length before them, with a sad, baffled look on his face, and sighed deeply.

"I have failed," he said in a monotonous tone. "Hutchinson will not yield one iota."

His sigh was echoed all over the church. They felt sympathy rather than anger for poor Rotch. Then there was a movement of reaction. John Rowe, a prominent merchant, cried out, "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?"

A mad shout greeted his words, but Adams arose and held up his hand, commanding silence.

"The moment calls not for shouts but for prayers," said he. "Hutchinson has refused to heed the voice of the people. This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

It was the signal to adjourn, but it was more than that. The words appeared to be the cue for something else. There was a sudden movement in the gallery.

"Boston Harbor a teapot to-night!" yelled an incorrigible youngster. "Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!"

But again Adam's uplifted hand commanded order. There began a steady movement toward the doors, with here and there the figure of a man hurrying off as though with a definite purpose.

Then, outside, an Indian war-whoop suddenly rent the air.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TEA PARTY

As the audience left the church a strange sight met their eyes. In Milk Street what appeared to be a band of twenty or thirty Mohawk Indians were dancing and whooping and brandishing hatchets. Presently they set off in the direction of Griffin's Wharf.

As they passed along other Indians, creeping silently out of side streets, joined them. On Fort Hill some two hundred of them had quietly gathered. Some of them were fully garbed in leggings and moccasins, war paint and feathers. Others were less elaborately costumed. All wore blankets which partly covered their dark-stained faces. Prominent among them strode a burly chieftain with piercing and merry eyes.

The people followed in a throng to look on, but kept at a respectable distance from the guard which the Indians flung out. Newton's men skulked in the shadows, arrived at last at the culmination of the preparations which had

mystified them, but they were outnumbered and powerless. In the forefront of the crowd two boys slipped along, one thirteen and the other fifteen, keeping the form of the big chief ever in view.

At the wharf the big chief mustered his forces. They appeared to be remarkably well drilled for a band of wild Mohawks. Flaming torches cast a lurid light over the scene and sputtered in the rain, casting their yellow light upon eager faces. Outside the circle of their radiance all was cold and dark and wet.

The big chief passed about giving final instructions. Sentries were placed on the wharf and the crowds of spectators fell back a little. Something in the big chief's attitude seemed to indicate that he was not sorry that Rotch had failed in his mission. He appeared in his element in this theatrical scene with the prospect of adventurous action ahead. His high spirits were contagious, magnetic.

Near the two boys stood Dr. Warren in his ordinary garb. The big chief glanced that way and the boys thought they saw Warren nod. Then a sharp command was given. Like a well oiled machine the Indians moved toward the *Dartmouth*. They swarmed over her sides and



The Boston Tea Party

From a mural painting by Robert Reid in the Old State House, Boston

gained her deck. Sentries were instantly posted fore and aft.

In the light of the torches Captain Hull appeared, his face pale with anger. He confronted the big chief and demanded the meaning of this astonishing intrusion.

"The meaning of it," said the chief in clear English, "will presently be made plain. Meanwhile, you have nothing to fear if you obey orders. No harm will be done either you or your crew if no resistance is offered. Nothing on your ship will be disturbed except tea. Now order your crew to open the hatches and get out the hoisting tackle."

The angry captain looked about at the band of fierce warriors and at his crew cowering under the brandished hatchets, and grumblingly complied. He had no alternative.

Then the boys on the wharf saw the tackle adjusted and tea chests hauled up from the hold. The Indians fell upon them with whoops of delight, stove them in with hatchets and axes, and dumped their precious but detested contents over the side. They worked methodically, until not a scrap of tea was left aboard the *Dartmouth*.

Then again the sharp command. The Mo-

hawks gathered at the side, swarmed down, and regained the wharf. Then, in like manner, they attacked the ship *Eleanor* and after that the brig *Beaver*. And to such good purpose did they ply their hatchets that in three hours the whole disputed cargo of tea, 342 chests all told, valued at £18,000, was dumped into the waters of Boston Harbor. Not a man had been harmed, not a blow struck during the whole astonishing affair. Nothing but tea had been damaged, so thoroughly had the band been disciplined. A cabin padlock, destroyed by mistake, was replaced the next day. What a simple idea, after all.

The tea itself did not sink readily. The harbor was calm and the dried herb covered the surface of the water as far as Dorchester Neck. Next day Indians went out in boats, fearing that some of the tea might be rescued, and stirred it with a will with oars—teaspoons they called them. Boston Harbor proved to be the mightiest teacup in history. In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> "No, ne'er was mingled such a draught
> In palace, hall, or arbor,
> As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
> That night in Boston Harbor."

It was called a riot by the Tories, but nothing less like a riot ever occurred. This orderly and effective achievement, planned by Adams and Warren and executed by Paul Revere and the Sons of Liberty was unquestionably one of the most daring and intelligent exploits of that vibrant time. In his diary John Adams called it "an epoch in history." Sam Adams had thought of a way to make the wishes of a people felt across the ocean and to toss defiance into the teeth of an obstinate and heartless monarch, and the tools were in the hands of the craftsman Revere.

As the Indians lined up on the wharf prepared to disband, the big chief felt a tug at his blanket. Looking down he beheld Peter Brackett and his son Paul.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" he demanded, his look of exultation giving place to one of stern reprimand. But Peter was not abashed. He whispered to the big chief and pointed out the figure of one of the Indians making his way through the crowd. The chief spoke a word and the man was halted. They tore off his blanket and ripped open the coat beneath. A stream of secreted tea poured out.

The man was Captain O'Connor of Charlestown, the only one of all that band who had yielded to the temptation. He had surreptitiously filled the lining of his coat with the proscribed herb. The loyal Sons allowed him but short shrift. They unceremoniously kicked him across the wharf and down to the beach, where they gave him a coat of mud in place of the coat they had snatched from him. It might have been tar and feathers if any had been handy. Next day his coat tails appeared again, nailed to the Charlestown whipping post. Thus were traitors summarily dealt with by the Sons of Liberty, and the lesson was not lost on the Boston audience.

Gradually the crowd dispersed and the two boys, escaping punishment at the hands of the chief in the excitement, vanished homeward. The terrible band of Mohawk braves silently melted away and quiet settled over Boston.

If Newton's spies suspected the identity of the big chief and others, they had no proof to offer. Adams and Hancock had well established alibis; they had gone home after the meeting. Warren had been seen on the wharf, standing quietly among the spectators. As for the Indians, their disguise had been effective.

People might shrewdly guess, but no one certainly knew anything. For years the matter was regarded as a well kept secret, but in time some things leaked out. The names of Dr. Young and Thomas Molineux came to be mentioned in that connection, and the well guarded Masonic tradition has it that Hancock and Adams were at the back of the plot, that Warren directed operations from the wharf by means of secret signs, that Paul Revere was chief of the band, which included Henry Knox, Joseph Webb, Thomas Melville, Adam Colson, Nicholas Campbell, Joseph Coolidge, Jr., and other patriots, while most of the Indians were hard-handed workingmen from the North End. We may as well let it go at that.

Early the next day Revere was summoned by Dr. Warren and hastened away to saddle his horse. With a word of caution and a hasty farewell to his wife, he was off across Roxbury Neck on a long and wearisome ride with as much light-heartedness as though he had not been up half the night.

Either Samuel Adams had been working all night with the Committee of Correspondence, or else he had been so sure of the outcome of the plan that he had prepared a report of it in

advance. At all events, a full report was ready in the morning to be sent all over New England and to the other Colonies. Adams understood fully the value of publicity, and he saw to it that the effect of the exploit was not lost. Post riders were despatched at once and, as usual, Revere was given the most arduous job. A message was written by the Committee of Correspondence and Revere was ordered to take it to New York. It read as follows:

"The bearer is chosen by the committee from a number of gentlemen who volunteered to carry you this intelligence. We are in a perfect jubilee. Not a Tory in the whole community can find the least fault with our proceedings. . . . The spirit of the people throughout the country is to be described by no terms in my power. Their conduct last night surprised the admiral and the English gentlemen, who observed that these were not a mob or disorderly rabble (as they had been reported), but men of sense, coolness, and intrepidity."

The rain had ceased but a cold, raw wind was blowing and Revere was obliged to wrap his head in his cloak to save his ears from freezing. A long, dangerous, wearisome trip under the best of conditions, it now presented difficulties

such as would have disheartened a less courageous man than Revere and turned back a less sturdy horseman. Sometimes huge snowdrifts blocked the road, and often the good horse strayed out of the obliterated way into the fields. The days were short, and Revere did not stop at sundown.

Fortunately there were staunch friends along the way, with warm fires, fresh horses, food and bed, and many a patriot on those dark nights did his bit for the cause by throwing open his doors to the horseman from Boston who brought such wonderful news. It is safe to say that Revere never neglected to sow the seeds of rebellion along that historic way.

At length he passed through Mt. Vernon and crossed the old King's Bridge that separated Manhattan from the mainland. Then, baiting his horse at the wayside tavern, he started on the last stage of his journey along the snowy country road that is now Broadway. He arrived in New York on the night of Tuesday, December 21st, having covered 270 miles in five short winter days, or an average of 54 miles a day.

The New Yorkers made much of Revere and there was great rejoicing among the Manhattan

Sons of Liberty when he told his tale. Steaming toasts were drunk to the confusion of the King, and Boston and New York joined hands in a hearty fellowship. Revere was what we would call a good mixer. They sent a messenger on to Philadelphia in his stead and John Lamb, the leader of the New York Sons, kept him over night.

But the hospitalities of the metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson were not sufficient to hold him for long. He started out again the next day and reached Boston on the evening of December 27th, having spent Christmas on the road. It is to be hoped that the stockings of the small Reveres did not hang empty on that account.

He went at once to Warren and reported that the New York patriots sent hearty felicitations and that Governor Tryon had give orders that the tea ships reaching the port of New York would be promptly turned back. The news of this spread rapidly and the bells of Boston were ringing before bedtime.

Soon the newspapers printed the story of the tea party and of Revere's ride and there was rejoicing all over Massachusetts. The spirit of the Colonies was stirred to its depths and Bos-

ton was in virtual rebellion. Had not the Sons of Liberty kept constant watch over the tea ships to prevent damage, they would have been at the mercy of a still unsatisfied mob. The Sons alone kept order; Hutchinson and his officers were powerless for the moment. And in March another tea ship arrived and another cargo of twenty-eight chests were summarily disposed of by Mohawks.

The Tories watched all this with serious misgivings. Not for a moment did they believe that the Whigs would succeed in their continued defiance of the King and the powerful East India Company. They feared more trouble, but they looked for an inevitable reaction, when peace would be restored by force and rebellion crushed beneath the iron heel. That is the way reactionaries always hope to smother opposition to their methods, and it is never the right way. Water only boils the harder beneath a tight lid.

James Newton was one of those who confidently expected an early change in the situation, with a rigorous punishment of the leading offenders. When that time came he was eager that Paul Revere should not escape. He made it his personal duty to secure evidence for fu-

ture use, and not only had Revere shadowed by trusted members of his force, but took a hand in the detective work himself.

All this was quite evident to at least one person, and Peter Brackett set himself the task of thwarting Newton's plans whenever he could. And the sport was not without an element of mischief. On more than one occasion Newton was led off on some absurd false scent, and at length he got an inkling of who it was that was making him all this extra trouble. He did not know how important a part Peter was playing in this hidden warfare; he only knew that the boy was a nuisance. So, when he caught him one day lurking in a doorway, he seized him by the collar.

Peter struggled and kicked, but with no result beyond enraging his captor.

"You young scamp!" cried Newton, his handsome face red with wrath. "You need to be taught to keep out of the way of your betters, and you're going to get a lesson now that you won't soon forget."

He lifted his walking-stick and brought it down smartly on Peter's back. The boy, stoical enough when he wanted to be, saw fit to give

vent to a howl of pain. Again the stick descended and again Peter yelled.

Paul Revere, as Newton well knew, was in Lexington on that day, engaged in some secret business, but Peter did not lack for other friends. It was John Pulling who came around the corner at the crucial moment and, taking in the situation at a glance, bore down upon them like a thunderbolt. Newton had only time to turn his head when the stick was torn from his grasp and broken across Captain Pulling's knee. Bursting with rage he threw Peter into the gutter and turned upon his new antagonist.

"You low-born rebel!" he cried. "So it is you who dares to interfere with me."

"I not only dare to interfere," replied Pulling calmly, "but I have half a mind to give you the thrashing you deserve. It is like you, James Newton, to vent your unseemly spite upon a mere boy."

"Thrash me?" echoed Newton. "I should like to see you try."

"Yes, thrash you," said Pulling, "as Paul Revere did under the Liberty Tree some years ago. You seem not to have grown much since then."

Newton was furious, but he had the good sense to see that a street brawl might have consequences for him that would interfere seriously with more important plans. He gritted his teeth and restrained his hand.

"You shall pay for this, John Pulling," he hissed. "The time is soon coming when you and Paul Revere and all your scoundrelly gang will get your deserts. Traitors and rebels! And when that time comes I shall make it my business to see that you are especially honored. You will bitterly rue this day, John Pulling. Remember that."

Pulling did remember it on a day yet to come, but now he only smiled tauntingly.

"Threats are more easily made than fulfilled," said he, but Newton was already striding angrily off down the street.

In a measure this personal encounter reflected a condition of deeper significance. Newton was angry, as were all the Tories, because for the moment the rebellious Whigs had the upper hand and aristocracy was in a state of eclipse. An impotent rage often leads to senseless reprisals. That was what was going on in London. When the King learned of the tea party and the way in which the other Colo-

nies applauded the act, he took it all as a monumental insult to his august self. He was ready to go to any lengths to inflict punishment.

The King's friends and minions were now in control of Parliament, and during March and April they passed retaliatory acts which the King promptly signed. The chief of these were the Port Bill and the Regulating Act, and they were to be put into operation on June 1st.

Boston must pay for that destroyed tea or her death warrant was signed; that was the spirit of the Port Bill. It was a royal boycott. Boston was to be closed tight as a port of entry. No merchant ship of any sort, trans-Atlantic or coastwise, would be permitted to moor at her docks. Exports and imports were forbidden, duty or no duty.

"Grass will soon be growing in the streets of Boston," said the Tories, and planned to transfer their business interests to Salem and Marblehead, destined to become the chief ports of Massachusetts while once proud Boston Town fell into decay.

The news of the passage of the Port Bill naturally created intense feeling in Boston, but the Regulating Act, from a political point of view, was still more drastic and sweeping. It vir-

tually annulled the charter of the Colony of Massachusetts, swept away all semblance of free and representative government at a stroke, and established military rule under the Crown. Troops were again to be quartered in Boston streets. No town meetings might be held without special permit and without military surveillance. The legislature would be dissolved and the law prohibiting the popular appointment and control of judges and counsel was to be enforced.

If the Colonists had fancied that they suffered oppression before, this was tyranny indeed. All Boston, with the exception of the bitter-end Tories, joined in an outburst of indignant and determined protest. Revere assisted Benjamin Edes in the preparation of copies of the Port Bill, printed with heavy black lines of mourning and with the skull and crossbones at the top. Handbills and pamphlets, openly attacking the King and advocating rebellion, were freely distributed. The *Gazette* for May 10th, reporting the Port Bill in full with editorial denunciation, appeared with mourning bands. That is the way Boston felt about it. Resistance or ruin stared her in the

face. And the Sons of Liberty grimly cleaned their arms and prepared for the struggle to come.

CHAPTER XV

THE SUFFOLK RESOLVES

Samuel Adams permitted himself to harbor no illusions as to the fate that overshadowed Boston. Help must be sought, and that speedily. Messages flew over the country from the Committee of Correspondence. Massachusetts rose loyally in Boston's support. Salem and Marblehead promised to take no advantage of their sister's misfortune.

At the direction of the Committee of Correspondence, Warren called a meeting for May 12, 1774, of representatives of Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Newton, Cambridge, Charlestown, Lynn, and Lexington, and these towns were solemnly bound together in the common cause. The meeting was held in Faneuil Hall and Samuel Adams presided. It appeared that the strength there represented was not sufficient to meet the situation, and it was voted to ask all the Colonies to discontinue all trade relations with Great Britain and the West Indies

until the Port Bill was repealed. It was asking a good deal, but Samuel Adams had an abiding faith in the ideals of his fellow men.

This was followed by a Town Meeting in Boston on May 13th. Adams acted as moderator and read an appeal to the Colonies which he had prepared. Boston, it was evident, could not fight her unequal battle alone. Would the others rally to her aid?

Paul Revere, now established as the leading messenger for the Committee of Correspondence, was selected to take this appeal and sundry letters to New York and Philadelphia. Dr. Young wrote to John Lamb and the New York Sons of Liberty as follows: "My worthy friend, Paul Revere, again revisits you. No man of his rank and opportunities in life deserves better of the community. Steady, vigorous, sensible, and persevering."

But New York was already awake. Before he received this letter, Lamb called a meeting of the New York Sons of Liberty in Hampden Hall. They swore to stand by their Boston brothers. They drew up resolutions to that effect and wrote a letter calling upon Boston to stand firm in the crisis. This letter was dated May 14th and was despatched by the hand of

one John Ludlow. On that day he started toward the northeast on a black horse, spreading the news throughout Connecticut as he went.

On the same day Paul Revere left Boston, "riding express." It was a mild spring day and the snows that had impeded his progress in December had melted. It was an arduous trip, nevertheless, for the roads were rough and the spring mud still deep. In these days one can take that journey in a day over smooth automobile roads, but in 1774 there was little more than a cart track in some places. The country was not everywhere thickly settled and dangers of various sorts beset the path. The Tories had been apprised of these rides of Paul Revere, and part of his way led him through enemy country. But he was brave and resourceful. Even if his horse cast a shoe he was not dismayed, for he carried shoes and nails with him and there was very little he could not do with his hands. And as he passed through Massachusetts and Rhode Island he scattered the pamphlets and copies of the Port Bill that Edes had printed, spreading the propaganda of freedom everywhere.

On the road near Providence he came upon John Ludlow, jogging along on his black horse. Ludlow recognized him at once.

"Good day to you, Paul Revere," he cried, "and what news do you bring from the Boston brethren?"

"Sad news but brave," replied Revere, drawing up his gray. "Boston suffers a grievous wrong, and I am even now bearing an appeal to the Colonies to come over to Macedonia and help us."

"And I," said Ludlow, "bring cheering words from New York. Fear not; we are coming."

It was nearly noon, so the two men sought a little wood, and beside a cool spring they dismounted, opened their saddle bags, and lunched together, exchanging views on the situation.

"New York," said Ludlow, "means to stand by Boston. I am sure of that, but there are many New Yorkers who still feel that an open rupture must be avoided at all costs."

"Well," replied Revere, "Boston does not court war, either, but sometimes it seems as though the cost of peace may be greater than that of war. When human liberty is involved, when it becomes a question of submitting to the unfair domination of a king or a privileged class, then the price of peace is too great to be borne. The Tories lack vision. They see men all around them clamoring for changes that will

make for the greatest good of the greatest number, clamoring for an equal voice in the affairs of government, and instinctively they recoil from the idea of change. And instead of meeting the situation fairly, they seek to avert the inevitable by means of repression. It will never work. Only by free discussion, by give and take, can such an issue be met, and the Tories cannot bring themselves to such an attitude. They must be forced to do so, for no class of men can long block the onward march of democracy. That is the clear teaching of history."

"Then you think it will be war?" asked Ludlow.

"I am a poor prophet," said Revere, "but I know hundreds who would rather fight than submit to injustice, and the King is doing nothing in the way of pouring oil on troubled waters. If war comes, the responsibility will rest on his shoulders and on the shoulders of those who see with his eyes. Those who combat the principles of freedom and equal rights, who trample under foot the honest opinions of their fellow men, have already declared war."

"Then so be it," said John Ludlow grimly.

The two couriers mounted their horses and

continued their way, one going north and the other west.

Revere did not stop long in New York. He delivered his messages to the Committee of Fifty-One and passed on.

He arrived in Philadelphia on May 20th and found that town already filled with the spirit of revolt. The Quakers were peace-loving people, but their faith was firmly grounded on principles of freedom to think and act. Their opposition to tyranny was not less genuine and determined than that of the fiery Virginians and the sturdy Bostonians. Revere discovered in Philadelphia many a kindred spirit.

On the day of his arrival a mass meeting was held in Philadelphia which denounced the "execrable port Bill" and which voted that the city of William Penn should make Boston's cause its own. And, most important of all, the Philadelphians went a step farther than any one else and recommended the calling of a general congress of the Colonies. The retaliatory acts, they said, were a matter which concerned not Boston alone, but all America. They dispatched these resolutions by messengers to the Southern Colonies, while Revere bore them back to New York and New England.

The New Yorkers, meanwhile, had also been holding a meeting at which resolutions were passed committing New York to Boston's support. This news cheered Revere on his return. He had formed a warm and lasting friendship with John Lamb, and the two foregathered at Lamb's home. Revere told him of his encounter with Ludlow near Providence and repeated their conversation.

"We have a difficult situation here," said Lamb. "New York is full of Tories. This is fast becoming a commercial city, and men whose minds and hearts are set upon the making of money, though they consider themselves the leaders of the community by reason of their wealth, are seldom the sort of men who are broad enough to comprehend the great human principle of unfettered justice. We have their inertia and opposition to face. Many of them are good, substantial citizens, the champions of law and order, but they want no change. Their affairs are ordered on the basis of things as they have been. Such men have always formed a sort of dam against the tide of progress, the bursting of which means war. But be of good cheer. New Yorkers are not all like that. We

are not all worshipers of the Golden Calf or of the German King. When the test comes the money changers shall be swept from the temple of Liberty and New York will not be found wanting."

These words of reassurance, which meant no less in the eyes of the astute Adams than did the Philadelphia resolutions, Paul Revere brought home with him. He arrived in Boston on May 28th. On the 30th the *Gazette* contained a full account of his journey and Edes again attacked the Port Bill as "that infamous act of ministerial madness."

So Boston braced herself to meet the blow. On June 1st the acts were put into effect. Shipping lay idle in the harbor. The wharves were deserted and the warehouses closed. Michael Welch paced the boards of the Long Wharf, lonely and depressed, shaking his wise old head gravely over the scene of desolution. Hundreds of men were thrown out of work and gathered in angry, impotent groups on the Common and beneath the Liberty Tree. The only traffic was by way of Roxbury Neck. Food became scarce and prices soared. Suffering came to the poor, mitigated somewhat by the gener-

osity of the wealthier Whigs. Boston was in travail, but she suffered with Spartan heroism and waited for the day of deliverance.

Hutchinson, relieved of office by the decree establishing military rule, and suffering keenly the enmity of his fellow citizens and the coldness of many an old friend, sailed for England, where he sought in vain to use his influence with the King to secure some lightening of the burden. Disheartened by his failure, grieved by his expatriation, and feeling that he had only done his duty, he spent his remaining days on alien soil and died a man without a country.

In his place came the new military Governor, with a retinue of soldiers. General Thomas Gage, commander of the British military forces in the Colonies, was the man chosen for this unenviable post. He was not a strong man, not nearly the statesman that Hutchinson had been, but he realized that half measures would not serve. He began by making a show of drastic action. He garrisoned the town with troops. He drew a dead line across Roxbury Neck which no one could pass without the proper credentials. He ordered the cannon on the Common to be taken there and established a formidable-

looking battery. The doors of Boston were closed and guarded.

Nevertheless the people soon took the measure of the man with whom they had to deal and they defied him and his soldiers. They circumvented his vigilance on every hand. They taunted the troops and held them in open scorn. They treated the Regulating Act as though it did not exist, as though the Colonial Government of Massachusetts remained intact. The King's authority was quietly but doggedly defied in some of the courts. Juries refused to act under the royal judges and many officers, appointed by the new Governor, were compelled to resign. The newspapers held up the Governor and his soldiers to ridicule. Paul Revere engraved a satirical cartoon lampooning the Port Bill, which appeared in the *Royal American Magazine* for June, 1774. He also circulated a cartoon illustrating the landing of British troops.

Incoming vessels brought more soldiers, but no food or supplies for the people. Suffering increased. Men walked the streets with an air of stern solemnity. The Sons of Liberty kept up their tireless patrols, watching the troops,

and restrained only by discipline from open attacks. They were getting restless under this restraint.

Action was called for by some of the more ardent Sons, but Revere and Warren held them in check. A meeting was held at the Bunch of Grapes in King Street, more commonly now called the Whig Tavern, which was kept by John Marston, a notorious Whig and one of the "illustrious ninety-two," who acted as custodian of the famous punch bowl. The debate waxed warm.

"Gentlemen," said Warren, "I pray you have confidence in us. The fingers of the oppressor have closed upon the throat of Boston. The soldiers again profane our temples. But have patience. Believe me, the fight has only just begun; the end is not yet. Watch the soldiers, but strike no blow till the orders come."

And so the weary days dragged on, while Boston endured.

In August, 1774, Revere was one of a panel of twenty-two citizens called to serve as Grand Jurors at the Superior Court of Suffolk County. At Revere's call they met and drew up formal objections—four in number. Three of these

dealt with the Act of Parliament governing the Colonial courts. The other was based on the personal character of Chief Justice Peter Oliver, an arrant old Tory, who had been charged with high crimes and misdemeanors by the House of Representatives and had never been acquitted of the charge.

When the panel was called, Revere stepped forth before the wigged and gowned Chief Justice and read the list of objections. He tossed the paper on the judge's desk and squared his shoulders.

"For these reasons, Your Honor," said he, "I refuse to serve."

One by one the others came forward and followed his example, until only Thomas Pratt of Chelsea was left. Pratt rather wanted to serve on the Grand Jury; it was an honor he had coveted. Besides, he had some conscientious scruples against refusing. He was an obstinate old fellow and the arguments of his colleagues had not convinced him.

"I ain't quite sure abaout this business, Your Honor," said he. "I'd like to ask a few questions."

The Chief Justice nodded his august head.

"I want to know, fust off," said Pratt,

"whether your salary is paid by the Province or the King."

The judge, offended by the direct, personal character of this query, gazed down at his interlocutor with an air of superior dignity that nettled the independent spirit of the Chelsean.

"Mr. Pratt," said Oliver, "this court is organized as it always has been, and it can be of no importance to you, as a juror, whether our salaries be paid from the treasury of the Crown or of the Province."

The manner of this rebuke turned Pratt's face a deep crimson.

"I won't sarve," he blurted out, and, shutting his thin lips, stamped out of the room.

That was the last Massachusetts Grand Jury called under the Crown.

Boston, of course, was the sufferer, but Massachusetts was not the only Colony to display a rising spirit of revolt. The Port Bill did not injure other towns, but they felt the insult of it. There was nothing to prevent such a measure being dealt out to any of them in the future. They had no assurance that their own rights would not be interfered with in the same high-handed manner. Boston's cause, after all, was theirs.

The Boston Committee of Correspondence did much to promote this feeling, and the part that the messenger Revere played in it all can hardly be overestimated. He, too, had his correspondence, and though it was not couched in the masterly form that distinguished the papers of Adams and Warren, it was to the point. On September 4th he wrote thus to his friend Lamb:

"I embrace this opportunity to inform you that we are in Spirits, tho in a Garrison; the Spirit of Liberty was never higher than at present; the Troops have the horrors amazingly, by reason of some late movements of our friends in the Country the week past, our new fangled Counsellors are resigning their places every Day; our Justices of the Courts, who now hold their Commissions during the pleasure of his Majesty, or the Governor, cannot git a Jury that will act with them, in short the Tories are giving everywhere in our Province."

The Colonies were thus inevitably drawn closer together and Adams's plan for coöperative action ripened rapidly. Philadelphia's invitation was accepted and general congress of the Colonies was called to meet there on September 5th. The convention was held in

Carpenters' Hall and was attended by fifty-one delegates, including Robert Livingston, John Rutledge, John Dickinson, Samuel Chase, Edmund Pendleton, John Jay, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, George Washington, and others of the most able men in America. Two of the delegates from Massachusetts were Samuel and John Adams. Peyton Randolph was chosen president.

The first Continental Congress was disposed to tread a careful, conservative path. It confined itself largely to drawing up a statement of political and economic grievances. Able papers were prepared, including a remarkable Declaration of Rights.

This was all very dignified and restrained, but Parliament pronounced the papers seditious and refused to consider their demands. At the same time Massachusetts, blamed for this new action, was declared to be in a state of rebellion—which, in effect, she was.

During the absence of Adams; Hancock and Warren were in charge of the interests of the patriots in Boston, the latter directing the affairs of the Committee of Correspondence. He was quite capable of taking the initiative in important matters, and in spite of the royal inter-

dict he proceeded to call a convention of representatives of all the towns of Suffolk County, which included Boston.

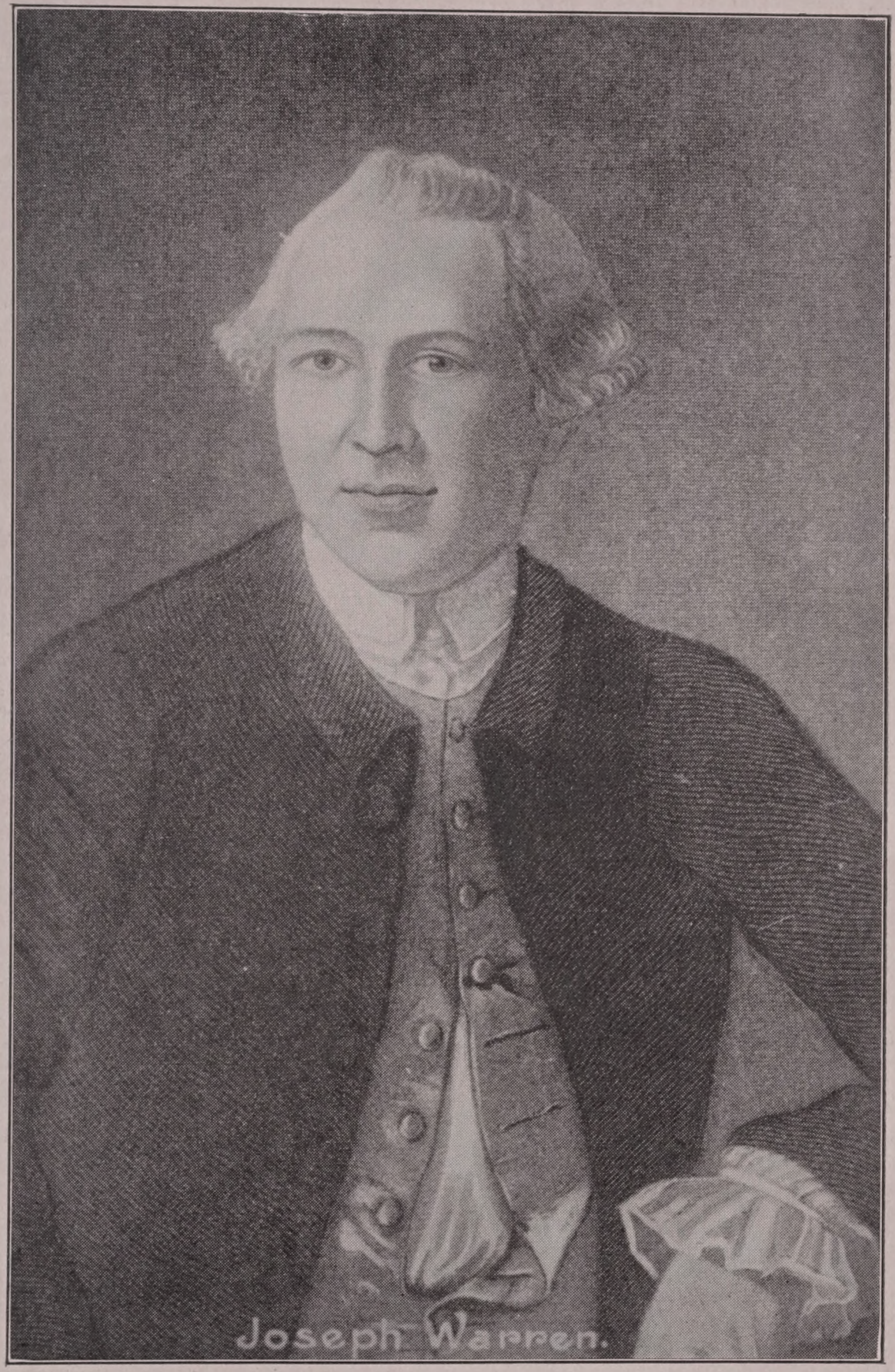
They met at Dedham on September 6th, but Newton's men had got wind of the affair and the danger of interference became so serious that the meeting adjourned. Very quietly on September 9th these same delegates reconvened at the home of Daniel Vose near the Neponset River bridge at Milton.

It was the psychological moment for such a meeting. The delegates found one another stirred to the depths by the course events had been running. They demanded a return to some sort of representative government for Massachusetts; this meeting itself was proof of the fact that some sort of assembly might be held. Stirring speeches were delivered, both by trained orators and by uncultured farmers, and the keynote of them all was, "They shall not legislate for us."

During the three days that had intervened since the calling of the convention in Dedham, Dr. Warren had been at work on a remarkable state paper, to be known in history as the Suffolk Resolves, the forerunner of the Declaration of Independence. This paper stated in plain

terms that the King had broken faith with the Colonies, asserted that any monarch who violates the chartered rights of his subjects forfeits their allegiance, declared the Regulating Act null and void, directed the collectors of taxes to pay no money to Gage's treasurer, threatened retaliation for any arrests of a political nature, and announced that the people of Massachusetts would thenceforth recognize the authority of none but the Continental Congress. The severance of the ties of allegiance to King George and his Governmnt could hardly have been set forth more plainly. And finally, the convention resolved that a Provincial Congress would be convened in Massachusetts, independent of the military law and in spite of the Governor's prohibition.

Boston went wild over that and the Governor had no choice but to chew the cud of his chagrin and threaten vengeance. Warren was triumphant in his success. Massachusetts had spoken, and the words must be sent to the other Colonies without delay. Warren prepared a letter and a copy of the Suffolk Resolves to be despatched to the Massachusetts delegates sitting in Philadelphia, where their effect upon the Continental Congress could not fail to be far-



Dr. Joseph Warren

reaching. These, as a matter of course, he entrusted to the willing hand of Paul Revere.

The Tories, too, heard of the Suffolk Resolves and were thunderstruck. They, too, appreciated the fact that the news of this action would almost certainly affect the course of the deliberations in Philadelphia. That they could not hope to prevent, but something might be gained by delay. James Newton saw that, and it required no great shrewdness on his part to guess who the messenger would be. Urged on by a personal hatred that passed all bounds, he set about his secret plans.

On the night of September 10th Peter Brackett discovered that Revere's house was closely watched, but Revere remained indoors and retired early. Peter warned him in the morning, but Revere only laughed.

"This isn't the first time I have taken this journey," said he. "And nowadays no man need be ashamed to go well armed. I shall not fail."

And so, on the morning of the 11th, bearing the precious Resolves, he set out on his long ride again.

Late in the forenoon, as he entered a little wood, something strangely familiar in his sur-

roundings struck his fancy. It was as though he were recalling the dim details of a dream. Then the meaning of it flashed across his mind. It was here that he had had his encounter with the highwaymen the day he carried the wedding silver to Mistress Parks.

Perhaps it was the silence of the spot, so seemingly remote from civilization, coupled with the vivid recollection of his youthful adventure that made him turn nervously and peer into the bushes beside the road. Did something move there? Surely this was nonsense, the mere play of an aroused imagination.

But no, there was something. Suddenly he caught sight of a masked face. It was uncanny, this repetition of an earlier experience.

Revere mechanically loosened his holster and dug his spurs into his horse. A shout rang out from the wood at his left and as he turned a bend in the road he beheld a cordon of masked and mounted men drawn across his path, while hoofbeats sounded behind him.

CHAPTER XVI

RIDING FOR LIBERTY

Instinctively Revere drew rein. The sense of dream-like unreality vanished and the meaning of it flashed through his mind—Newton's threats, Peter Brackett's warning, the importance of the papers he carried. It was more than a matter of life and death to him; a weightier responsibility rested upon his shoulders. If he should fall into the hands of his enemies, it would be days before Warren could learn of his failure to reach Philadelphia. What might not happen in that time?

The cordon began to advance a trifle and the hoofbeats behind him sounded nearer. He was being surrounded. At his right masked faces peered out of the underbrush; at his left was a dense thicket, concealing he knew not how many foes.

For only a moment did he hesitate, balancing his chances. Then his good gray horse, obeying instantly the touch of hand and heel, turned abruptly to the left. With a yell Revere drew

his pistol, discharged it point-blank into the roadside shrubbery, and plunged into the thicket.

Immediately a great hue and cry was raised and the pursuit was taken up. Pistols barked, but Revere, plunging through the dense woods, offered no easy mark. Branches clutched at him, scratched his face, tore his coat, robbed him of his hat. Bowing low to avoid being swept from his horse's back, he bore gradually to his right along a course parallel with the road. He had no knowledge of the ground ahead of him, he knew not what obstruction or pitfall might spell his undoing, but it was his only chance, and his horse, almost a part of himself, plunged recklessly on, unmindful of his bleeding sides.

He was a wonderful horse, that gray of Revere's, big and strong, sure-footed as a cat, with a heart of oak. A more timid or more delicate animal could never have won through, nor a less skilful and intrepid horseman than Revere. Through many a long ride together they had learned to trust each other implicitly, and when Revere turned his horse's head into that seemingly impenetrable woodland maze, he knew well what that horse could do.

Hoofbeats sounded still upon the roadway; baffled pursuers crashed behind him, but in this sort of mad race Paul Revere had the advantage over them all.

Suddenly horse and rider burst forth from the little wood out upon a stubble field. Revere glanced to his right. There was the road, with four of his mounted enemies pounding along abreast of him. They raised a shout as they saw him, and fired a pistol shot or two. But the shots went wild and Revere flung them a taunting laugh.

The pistols were empty now, and it was the best horse that would win. Revere felt no fear when it came to that. It was soft going in the field, but the gray tore along as Revere urged him with word and hand, and the pursuers gained not an inch.

Ahead of him, a hundred yards or so, Revere saw that the road bent slightly to the left. He would not have to change his course to gain it there, but he must be the first to reach that spot. All the horses were now racing like mad, the foam flying from their mouths and the gravel from their heels. It was neck and neck between Revere and the leader, but he kept to his course.

At the bend in the road they came together,

these two. Revere spoke a soft word and the gray never flinched. Like a trained polo pony he hurled his huge bulk sidewise against Revere's would-be captor, and the luckless horse and rider, utterly unprepared for any such manœuvre, went crashing to the ground. The gray recovered instantly and extended himself for a straightaway run.

A harmless bullet or two whistled through the air as the tireless horse spend on. The following hoofbeats sounded less distinct, and Revere, glancing over his shoulder, saw that he was steadily drawing away from them. He knew that if he once gained the next town he would be safe, for he had friends there who would make short work of his assailants. The latter must have realized that, too, for gradually they drew up their spent steeds, and as the church spire came into view above the trees they fired a parting shot and the chase was over.

Revere loved his horse too well to abuse him with further work that day, but himself he would not spare. He stopped long enough in the village to secure a fresh mount and to leave the gray in good hands, and then he was off on his long journey again.

He proceeded with a caution unusual for him,

avoiding so far as possible such spots as he knew to be populated by Tories, for his experience had taught him that he could no longer ride with impunity and the papers that he carried had become doubly precious to him. But he suffered no further mishap beyond the ordinary difficulties of that primitive mode of travel.

He arrived in Philadelphia on December 17th, having covered 367 miles in less than seven days. As nonchalantly as though he had merely strolled across the street, he handed the messages to Samuel Adams. As the latter read the Suffolk Resolves his eyes lighted with the fire of a zealot.

"Splendid!" he cried. "Warren has done nobly. These words shall awake the sleepers and arouse the doubting." And he strode off at once to Carpenters' Hall.

Adams wasted no time. The Continental Congress had not learned the art of hampering all its acts by the hobbles of parliamentary rules and red tape. That very day the Resolves and the accompanying appeal from Massachusetts were read in Carpenters' Hall. Boldly those prescient words rang out and the patriots there assembled received them with a solemn satisfac-

tion that was almost religious in character. Then, promptly, the Congress passed a strong resolution denouncing the Retaliatory Acts of Parliament and endorsing the Resolves. Revere was sent back to Boston, laden with reassuring messages. Avoiding the main road as he neared home, he arrived without mishap and rendered formal report to Dr. Warren.

On September 26th Edes printed the Resolves in full, with an account of the action of the Continental Congress. The Tories denounced it all as a thinly veiled declaration of war, and they were not so very far astray. It was certainly a bold stroke and paved the way to the ultimate Declaration of Independence.

It was characteristic of Revere that he told Warren nothing of his adventure in the wood, but among his friends of the Sons of Liberty he was not so reticent. He may have bragged a little, for he was a boy still. At any rate, the issue between the forces of Newton and the Sons of Liberty was more clearly drawn than ever.

General Gage had dissolved the Massachusetts Assembly, but at Warren's call it reconvened in Cambridge in October as the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. John Han-

cock was elected as its president. The Congress went through the form of presenting a renewed protest to the Governor, but Gage refused to take any cognizance of the existence of the body. Then they went ahead to prepare for future action. They called for a volunteer force of 20,000 men to train for an emergency and made definite arrangements for the collection of military stores at Concord and elsewhere. This first Provincial Congress continued in session until December 10th.

In October Revere again rode to Philadelphia as the official messenger from the Provincial Congress to the Continental Congress and as the bearer of letters from Hancock and Warren to Samuel and John Adams. He observed every precaution to avoid trouble, and if Newton had planned to effect his capture, he was outwitted by Revere.

After receiving the endorsement of his military plans from the Provincial Congress, Warren proceeded with characteristic energy. Bands of militia were formed in every town of eastern Massachusetts and at many places farther inland. The roll of drums became a commoner sound that church bells, and almost every day men and boys, farmers and townsmen,

might have been seen drilling on the village greens under the tutelage of veterans of the French and Indian Wars. They had no fine uniforms. Their arms were of many sorts, but they knew how to use them. And everywhere sturdy old patriots and fiery youths enrolled in those special emergency corps known as the minute-men, sworn to respond at a moment's notice when the need should arise.

In all this, Revere's activities were those rather of an organizer and business man than of a soldier. He scoured the country in search of gunpowder and other supplies. He wrote countless letters to men of his wide acquaintance who might be able and willing to supply needed goods.

In Boston Captain Pulling and especially Henry Knox were leading spirits among the rapidly growing militia companies. Knox, born of Scotch parentage in 1750, though still a young man, was already prominent in the affairs of the town. He was famous for his physical strength and was known as the athletic champion of the South End. For some time now he had been a personal friend of Paul Revere and an active Son of Liberty, and was one

of those who had succeeded in controlling the mob at the time of the Boston Massacre.

After leaving school he had begun his career as a clerk in a book store. In an advertisement in the *Gazette* in July, 1771, he had announced the opening of a book store of his own opposite Williams's Court, Cornhill. Blest with a keen business sense, he imported books from London and built up a trade that became the most fashionable in Boston. The aristocratic Tories, making a fad of reading, flocked to his shop. He disagreed with them in politics, but he kept his own counsel. Many of the British officers also came to the shop, and with them he loved to discuss questions of military science. Gradually this became his most absorbing hobby. He got books from England on the subject and studied them assiduously. He became better informed than many of the officers who had had wide military experience, though he himself had never borne arms. So far as he was able he made himself an authority on strategy and tactics, unconsciously fitting himself for an important place in future events.

In 1772 he became a Lieutenant in the Boston Grenadier Corps, which had existed largely as

a fashionable body but which now began to take on a more serious aspect. In organizing the patrol work of the Sons of Liberty he displayed a marked ability as a leader.

The Port Bill knocked the book business into a cocked hat. Knox could not replenish his stock on account of the boycott. His trade dwindled to almost nothing. Yet he had the courage to marry and set up a household. After a romantic wooing, he won the hand of Lucy Flucker, the daughter of a prominent Tory, and married her on June 20, 1774. She became one of the most ardent patriots and one of the most charming matrons in all Boston Town.

Now, with his business gone, Knox devoted himself to the military preparations ordered by the Provincial Congress. Most of the Sons of Liberty, indeed, took gladly to this new form of activity, though they continued to maintain their methodical vigilance. Newton's men were increasingly active and appeared to be better informed. Secret meeting places appeared to be known in advance. Plans were interfered with by Newton's men. The patrol work was becoming increasingly difficult. Somewhere there was a leak.

New restrictions were imposed upon the Sons. Many of the secrets were known only to Revere and the three or four leaders, and even these leaked out. Revere heard his actual words repeated—words spoken in the utmost privacy. The Sons moved from the Green Dragon to the Bunch of Grapes, but it made no difference; their meetings were duly reported. By a process of elimination one suspected member after another was cleared and yet the underground telegraph continued to function. There came also disquieting rumors of treachery within the Provincial Congress. Secrets of that body reached the ears of General Gage. Could the culprit be one of the leaders of the Sons who was also a member of the Congress?

It was Peter Brackett who first directed suspicion toward Dr. Benjamin Church. One day in November he came to Revere and reported that, during one of his mysterious expeditions on the trail of James Newton, he had observed that Tory in close converse with Dr. Church through the window of a rear room of the British Coffee House.

"You must have been mistaken, Peter," said Revere. "There is hardly a man in Boston less to be suspected of such a thing than Dr. Church.

Think of all the things he has said and done that must have gained for him the enmity of the Tories. Gage would never think of trusting him. Think of the verses and other things he has written and that Edes has printed. Why, Dr. Church is one of the very high Sons of Liberty and a close personal friend of Dr. Warren. He is a member of the new Provincial Congress, which is enough to make him hated by Gage, and they plan to make him Surgeon-General of the forces. Take my advice, Peter, and say no more about it. It is preposterous."

But Peter was obstinate. "Well," said he, "he may be all that you say, Mr. Revere, but I saw him talking with James Newton."

Revere laughed. "Your eyes are playing you tricks, Peter."

"Well, I shall keep an eye on him, just the same," said the lad, and went back to his work.

The matter slipped from Revere's mind. He was very busy. The gathering of stores was a monumental undertaking. With Samuel Adams in Philadelphia and Dr. Warren most of the time in Cambridge, he was left with heavy responsibilities in Boston. At a Town Meeting held on December 7, 1774, Revere was appointed a member of a committee "for carrying the

Resolutions of the late Continental Congress into execution." That meant more than appeared on the face of it. It meant that Boston had learned to place confidence in Paul Revere's discretion as well as in his ability to act.

This gathering of supplies and drilling of men Gage earnestly desired to break up before it went any farther. Owing to his own too sanguine reports he had been given a rather inadequate force with which to stamp out a state-wide rebellion. At length he sent home a more disquieting report and himself gave orders to his soldiers to seize all arms and ammunition to be found near Boston. They captured a supply of gunpowder in an old mill near the hill where Tufts College now stands and brought over two field pieces from Cambridge.

This aroused the minute-men to greater alertness, while in Boston the Sons of Liberty set themselves the task of sending out word of any movement of this nature. A special Committee of Six was appointed to have this important duty in charge, consisting of Joshua Brackett, Paul Revere, Benjamin Edes, Joseph Ward, Thomas Crafts, Jr., and Thomas Chase.

The case was getting desperate for the Colonists. Not only were their military stores

seized, but word came to the effect that the King, in response to Gage's appeal, had decreed a strict embargo on all munitions of war. No arms or ammunition of any sort might be shipped to the Colonies. This was very serious for more than one reason. The Colonies were not equipped to manufacture their own guns and made very little powder. On the frontiers they depended upon firearms for their very lives. They needed protection against wild animals and savages, not merely for military defense, and means for hunting. But the King cared nothing for this; his sole aim was to stamp out rebellion.

In various parts of the country people who had hitherto remained unmoved by British aggression now became alarmed. All along the seaboard smuggling was renewed.

Among other centers of rebellious activity was Portsmouth, N. H. This little town on Piscataqua Harbor was a growing center of ship building, and as such had been feeling the economic pinch. There were good Whigs there who had an organization similar to the Sons of Liberty. Major John Sullivan of Durham, near Portsmouth, was equipping and drilling a military company.



Major General Henry Knox

From an engraving after the portrait by E. Savage

When Sullivan learned of the embargo on munitions, he decided on a bold stroke—to seize the British supply of arms and powder stored at Fort William and Mary, Portsmouth. Diplomatic relations meant nothing to him. He believed that the powder would soon be needed and he had no scruples against taking it. Through Tories in Portsmouth General Gage learned of this plan and set about thwarting it. He decided to reinforce the small garrison of the fort and protect the powder.

In Boston the vigilant Sons of Liberty had enlisted the services of a loose body of associates who kept watch of the soldiers day and night. Delivery boys, waiters in taverns, shopkeepers, all sorts of persons went about with their eyes open, listened to conversations, and duly reported to the Sons. Everything came sooner or later to the ears of Paul Revere. He thus learned of Gage's plan. He knew that Sullivan was also planning to act, but he might be forestalled. He must be warned at once.

Revere did not stop to call a meeting to consider the matter. He saddled his gray horse, crossed the ferry to Charlestown, and headed for Portsmouth on December 13th before Gage was out of bed.

It was a bitter cold day and Portsmouth was sixty miles away, but Revere believed that everything depended on prompt action. For once he did not spare his willing horse. He kept him galloping over the frozen roads, mile after mile, in the teeth of a cutting north wind, stopping for only the briefest rest at noon.

Late in the afternoon Major Sullivan was startled by a hammering at his door. He opened it, and Paul Revere staggered into the room, nearly spent with cold and fatigue. Beside the door the exhausted horse stood trembling.

"Paul Revere, from Boston," said the visitor, hardly able to speak.

"Revere!" cried Sullivan. "Thrice welcome! Come here to the fire and warm yourself and tell me what brings you in this sorry state."

"I will tell it all at once," said Revere, unbuttoning his coat with numb fingers. "But first let me beg of you to see that my horse is well taken care of. He has done heroic work this day."

Sullivan called his man from the kitchen and gave the necessary orders for the horse's comfort, and then, while Mistress Sullivan brewed

and brought a steaming cup of near-tea, Revere told his story.

"Many thanks," cried Sullivan, leaping to his feet. "You have won our gratitude this day, Paul Revere. But of that more anon. There is no time to lose. Do you rest and warm yourself here while I do what is necessary."

Sullivan dragged on his great-coat, snatched his gun from the pegs above the door, and ran from the house. He summoned his two lieutenants, Pickering and Langdon, and spread the alarm. In an incredibly short time they had marshalled their forces—some 400 men from Durham, Portsmouth, Newcastle, and Rye.

Durham was a little cluster of houses and a mill beside the falls of the Oyster River which flowed into Piscataqua Harbor. Below the mill they collected a number of flat boats and scows common to the region and humorously known as gondolas. The sun had set, and from the windows of Sullivan's house they could be seen moving busily about. It was more than Paul Revere could stand. Refreshed by his brief rest, he slipped quietly out to the barn and saddled his horse, and as Sullivan's men piled into their gondolas and pushed out into the stream at nightfall, Paul Revere followed them along the river bank.

CHAPTER XVII

FORCING THE ISSUE

It was an icy night. A young moon rose and Revere, walking his horse along the bank, could easily follow the movements of the strange flotilla as it made its way down stream.

As they approached Portsmouth the stream broadened and grew so shallow that the men clambered overboard and waded, dragging their gondolas behind them. The water chilled them to the bone and froze to their clothing, but they were undismayed. They had warming work to do.

Above the fort they landed silently, drew up their boats, and pulled off their frozen boots. Out of the shadows appeared Paul Revere on horseback.

"You, Revere?" exclaimed Sullivan in an undertone. "I thought I had left you in a warmer place than this."

"Oh," replied Revere, "I just thought I'd like to come along and help give the red-coats a scare."

"Well, come along then," said Sullivan.

Inside the fort waited Captain John Cochrane and his little garrison of five men. He had been warned by the Tories and he expected something to happen that night, and yet the suddenness of it took him quite by surprise. His first warning was a tremendous battering at the gates of the fort. Cochrane sprang to his feet.

"To the guns, men!" he shouted. "Load the three-pounders and fire without parley."

The men rushed to their posts, but Sullivan gave them no time to carry out the orders. Men came tumbling over the walls and presently the gate came crashing in. Cochrane found himself facing Major Sullivan and Paul Revere, with armed men at their backs.

"What do you want?" demanded the Captain, though he knew very well.

"British powder or British blood," replied Sullivan, "and it matters little if we take both."

Cochrane was no coward, or he never would have been placed in charge of this outpost, but he was quite powerless. Already his men were being seized and bound. He said no more, but folded his arms proudly and stepped aside.

"A pretty fellow," said Revere admiringly. "He deserves a place beside his fire while the work is being done."

The Captain was promptly locked in and the garrison confined, while some of the men hauled down the British colors and gave three ringing cheers. Then they set to work. They broke into the magazine and secured 100 kegs of gunpowder and about 100 small arms. These they carried down to the waterside and loaded into the gondolas. It was all done so quickly and quietly that Revere, looking for excitement, was a trifle disappointed.

Then they released their prisoners and started back to Durham in the boats, Revere following on horseback in the moonlight. Before they went to bed that night, and before a single Tory had learned what had happened, they had hidden the powder and arms securely under the pulpit of the Durham Meeting-House.

The next day, after a few hours' rest, Paul Revere returned to Boston, to be again sent to bed by his solicitous wife, with a steaming poultice on his chest and heated stones at his feet. Even patriots had their unheroic moments.

That ride of Paul Revere was hardly less important than his more famous one yet to come,

though history has singularly made little of it. He had been none too soon, for shortly afterward there arrived in Piscataqua Harbor the *Scarborough* frigate and the *Cansean* sloop, with several companies of British regulars who took possession of the fort and its cannon. If he had been a little later there would have been no powder under the Durham pulpit to be unearthed and hauled to Charlestown in old John Demerett's ox-cart, arriving in the nick of time at Bunker Hill. From a historical point of view the Portsmouth exploit was of more than ordinary importance, for there the patriots were the aggressors. It was the first overt act of a military nature.

General Gage was sorely beset. The Portsmouth affair was an indication of the fact that the rebellion was not to be localized in Boston. The news that reached him of the activities of Paul Revere and others and of the constant collecting of military stores was most disconcerting. Boston he held by the throat, but his force was too small to police the whole of New England. Nevertheless he knew that he would be held to account for the spread of the uprising.

Gage decided upon a methodical system of raids. In January, 1775, he sent forth scouts

to spy out the land, to discover the location of the stores, and to report on the military strength of the patriots. What he learned was scarcely comforting. Captain Brown and Ensign De Bernière, in plain clothes, penetrated as far as Watertown, Worcester, and Marlborough. They were harbored by trusted Tories on the way, traveled through a hostile country, and on more than one occasion narrowly escaped capture. The story of their adventures is a thrilling one. They succeeded in their task, but they also succeeded in arousing the suspicions of the patriots who became all the more watchful.

Boston, meanwhile, continued to suffer an utter stagnation of business. The soldiers became more and more obnoxious. It was while General Gage was away for a short time and General Haldimand was in command that a little incident occurred that is worth recording. Haldimand occupied headquarters on School Street, between King's Chapel and Master Lovell's house. This was the first year of the Boston Latin School, and young Paul Revere, now fifteen, was, somewhat against his will, attending.

It was a snowy winter and the schoolboys had

been coasting on the hill along Beacon and School streets, past the schoolhouse, until the road had become too slippery for the stout General's comfort. Acting on his orders, his orderlies scattered ashes on the slide and spoiled the sport. The boys protested, but the soldiers only laughed.

But the organized spirit of liberty was rampant in those days. The boys appointed a committee of protest, in imitation of their elders, and this committee, headed by young Paul, invaded the sacred precincts of the General's headquarters. Paul stated their case and demanded that the ashes be removed. The General looked at them in amazement. Never before had his military authority been questioned in this brazen manner.

"Do they teach rebellion to the very babes?" he cried.

"We have no need to be taught," retorted Paul. "We are Yankees."

The soldiers did not remove the ashes, but the boys did, and they were not replaced.

With the closing of Boston Gage had decreed that Marblehead should become the chief seaport of Massachusetts and that Salem should be the capital, and he moved the impotent Gen-

eral Court to the latter place. But it was easier for him to decree than to execute. The patriots paid no attention to his proclamation; to them Boston was still the capital and the Provincial Congress their General Court. The second session of the Congress was held in Cambridge from February 1st to 16th. A Committee of Safety was appointed to gather and protect the supplies, the troops of the Province were organized under the authority of the Congress, and delegates were elected to the next Continental Congress.

In the town of Boston itself, Warren was in command and Revere, now a man of forty, was his trusted lieutenant. Between them existed an intimate relationship. Revere had direct control of the special Watch of Thirty and the Committee of Six, whose specific duty it was to keep watch of the troops and report any movement suggesting an expedition against the provincial stores. Revere knew well that such raids were a part of Gage's plan, and on more than one occasion they were forestalled and abandoned. On February 26th Gage sent a vessel from Castle William to Salem, with Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie and 140 men aboard, to seize some brass cannon belonging to the artil-

lery company there. Some of the Committee of Six were detained at the Castle on that day, since Newton had succeeded in securing their names, but there were others to give the alarm, and when the British reached Salem they found no cannon.

In Boston there were four field pieces and two brass mortars belonging to the Province, which had been bought by the General Court in 1766. These were now in the hands of Colonel Robertson, the British artillery officer, and were employed in the drilling on the Common. Through the mysterious underground telephone which continued to puzzle Revere, rather than through any possible vigilance on the part of Newton's men, the report reached General Gage that a plan was on foot to spirit these guns away.

Gage at once gave orders to have them removed to a place of safety, but two can play at the game of discovering secret plans and Revere promptly learned of the order. Before daybreak a squad of British soldiers made their way quietly to the Common, but somebody had been there just before them. There were signs of hasty action, for the empty carriages still remained.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the disgusted Robertson, "these fellows will steal the teeth out of your head while you're keeping guard."

The Sons of Liberty had indeed been hard pressed for time. There had been no chance to take the guns far. Robertson realized this and instituted an immediate search. Some rumor led him to the schoolhouse, where the boys had just taken their seats. The soldiers entered the building and made a thorough search, but without result. Master Holbrook, who was lame, asked to be excused from rising and assisting them. So they never looked in the box under his lame foot. The boys looked as innocent as babes. At length the baffled soldiers went away.

The guns lay there for a fortnight. Then, one dark night, they were taken in a wheelbarrow to Whitten's blacksmith shop in the South End, where they remained hidden under a pile of coal until means were found for getting them away and into the custody of the Committee of Safety.

Thus continued the contest of wits, with the honors usually resting with the Sons of Liberty. Revere's chief difficulties arose from that mysterious leak in the inner circle, but he was still

loath to suspect Dr. Church, or at least to communicate his suspicions to Warren.

Hancock and Adams were under the ban, but Warren was allowed to remain in Boston in comparative security. This was partly due to the fact that he still enjoyed a residuum of popularity among some of his former Tory friends, and partly to his courteous and diplomatic attitude. Moreover, Gage sorely needed his services, as well as those of Drs. Young, Church, Cooper, and others, for small-pox, introduced by soldiers from the ships, had broken out in Boston that winter, and Warren, in addition to all his other activities, did yeoman service in fighting the plague.

Nevertheless, Warren was feeling more and more the displeasure of the Governor and his life was threatened by both Newton's men and by the military officers. He stuck to his post in the face of increasing personal danger.

March 5th fell that year on a Sunday and the Selectmen chose Monday the 6th for the celebration of the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. They selected Dr. Warren to deliver the oration, and both Samuel Adams and John Hancock promised to take their lives in their hands and attend the meeting.

On the morning of that day Warren chanced to pass James Newton and a British officer in the street. They cast lowering looks at him and Newton whispered something to his companion. Warren bowed courteously as though unconscious of their dark glances. As he came abreast of them the officer took a handful of bullets from his pocket with a significant expression and tossed them in the air. Warren replied with a flourish of his handkerchief, leaving the two somewhat puzzled as to how much he understood and what he meant.

Warren gave no sign of being perturbed, and the preparations for the meeting went forward in spite of the fact that such gatherings had been prohibited. The Selectmen and Gage compromised on that by arranging for the presence of British officers and a guard, and the Governor announced that any speaker would be arrested who should say anything that might be interpreted as reflecting on the Royal Family.

By 11 o'clock the Old South Meeting-House was filled to overflowing. On the raised pulpit, draped in black, under the bell-shaped sounding-board, sat, in solemn dignity befitting the occasion, the chairman, Samuel Adams, and beside him John Hancock, Dr. Benjamin Church,

Dr. Samuel Cooper, and other representatives of the Provincial Congress. Insolently facing them were some forty soldiers in full uniform. The scarlet-coated officers had been given front seats, while many of the soldiers sat on the pulpit steps.

It was a situation fraught with possibilities of disorder. Everybody felt that, and strove to avoid friction. The soldiers talked and laughed, but the people remained quiet.

Still no orator appeared. The people began to grow uneasy. Had Warren been arrested? Or had he been deterred by threats? They could not believe it, and yet they had no answer for the gibes of the soldiers. Suddenly the black draperies behind Samuel Adams parted and Dr. Warren, clad in his orator's robe, made a dramatic entrance through the window at the back of the pulpit.

At 11.30 a committee had called upon him to suggest that it might be advisable for him to remain away, but Warren would not listen to them.

"I must go," said he quietly. "The voice of liberty must not be hushed."

He entered a chaise with them and proceeded to the church. In an apothecary's shop across

the way he donned the Ciceronian toga that orators wore in those days, and walked across to the church. He found the crowd so densely packed about the doors that he feared his entrance there and his progress up the aisle would create a dangerous disturbance. So they secured a ladder for him and he entered through the window.

His appearance caught the audience by surprise, but he was keenly conscious of the tension. The red-coats had infuriated the people almost to the point of a riot; their presence there was an open insult on such an occasion. The soldiers, too, were in a sullen and quarrelsome humor. The situation called for great discretion; the wrong word might easily mean bloodshed. And Warren was fully aware of his own danger; those threats and warnings had not been lost upon him.

But he stepped forward without a moment's hesitation, his quick brain alive to the exigencies of the tense moment, and began a remarkable oration. It was remarkable because of the adroit manner in which he avoided inflammatory expressions and yet delivered one of the boldest speeches that Old South had yet listened to. He ignored the presence of the soldiers,

and they, astonished at his effrontery, and curious to know what he would say next, did nothing. He insisted that the Bostonians were not rebels, but British freemen demanding their constitutional rights. He deprecated the presence of British troops in the town, but he avoided offensive words. He even hinted at armed resistance, and yet the soldiers remained passive, held by the power of his eloquence.

"Our streets," he said, "are filled with armed men; our harbor is crowded with ships of war. But these cannot intimidate us. Our liberty must and shall be preserved. It is far dearer than life. An independence of Great Britain is not our aim. No; our wish is that Britain and the Colonies may, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together. But if the only way to safety lies through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes."

It seems almost incredible that the British officers present should have permitted him to finish, but he did. His personal power was great, and perhaps they were actuated by something of the Englishman's traditional love of fair play. When he concluded the soldiers awakened from the spell he had cast upon them

and responded with groans and boos and catcalls, but the people moved quietly out and Warren got himself safely away.

Afterward those same soldiers realized what it had all meant and their indignation arose accordingly. They were angry, too, at the loss of those cannon. No one likes to be made a fool of. Their attitude toward the populace became more insolent, their threats concerning the leaders more specific and outspoken. Every day they were drilled on the Common under Lord Percy, and some of them were encamped on the spacious grounds of Hancock's fine stone mansion on Beacon Hill, nearby. On March 14th their resentment reached its climax. Without any special provocation they entered Hancock's house and left it a filthy wreck.

Hancock was naturally incensed at this, but he had more important matters to attend to. On March 15th the third Provincial Congress met in Concord, with Hancock in the chair. Samuel Adams, too, was present as floor leader, the Continental Congress having adjourned after vainly sending repeated protests to England. Neither man was in any mood for procrastination. The militia was growing and

drilling daily and the Congress pressed forward its plans of resistance.

About this time Gage received orders from England to capture Hancock and Adams, considered to be the ringleaders of the insurrection, and to send them to England to be tried there on a charge of high treason. Gage made futile attempts to carry this command into execution, with the sole result of putting the patriot leaders on their guard. His plans were consistently thwarted by the vigilant Sons of Liberty. But Boston was evidently no place for Adams and Hancock, and if there were indeed a traitor at their elbows, their peril was grave enough.

"It is not merely Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams who are in danger from this placing of a price on their heads," said Warren. "Through them the King would strike a death blow to the whole cause. They must be kept away, and all the more responsibility will rest upon us."

"I think our friends understand that," replied Revere. "The watch, I mean. I believe nothing can start from Boston that we shall not be aware of. My fear is of treachery in Concord."

"In Concord?" repeated Warren.

"Yes," said Revere. "I have not told you, for I have not been sure myself. But there is a constant leak in the inner circle of the Congress and Gage is kept informed of every move and plan."

"I have long suspected as much myself," said Warren, "though I am none the wiser. But forewarned is forearmed. Wherever Adams and Hancock may keep themselves, the place, we may be sure, will be well known to Gage. We must make our plans to give them instant warning in case their safety depends on a sudden move to safer quarters. Will you undertake that duty, Revere?"

"Gladly," said Revere. "I will send word to them today to hold themselves in readiness for a sudden change, and meanwhile we will be watchful here."

"Good," said Warren. "Now one other thing. Have you any reason to suspect any individual close to them?"

"I have," replied Revere, "but I have hesitated to mention the matter to you. Dr. Warren, it is no less a person that Dr. Church. He has repeatedly been seen conferring with King's officers and Tories. He has become

aware of our knowledge of this and has hinted that he has taken this means of acquainting himself with the plans of our enemies. But that hardly holds water. He knows that we have more effective means of accomplishing that end.''

Warren was silent for a little space. He was conscious of the fact that his liking for Church had been on the wane for some time. Still, he was reluctant to charge him with treachery.

''I will remember what you have said, Revere,'' he said at length. ''The less we say about it the better. But it can do us no harm to watch the man. I am convinced that Gage contemplates some move of prime importance in the near future. Let us be on our guard. It may well be that the lives of those two great men and the success of our whole cause will depend on our vigilance and our promptness to act. In you, Paul, I must place all my trust.''

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SIGNAL LANTERNS

Paul Revere was keenly alive to the importance of the trust thus placed in him, and he watched the course of events like a cat. No slightest detail escaped him. It was not wholly easy to get news in and out of Boston promptly, but Revere managed it. Newton had all the members of the watch under surveillance, but Peter Brackett was still a free lance, so far as the organization was concerned. And if anybody could slip through the lines, the wily Peter could. Arrangements were made whereby he could leave town quietly on foot and then ride to Concord, and the result was that Paul Revere received daily bulletins from the seat of the Provincial Government.

On Saturday, April 15th, the Congress adjourned, to reconvene in one month, but Hancock and Adams, made fully aware of their peril by messages delivered by Peter, did not return to Boston. Instead they went to Lex-

ington and accepted the hospitality of Hancock's cousin and her husband, the Rev. Jonas Clark. Hither, in a panic after another raid on Hancock's house, came Madam Lydia Hancock, the aunt who acted as hostess in his establishment, and with her came her young and pretty friend, Dorothy Quincy, a relative of Mr. Clark's. In spite of her panic, Madam Hancock had a method in this, for she was a shrewd and confirmed old matchmaker, and she had long ago selected Dorothy to be Hancock's bride. He had remained a bachelor altogether too long, according to her way of thinking, and Mr. Clark's quiet house seemed to her an ideal place for courting. That her plot was successful is evidenced by the fact that Hancock and Dorothy were married the following August. Meanwhile, however, the Clark house proved to be anything but the quiet rendezvous that Madam Hancock had pictured it.

In Boston Revere felt now somewhat less alarmed for Hancock and Adams, since Peter reported them prepared to leave on short notice, but he felt a growing concern for the supplies that the Committee of Safety had been collecting at Concord. They seemed dangerously near to Boston. Gage had learned

through his secret informant that these stores were of considerable importance, and Revere knew that Gage knew. Any move in that direction must be thwarted or the Committee of Safety might lose what it had taken them months to collect. Revere ordered the Committee of Six and the Watch of Thirty to redouble their vigilance. They must not let the smallest trifle escape them.

The legends that attribute the leaking out of Gage's plans to the fact that his wife was an American woman of Whig sympathies have been the cause of considerable debate, but they are not needed to explain the situation. Indiscreet soldiers talked too much, and wherever there were ears, those ears were used to serve Paul Revere.

Indeed, it was very evident that some sort of expedition was being planned. The small boats of the transport fleet had been drawn up and repaired. That looked like some sort of expedition by water. On the other hand, there were military preparations reported that suggested a march by land. In any case Revere felt certain that Concord would be the objective and he laid his plans accordingly.

On Saturday evening, April 15th, Revere's

patrols brought him reports that something was in the wind. Details began to reach him, and at midnight he went to Warren.

"Something is up," said he. "All the grenadiers and light infantry have been taken off sentry duty and are held in barracks. All the small boats of the transports have been launched and are lying hidden under the sterns of the men-o'-war. What do you make of it?"

"An expedition, undoubtedly," said Warren. "Perhaps they mean to cross to Charlestown in force. At any rate, you had better prepare for that contingency. They may be after Hancock and Adams at Lexington or the stores at Concord—perhaps both. There must be no sleep for us this night."

There was no sleep for Paul Revere. Indeed, the Sons of Liberty were so active about the town that Gage must have decided to postpone action until his plans were more fully matured. At all events, morning found the soldiers still in their barracks.

Warren, however, was not to be lulled into a false sense of security. He knew that Peter Brackett had warned the patriots at Lexington and Concord, but he could not feel quite content until he knew that Paul Revere himself had

been to see them. Accordingly, on Sunday morning, April 16th, he summoned Revere and requested him to take the dangerous ride himself to Lexington and Concord in order to see to it that the facts were fully set before Hancock and Adams and the Committee of Safety.

This proved to be one of the most important if one of the least spectacular of all Paul Revere's rides. He managed to slip quietly out of town by way of the Neck and found the horse that was held for Peter's use. Then, jogging slowly along the back roads, attracting as little attention as possible, and making sure that Newton's men were thrown off the scent, he made his way to Lexington.

Revere did not mince matters, and Hancock, now thoroughly aroused to the seriousness of the situation, began to take immediate action. He sent out a call to the members of the Provincial Congress to meet in Watertown on April 22nd instead of May 15th. Then he sent Revere on to Concord with messages for the Committee of Safety and Supplies which was still in session there.

As a result of this timely warning, the stores were removed to places of greater security. On the following day, the 17th, they were

quietly disposed of. Two four-pounders were hidden in Concord in charge of the artillery company there. Four six-pounders were sent to Groton under Colonel Prescott. Two seven-inch mortars were taken to Acton. The ammunition in the hands of Colonel Barrett, and also the intrenching implements, medical supplies, etc., were distributed in like manner among the towns of Worcester, Lancaster, Groton, Mendor, Leicester, and Sudbury. Revere, with a less anxious heart, rode home by way of Charlestown.

It proved easier to get into Boston than to get out again. On Tuesday soldiers were guarding every exit and the challenges of the sentries were more peremptory. The ferries ceased running. The *Somerset* moved from the bay into the Charles River and her guns covered the ferry ways. At 9 o'clock in the evening orders were issued forbidding all exit from the town; Boston was closed up tight.

But if the soldiers were watchful, so were the Sons of Liberty, especially the vigilant Thirty. During the evening reports reached Revere that the troops were being mustered. The movement appeared to be not toward the Neck, but toward the bottom of the Common.

At 10 o'clock Warren sent for him in great haste.

"What have you learned?" asked Warren.

"Enough to convince me," replied Revere, "that the troops will move to-night and that they will go by water rather than by land. They are not moving toward the Neck."

"I agree with you," said Warren. "Gage's promised expedition is on foot. I am told that 1,500 men have been mobilized. Hancock and Adams must be warned at once and persuaded to leave Lexington for a place of greater safety. The remaining stores are also in danger. We must guard against every chance of failure. To that end I have already dispatched William Dawes, who said that he was confident of being able to slip through the lines and across the Neck. But we must not depend on one man. You we have learned to trust. Do you cross the river and proceed through Charlestown, Revere."

"I will undertake to win through," said Revere. "But to make assurance doubly sure, I have already arranged a signal to acquaint our friends in Charlestown with what is going forward. They will take the message in case I am intercepted."

"Good," said Warren.

No further time was wasted in words. Revere started at once.

His first move was to find Peter Brackett.

"Peter," said he, "there are important tasks ahead of us all this night. I ride secretly to Lexington. Captain Pulling will also have a difficult duty to perform and he will remain here in Boston, in great danger. If he is discovered and caught, you know that Newton will see to it that short work is made of him. Newton hates Pulling almost as well as he hates me. You have two sharp eyes, Peter. Let one of them watch Newton's men, whom you know well. Keep the other on Captain Pulling and see that he is warned if danger threatens."

Peter nodded and slipped silently away.

Revere found Pulling at his home in Salem Street and quietly entered the house by a back door.

"The hour has struck," said Pulling.

"It has, John," said Revere. "And I have a hazardous task for you. If I can get across the river, I ride express to Lexington to warn Hancock and Adams. God grant that I may be in time."

"But the river is guarded," said Pulling.

"True," replied Revere. "I may fail at the outset. But I have taken steps to get a message through in case I fail. On my return from Lexington yesterday I passed through Charlestown. There I put the case before our friend Colonel Conant. He will have a horseman ready and as soon as he sees our signals he will know what the message will be. Then he will wait a reasonable time, and if I do not appear, he will dispatch his messenger. I must hurry. With you I leave the responsibility of the signals. I depend upon your resourcefulness."

"What were the signals agreed upon?" asked Pulling.

"Lanterns in the belfry of the North Church," replied Revere. "Conant will see them. I promised to show two lanterns if the troops should embark in the boats; one if they start off by land. They are moving now, and it looks as though they would proceed by water. Make sure, John, and then show the signals."

The two friends gripped hands and Revere departed as quietly as he had come.

John Pulling lost no time. He was a vestryman in the Old North Church and he knew

where to get the keys. He started at once for the home of Robert Newman, the sexton, who lived in the same street.

Reaching the house he took the precaution of peering in at the window. In the living room sat the sexton with four soldiers who were quartered on him. Pulling was perplexed. As he stood there cogitating, he heard a slight noise by his side which startled him, and then a cautious whisper.

"It's Peter Brackett. Mr. Revere told me to help you. Do you want to speak to Mr. Newman?"

"Very much I do," whispered Pulling.

"Leave that to me," said Peter.

"Be careful," said Pulling.

"I will," said Peter.

He hurried up the steps and banged at the knocker. Newman opened the door. Behind him loomed the figure of one of the soldiers.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Newman," said Peter, "but Mistress Hunter is much disturbed because no arrangements have been made for her son's funeral."

"Mistress Hunter?" echoed Newman, to whom the name meant nothing.

"If you will step out here just a minute,

Mr. Newman, perhaps she can explain to you. She is much perturbed."

The weary soldier grunted and stepped back into the room while the puzzled sexton followed Peter into the shadow of a big maple.

"That was just a trick," whispered Peter in hurried explanation. "It's Captain Pulling that wants to speak with you."

Robert Newman, though not an active Son of Liberty, was known to Pulling as a faithful friend of the cause. At any rate, he had no choice but to trust him. In as few words as possible he acquainted him with the situation. Newman hesitated for a moment, and then answered, "All right; I'll chance it."

"Have you lanterns at the church?" asked Pulling.

"I have one," said the sexton. "I will fetch another and the keys."

He reëntered his house, grumbling audibly, and closed the door behind him. In a short time he emerged through a kitchen window with an unlighted lantern in his hand and rejoined Pulling. Together the two made their way by a roundabout route to the church, while Peter vanished in the shadows.

The sound of marching feet was heard, and



Boston, with the British ships in the harbor, in 1768

Engraved and printed by Paul Revere

as they neared the water front they observed torches.

"The soldiers are taking to the boats," remarked Pulling. "It is by water, then, and two lanterns will be the signal."

They entered the empty church, but Pulling advised against lighting the lanterns until the last moment.

"Can you do it, Newman?" he asked. "You alone know those belfry stairs in the dark."

The sexton held back at first, but was at last persuaded.

"Light both lanterns and place them where they can be seen from the Charlestown shore," directed Pulling. "I'll remain here to keep watch."

Christ Church, or Old North, had been erected in 1723, and its graceful spire had long been a landmark for home-coming mariners. Never, however, had eyes sought it more eagerly than on that night, when Conant and his friends waited on the other side of the river for the promised signals. Slowly and somewhat fearfully the sexton mounted the creaking old stairs, while Pulling waited anxiously below.

At last Newman gained the belfrey, and the

watchful Conant saw first one point of light and then another.

"They come by water," said he. "It is well. Whatever may happen to Paul Revere, the warning will be sent before a British foot is set on Charlestown or Cambridge soil."

The sexton presently rejoined Pulling and they locked the door of the church behind them. Pulling slipped off toward the water front to observe the embarkation of the troops and to make sure that the lanterns were properly set, while Newman hurried home and reëntered his kitchen window.

Every available man that James Newton could command was on duty that night to guard against any leaking out of Gage's plan. And Newton had given special orders to watch Revere and Pulling, hoping that this time he might be able to catch them red-handed. Sharp eyes, therefore, spied those lanterns as soon as they flashed forth. Newton's men rushed to the church, but the door was already locked. Suspicion at once turned toward the sexton, who kept the keys.

Newton's men hurried to Newman's house, which was near by, and aroused the soldiers there. Their story was quickly told. The

house was searched, and Robert Newman was found in bed. At first he appeared to have awakened from a sound sleep, and was extraordinarily stupid. The soldiers placed him under arrest and an officer, summoned to the house, began to question him.

No evidence against himself could be wormed out of the man, and at last he was released. But the officer was clever and persistent, and the sexton began to weaken under the rapid cross questioning. Finally they forced him to state that he had lent his keys to John Pulling.

That was enough for Newton's men. Here was the longed-for chance to win the reward their chief had offered. Out of the house they hurried with the soldiers, leaving the remorseful sexton to pray for the safety of his accomplice.

But there was one who had left ahead of the soldiers. Peter Brackett had been listening to the inquisition from the limb of a tree that reached close to Newman's window. As soon as he heard Pulling's name mentioned he dropped to the ground and was off like a deer.

By a happy chance he came upon Pulling who was just returning home from the water front.

"They are after you," panted Peter.

"There's not a moment to be lost. No, you must not go home. I'll explain to your family. You must hide at once. Newton has sworn to have his revenge on you and he will show no mercy. You must not be taken. The old tobacco shed by the Mill Pond. Hide there and I will come to you before morning with something to eat. Meanwhile I'll try to throw them off the track."

John Pulling hated to flee, but there was no alternative. He hid himself securely and the soldiers and Newton's men never found him. The next day, with Peter Brackett's help, he disguised himself as a laborer and escaped to Nantasket with his family in a small boat, leaving all his worldly goods behind him.

To return to Paul Revere. Longfellow has made famous the ride he took that night in a poem that is spirited and unforgettable if not entirely accurate. Neither the episode of the lanterns nor the details of the ride are quite correct in that version, though it has served a noble end. Some years later Paul Revere wrote out two versions of his own which the historian may more safely follow.

Leaving his friend Pulling, assured that the signals would be shown, he hastened home for

his boots and surtout and kissed his wife a hurried good-by. Then, avoiding the marching columns of red-coats, he hastened to the water front. To get across the Charles River was no easy task. All egress had been stopped at 9 o'clock. The ferry boats had been tied up and the guns of the *Somerset* covered the river.

But Revere was prepared for that. He had kept in constant readiness for such emergency a small boat, hidden beneath a cob-wharf on the Mill Pond side, in the custody of two loyal Sons of Liberty, John Richardson and Joshua Bentley, both of whom afterward fought gallantly in the Revolution. They lived near at hand and Revere quickly found them. They brought out the boat and prepared to put off, when Revere halted them.

"The oars must be muffled," said he. "They will hear us else on the *Somerset.*"

"A plague on it!" exclaimed Bentley. "We have no cloth."

"That is easily remedied, I think," said Richardson, and hurried to a house close by.

Under a window the young man gave a low whistle. The sash was stealthily raised and a hurried colloquy followed in guarded whispers. Revere heard a low feminine laugh and some-

thing white fluttered down to the ground. In triumph Richardson bore it back to the boat. It was a woman's skirt, suspiciously warm.

The thole pins were carefully wrapped in the cloth and the boat pushed out upon the water. Richardson and Bentley took the oars and Revere sat in the stern. With the utmost caution the men guided the precious craft across the river, under the very guns of the frowning man-of-war. An unwary splash or a cough would have betrayed them. It was a tense moment for Paul Revere as they crossed the *Somerset's* bows and made for the Charlestown shore. The rising moon broke through the low clouds as the men bent to their oars for the final pull. They were just in time.

They landed near the old battery in Charlestown, and there found Colonel Conant, Richard Devens, a member of the Committee of Safety, and two or three others.

"Well met, Revere," cried Conant. "We saw your signals and have a post rider all ready to start for Lexington. Shall we send him?"

"No," said Revere, "though I do thank you. I have got thus far; I will press on. The soldiers are already embarking; there is no time

to lose. Can you get me a good horse?''

''At once,'' said Conant, and dispatched a man.

''Be cautious, Revere,'' warned Devens. ''There are scouts upon the road. I myself came from Lexington to-day, and just after sunset I met with nine or ten British officers, armed and well mounted, going toward Concord.''

''I'll be on my guard,'' said Revere.

The man appeared with a horse, saddled and bridled.

''It is Deacon Larkin's horse, and a good one,'' said the man. ''I promised that no harm should befall it.''

Revere laughed. ''It were easy to promise,'' said he.

With all that had taken place, only an hour had elapsed since Revere had called on Dr. Warren. It was now about 11 o'clock, a full moon had risen, and the night was, as Revere puts it, ''very pleasant.'' Pleased with the success of his crossing and enjoying the prospect of further adventure, he set off, riding cautiously at first.

He passed Charlestown Neck and took the open road. He had ridden a little way in the

moonlight when his sharp eyes detected two horsemen waiting in the shade of a tree. The road was narrow here, and Revere saw that he would have to pass close to them. As he approached he discerned holsters and cockades; they were British officers.

He was about to make a dash for it when one of them rode directly toward him and the other took his place in the road ahead.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

Revere suppressed the temptation to risk an encounter. Turning his horse short about, he made off at full speed as though to return to Charlestown. One of the officers was close at his heels, the other farther behind.

Selecting a dark spot in the road, he turned at right angles, struck off 'cross country, and made for the Medford Road. It was not easy going, for the spring mud had not dried up, but Revere knew the lay of the land like a book. His pursuer, less familiar with it, presently came to grief in a clay bank. Revere flung him back a taunting laugh. The other followed for a quarter of a mile and then gave it up.

Reaching the road, Revere let out his horse and proceeded at a rapid pace along the Mystic River to Medford. There he awoke the Captain of the minute-men.

"The British are on the way to Lexington and Concord," he cried. "They must be delayed as much as possible."

Then he dashed across the bridge and on toward Menotomy, now Arlington. Behind him the ringing church bells told him that the minute-men were gathering.

"They will fight!" he cried exultantly, urging his horse to greater speed. "The farmers will fight!"

The spirit of the situation was getting into his blood, and as he rode he shouted aloud to every farmhouse, "To arms, patriots! The red-coats are coming!"

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by the steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night."

Back in Boston the soldiers were rapidly embarking. Warren knew that this was to be Gage's supreme effort. There was no sleep for him that night. The lives of Adams and Hancock were in dire peril; the fate of a nation hung in the balance. Would Revere be in time?

In Lexington the militia, warned by Revere the previous Sunday, were ready for whatever

might happen. British officers had been seen on the road and the Clark house, with its precious occupants, was guarded by eight men under Sergeant William Monroe.

Meanwhile Deacon Larkin's horse was eating up the miles and Paul Revere was everywhere spreading the alarm. Farmers and townsmen tumbled out of bed and sought their weapons.

"So through the night rode Paul Revere!
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

On the stroke of twelve Revere came galloping up to Mr. Clark's door.

"Halt!" challenged Monroe. "Who goes there?"

"A friend," answered Revere, "and in a precious hurry."

"Hush!" cautioned Monroe. "Don't make so much noise. Everybody's asleep inside."

"Noise?" cried Revere. "There'll be noise soon enough. Why, man, the regulars are coming!"

The clattering hoofs and Revere's shouts had awakened Hancock, and he thrust his head out of an open window.

"Come on in, Revere," he called. "We're not afraid of you."

Revere dismounted and went inside. Mr. Clark brought candles and they were soon joined by Adams and Hancock.

"What's up, Revere?" asked Adams sleepily.

"No false alarm this time, Mr. Adams," replied Revere. "There are some 1,500 redcoats on the way from Boston. They will be here by daybreak."

"Are you sure?" demanded Adams, his face betraying his consternation.

"I saw them embarking myself," said Revere. "Dr. Warren sent me post haste to warn you, and I have alarmed everybody on the way. Hasn't William Dawes told you?"

"No," said Hancock, "no one has told us."

"That is strange," said Revere. "Dr. Warren sent Dawes first and he did not have to get

across the water. He must have been intercepted. At all events, there is no time to waste. Dr. Warren said to urge you to leave on the instant. The British mean to make a thorough job of it this time. You should leave at once, Dr. Warren says, and not stop until you are safe in New York or Philadelphia."

"But," demurred Hancock, "we cannot leave the Provincial Congress in the lurch. I have called them to meet on the 22nd."

"They would be left more in the lurch if you were to be captured, Mr. Hancock. I tell you the whole British army is after you. Gage has vowed that you shall not escape."

John Hancock, for all his elegance, did not lack heroic qualities in an emergency. Though aroused to a sense of his personal peril, his first thought was for his followers and for the remaining stores. He sent word at once to Buckman's Tavern, the militia headquarters. Soon a bell raised its clamor, and militia and citizens gathered to the number of about 150.

While Hancock and Adams were taking counsel together, William Dawes arrived on a spent horse, after a difficult journey. He did not wait to tell his story but sought at once a fresh mount and proposed that he and Revere should

carry the news on to Concord where there were still some valuable stores to be secreted.

After a bare half hour's rest they set off again along the Concord road. They had not proceeded far when they heard hoof-beats on the road behind them.

"There is but one of them," said Revere. "We need not fear."

Presently they were overtaken by a horseman who was evidently not a British officer.

"Good evening to you, gentlemen," said he. "It is good to have company on the road in these times."

"It is indeed," replied Revere, "so be it the company be friendly."

"I will be bold," laughed the stranger. "If you be friends of King George, we may as well part company."

"Not so," said Dawes. "We be friends of freedom, and we ride, Revere and I, to tell the militia at Concord that the British are coming."

"Then that rumor is true?" said the stranger. "And you are Paul Revere? Well met, Revere. My name is Prescott, Dr. Prescott of Concord."

"Well met, indeed," said Revere, "for I

know your name as that of a loyal Son of Liberty. But have you no errand this time of night?"

"No errand but to get home," said Prescott. "I fear I lingered overlong with a certain lady in Lexington."

"So that's the quarter in which the wind sets," laughed Revere. "Well, you had best put from your mind thoughts of courting now. We must keep a sharp lookout, for scouts have been seen on the road by both Dawes and myself, and by Richard Devens earlier in the day. We may be stopped if we don't look out."

"We'd better spread the alarm as we go, in any case," said Dawes.

"I know every farmer between here and Concord. I'll attend to that," said Prescott.

So they began spreading the alarm as they rode. While Prescott and Dawes were engaged in trying to get the facts into the head of a sleepy farmer, Revere went on ahead. He had gone about 200 yards when he became aware of two horsemen in the road ahead of him. He turned and shouted back to Dawes and Prescott:

"Look out! Scouts ahead!"

The two horsemen bore down upon him at

that and two more suddenly appeared from the shadow of a tree in the pasture close by. Revere was immediately surrounded and one of the horsemen clapped a pistol to his breast.

"Move an inch farther and you're a dead man," cried the officer.

Revere was unable to give a second warning and Dawes and Prescott came riding up to be stopped in like manner. Then all three were forced through a bar-way into the pasture.

Each one of the three fully intended to make a dash for liberty, and as soon as they reached the shadow of the tree Revere gave a yell and struck spurs to his horse. A hand clutched Dawes's bridle and held him, but Revere and Prescott started off full tilt.

Prescott was the lucky one. He turned his horse sharply to the right, jumped the stone wall, gained the road, and escaped to carry the alarm to Concord. Revere, who knew nothing of the jumping abilities of Deacon Larkin's horse, turned to the left and made for the wood at the foot of the pasture. He might have shaken his pursuers there, but as luck would have it six more horsemen emerged from the wood and blocked his way. Again a pistol was presented to Revere's breast and he was or-

dered to dismount. There was nothing for it but to comply. Then the leader of the six, who appeared to be a gentlemanly fellow, came forward.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"Revere."

"Paul Revere?" asked the officer, not without a sort of respect in his tone.

"Yes."

"You ride express from Boston?"

"Yes."

The others crowded about and seemed desirous of abusing Revere, but the leader restrained them.

"He's the man we want," they said.

"He will serve us better alive than dead," said the officer.

"Gentlemen," said Revere, "I know what you are after, but you have missed your aim. You are after bigger game than me but you will not find it. I left Boston after your troops had landed at Lechmere Point and if I were not certain that the people to the distance of fifty miles into the country had been notified of your movements, I would have risked one shot before you should have taken me. We shall have 500 men here forthwith."

"But we have 1,500 coming," indiscreetly answered the officer.

"I know that well enough," said Revere, "but they will not be enough and they will not come soon enough. The whole countryside is aroused, I tell you. It is you who are in danger, not I."

Now the other four came on the scene, with the captured Dawes. One of them was Major Mitchell of the Fifth Regiment. He pointed his pistol at Revere and frowned menacingly.

"Tell me the truth or I will blow your brains out," said he.

He asked several questions and got much the same answers that Revere had given before. The soldiers were evidently disturbed by his replies and his fearless bearing. Then they took away his pistols and ordered him to remount. An officer grasped his bridle. Four other prisoners were now brought from the woods and all returned to the road. It was a Sergeant who guided Revere's horse, and he held his pistol in readiness.

"Remember," said he, "I will shoot if you attempt to escape or if any attempt at rescue appears."

On the road the soldiers arranged themselves

in a circle with their prisoners in the center. Revere was too well guarded by the Sergeant to attempt escape, but the soldiers had become alarmed, some of them relaxed their vigilance, and suddenly William Dawes tore his bridle from the hand of his captor and made a dash for it.

Three of the horsemen started pell mell on his heels. He kept well ahead at first, but his horse was not a fast one, and they began to gain on him. As he approached a darkened farmhouse he raised his voice in an exultant shout.

"Hello, boys," he yelled, "I've got three of 'em!"

The ruse succeeded, the soldiers turned and fled without more ado, and Dawes escaped.

The others pressed on toward Lexington. Suddenly the report of a musket was heard.

"What was that?" cried Major Mitchell.

"An alarm gun," replied Revere quite truthfully. "The countryside is gathering. You will soon find yourselves in hot water."

"We can't be bothered with these fellows," said the Major. He caused all the prisoners to dismount except Revere, removed their saddles

and bridles, turned the horses loose, and sent the men about their business. Then they rode cautiously on again.

More guns were heard. The Major ordered a halt and commanded the Sergeant to take Revere's horse, his own being fagged. The saddle and bridle were cut from the Sergeant's mount and he was turned loose. Revere was compelled to proceed on foot.

As they approached Lexington they could see the minute-men gathering. The soldiers began to look to their arms and their horses, and in the midst of the confusion Revere slipped quietly away. What eventually happened to Deacon Larkin's beloved horse, history, unfortunately, does not tell.

Meanwhile the British troops—though not the full 1,500 of them—had indeed crossed the Charles River and had landed about midnight near Phipps's Farm, Lechmere Point, Cambridge. They heard the church bells and saw the minute-men gathering as they started on the road toward Lexington. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who was in command of the force, alarmed at these evidences of preparedness against them, ordered a rapid march, sent back to Boston for reinforcements, and bade Major

Pitcairn of the Marines, with one company, to push on ahead with all speed.

Revere, finding himself free at last, though without a horse, and knowing the roads to be filled with peril for the fugitives, hurried across the burying-ground to the Clark house. Much to his dismay he found Hancock and Adams still there. Hancock, indeed, had announced his firm intention of remaining to fight.

Revere, who understood the danger better than they, was beside himself with anxiety. He did not mince matters. Forgetting for a moment their relative positions he all but ordered them out of the house.

"The time has come to strike a blow for Liberty," said Hancock. "Shall it be said that John Hancock fled in that hour of need?"

But Adams had the wiser head of the two.

"Revere is right," said he. "This is not our business, this fighting. Remember, Hancock, we belong to the Cabinet."

Very tactfully he argued with the headstrong leader and at last, about daybreak, persuaded him to go. Hancock's secretary, Lowell, had been making the arrangements, and said that they should go at once to Woburn, and on from there the next night.

At last, when it seemed as though the British must be nearly upon them, Adams and Hancock started. Lowell and Revere accompanied them for about two miles to guard against an encounter with the scouts, and Revere at least was prepared to fight to death for them if need arose. But they were not molested, and finally Revere and Lowell, assured of their safety, turned back.

Hancock and Adams proceeded to the home of the Rev. Samuel Sewell in Woburn where they were carefully protected against capture. Dorothy Quincy and Mrs. Hancock joined them later and they were escorted by easy stages out of the dangerous country. Hancock and Dorothy were married in Fairfield, Conn., on August 28th, and thence they went on to New York and Philadelphia.

As Revere and Lowell turned back toward Lexington, the latter bethought him of a trunk filled with valuable papers belonging to Hancock.

"Those must certainly be rescued," said Lowell, "or I shall sweat for it. They must be sent on to Philadelphia."

"Where are they?" asked Revere.

"In the tavern," said Lowell.

"Well, then let us get them," said Revere. "That is certainly no safe place for them."

As they hurried on they met a man on horseback.

"What news?" cried Revere.

"The troops are less than two miles away," shouted the man as he dashed past on his errand.

Lowell's face turned a sickly hue, but Revere urged him to hurry on.

"Thank God, Hancock and Adams are safe," said he. "They started none too soon."

Revere stopped for a moment at the Clark house to give the ladies tidings of Hancock and then hastened with Lowell to the tavern. From a chamber window they could see the troops approaching up the road in the distance.

"We have no time to get this away now," said Revere, as they bore the trunk down stairs. "We must hide it in Mr. Clark's garret. It will look like any other trunk up there, if a search should be made. Judging by what is acting here they may have small chance to search for anything but the way back to Boston."

As he spoke they were passing through a body of fifty or sixty militia standing with

weapons ready. Lowell, taking the small trunk in his arms, started on a run for the Clark house. Revere tarried.

He beheld about 800 British soldiers, with a mounted officer at their head, appear around both sides of the meeting-house. Facing them, across the green, was the handful of minute-men.

As Revere started on toward the Clark house he heard a pistol shot, followed by two musket shots. Then he turned just in time to see the troops fire a volley.

CHAPTER XX

THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

Revere rejoined Lowell and together they hid the trunk in the Clark house while the roar of musketry sounded outside. Lowell remained with the ladies.

When Revere came out all seemed quiet, but he stopped for only casual inquiries. He had promised Warren a prompt report and knew that the latter would be consumed with anxiety. He resolved on a quick departure before further developments should make it impossible. He managed to obtain a horse from a neighboring farmer and returned to Charlestown by back roads, avoiding the soldiers.

Revere had not witnessed all that happened on Lexington Common, nor was he present at the subsequent events in Concord, but the story of them is worth the telling.

Captain John Parker was in command of the militia company that had been recruited in Lexington and drilled on the historic green.

Though ill at the time, he led them in person from 2 A. M., when the alarm first reached him from the tavern, until 12 the following night. At 4 A. M. he had the drum beat and the bells rung and the muskets fired, and by daybreak he had mustered seventy armed men on the common.

The troops, it was reported, were coming; the militia stood ready to receive them, seventy against 800. Major Pitcairn waited for Col. Smith to come up and then pushed on into the town. As they advanced around the meeting-house, Captain Parker ordered his men to load with powder and ball.

"Hold your ground," said he. "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

It did. Pitcairn came riding up at the head of his troops.

"Disperse, you rebels!" he cried. "Lay down your arms and disperse."

Grim silence greeted him. The militia did not budge. Then a pistol spoke and two muskets answered each other. Pitcairn raised his sword and turned his head.

"Fire!" he cried.

The militia answered the volley, and when

the smoke blew away eight of them lay dead and ten wounded. Pitcairn's horse had been shot from under him and two of his soldiers lay severely wounded. The eight dead Americans included Robert Monroe, who had been the standard-bearer of his company at the capture of Louisburg; Samuel Hadley and John Brown, who were killed as they retired from the common; Caleb Harrington, Isaac Muzzy, Asahel Porter, and Jonathan Harrington, who managed to drag himself to the doorway of his house near by, only to die at his wife's feet.

There were scattering shots, and then Captain Parker, to save his brave company from annihilation, ordered a retirement to the cover of the houses. All obeyed except old Jonas Parker, a famous shot, who kept on fighting alone and was finally bayonetted after killing eight and wounding ten with his wonderful rifle.

Officers made a dash for the Clark house, but the birds had flown. Lexington was an empty shell. Still, they made a show of victory. They gave three cheers, fired a volley, and started on toward Concord.

Thanks to Dr. Prescott's timely warning, the inhabitants of Concord had spent the remainder

of the night in securing the stores and several hundred minute-men had been summoned. About 7 A. M. the British appeared marching along the road from Lexington. Arriving at the center of the town they began their search for the stores. For the most part these had been removed, but they discovered sixty barrels of flour which they spilled upon the road, three cannon from which they knocked the trunnions, and some 500 pounds of bullets which they dumped into wells and into the mill pond. Then, angry at finding so little, they chopped down the Liberty Pole and set fire to the Court House. This, however, the citizens extinguished.

Ensign De Bernière, one of Gage's two scouts, now came forward with the information that a number of guns and a considerable store of artillery ammunition had been placed in Colonel Barrett's house across the Concord River. Two hundred soldiers were detailed to go in search of this and started out under De Bernière's guidance. Half of this force was left to guard the North Bridge and the rest proceeded to Colonel Barrett's. They entered the house, but found the cannon and powder all gone. There were, as a matter of fact, several

casks of musket balls in the attic, but the Colonel's wife had covered these with a huge pile of goose feathers. Some gun carriages were all that they found, and they proceeded to make a bonfire of the wooden wheels in the door-yard. While they were thus engaged they heard the sound of firing, and hurriedly prepared to return to the bridge.

Meanwhile three American officers, Colonel Robinson, Major Buttrick, and Captain Isaac Davis, observing the movements of the British troops and the guard at the bridge, had gathered some 300 militia, many of them half-trained farmers, on Punkatasset Hill overlooking the river. It was a pregnant moment, as the three officers consulted together and the angry minute-men, resting on their arms, gazed down across the meadows at the red-coated British. Buttrick turned and faced his men.

"Shall we rush them?" he asked.

A yell went up that would have done credit to a band of wild Indians. They were in a fighting mood.

"Very well," said Buttrick. "Get your arms loaded. Forward! March!"

But it was no orderly march. Pell mell they rushed down the hill, like a gang of boys re-

leased from school, shouting and waving their weapons. It was a sight to send terror to the hearts of the waiting regulars. But they stood their ground. The officer in command of the detachment, Captain Laurie, drew up his men at the end of the bridge nearest the town and began hastily tearing up the planks. They had not accomplished much of this when the militia came tearing across the meadow and approached the other end of the bridge. Major Buttrick was among the first.

"Hands off the bridge!" he roared at the British.

They saw that it was either fight or run, and, the force at Colonel Barrett's house being in danger of isolation, they elected to fight. Buttrick's command was answered by a volley. Captain Davis fell and two or three others, one at least shot dead.

"Fire!" came the order from Buttrick, and the militia answered with a scattering but well aimed volley.

A sharp skirmish ensued, the regulars settling to their work. But the Yankees returned shot for shot; they never wavered in the face of the King's troops.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Outnumbered and successfully resisted, the British began to retire. Behind them they left two dead; the wounded they managed to carry away. The graves of the British slain may be seen there to this day.

The minute-men, fired by the sight of the retreating soldiers, would have pressed on across the bridge, but Buttrick restrained them.

"We must not fall into a trap," said he. "If any one is trapped, let it be the British. We will go around another way and see what our friends are doing."

He accordingly withdrew his unsatisfied minute-men and the British soldiers returning from Colonel Barrett's were allowed to cross the bridge and rejoin the main body with Colonel Smith at the South Bridge.

Major Buttrick was not mistaken. Drawing his men around through the meadows, he found that a more momentous action was impending, and his force was needed there. The news had spread rapidly, and farmers and vil-

lagers were pouring in from the adjacent country. Militia companies were there from Bedford, Lincoln, Carlisle, and Acton. The British were at bay.

Col. Smith hesitated, undecided as to what action he might safely take, while the Yankees continued to gather and his troops to become more and more thoroughly alarmed. Then, about noon, he decided to retreat to Lexington.

It was no easy march for those hungry, thirsty, weary regulars, and now they began to be harassed by a scattering fire on their flanks which they could not successfully return.

"You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load."

The British rear-guard was helpless against this sort of Indian warfare. The minute-men hastened along beside the stumbling column, pouring in a deadly fire from every point of vantage and cover. More and more of them joined in the sport. At Merriam's Corner the

militia company from Reading added fresh forces to the attack. The regulars, weighted down by the heavy equipment of the period, were sorely beset. They had been on the march since midnight and were nearly exhausted. The retreat became disorganized, as each man struggled to save his skin. As they approached Lexington they broke into a panic-stricken run.

Under cover of the buildings of the village the officers, with sword and pistol, finally stopped the rout and succeeded in gaining control. And there Col. Smith received word that Gage had dispatched a force of 1,200 reinforcements under Lord Percy, with two 6-pounders. They took heart and, after a brief rest, reformed and started on again.

They met Lord Percy's force about half a mile out of Lexington. He had come just in time to prevent complete surrender and capture. A hollow square was formed, and in the midst of it Col. Smith's men dropped to the ground like exhausted dogs. The field pieces were brought into play and the Yankees held in check.

But they could not remain there indefinitely. For one thing, Smith's men were perishing for

food and drink, and there was none except what the reinforcements had in their haversacks. At Cambridge Percy had received such an urgent plea to make haste that he had left his baggage train behind under an insufficient guard, and it had been captured. After an hour's rest they had to get up and start on again.

Now began again the harassing fire from both sides of the road. The country seemed to swarm with rebels. Men from twenty-three townships—"the yeomen of Middlesex"—joined in the pursuit. The Danvers company was the only one that endeavored to fight in a body and suffered severe losses in consequence. The others continued to run from cover to cover and they allowed the British no respite. They had eighteen miles to go, and even the larger body barely escaped disaster.

When the news reached Boston, the most intense excitement prevailed. Master Lovell dismissed his boys.

"War's begun; school's done," said he.

Dr. Warren, still anxious regarding the fate of Hancock and Adams, could remain at home no longer. He got over to Charlestown and there met Revere.

"Thank God you have come," cried Warren. "What news?"

"Our leaders are safe," replied Revere, "and the countryside is in arms against the British. They will do well to win through at all."

Warren was determined to go on and take part in the fighting and Revere tried in vain to dissuade him.

"But it is war!" cried Warren.

"True," said Revere. "All the more reason why you should keep a whole skin and a cool head. Without leaders our militia will fall in pieces when this is over."

"Keep up a good heart," replied Warren. "They have begun it—that either party can do; and we'll end it—that only one can do."

In spite of Revere's protests, Warren went on to Menotomy. It was now mid-afternoon. The Menotomy militia were drawn up in readiness to give the retreating regulars a warm reception. They would not have long to wait, it was said. Warren joined them and Revere stayed by his side.

At length came the dusty little army of redcoats. The militia opened fire and a sharp skirmish ensued. Warren insisted in getting

into the thick of it, but fortunately he was not hurt, and at last Revere managed to get him back to Charlestown.

There they heard the sound of continued firing. Percy was wisely avoiding Cambridge, where the militia had gathered in force, and was headed for Charlestown. Word came to Warren that the British were wantonly setting fire to houses along the line of their retreat and were killing non-combatants. Somehow this news spread to Boston. There was now no leader there to quell the panic and many citizens fled across the Neck.

About sunset the spent and weary British reached the end of their terrible march. Defeated and disheartened, with all their gay splendor tarnished, they trudged into Charlestown, leaving some 250 of their dead and wounded along the road. Some of them had traveled fifty miles since midnight and there was no fight left in them. Under the protection of the guns of the fleet they sank down exhausted.

Lord Percy opened parley with the Selectmen of Charlestown. He promised to restrain his troops and to see that they did no damage to persons or property in the town, and the Se-

lectmen at length agreed to the withdrawal of the militia. The latter left a guard at Charlestown Neck while the British encamped for the night on the hills within the town.

The total losses for that day were, on the American side, 49 killed, 39 wounded, and 5 missing; the British had 73 killed, 174 wounded, and 26 captured or missing. It was not a big battle, as the world's battles go, but it meant more than many a larger affair. The scorned Yankees had faced the King's trained troops in battle; the war between Great Britain and the United Colonies of America had begun.

Next day General Gage did a short-sighted thing, from a military point of view. He must have known that war had commenced, that organized military operations would inevitably follow. Nevertheless he elected to withdraw his troops from the Charlestown hills and left those commanding heights to his enemy.

The minute-men who had pursued the British column did not return to their homes in great numbers, but remained in scattered camps outside the range of British cannon. The news of the fights at Lexington and Concord spread over the country like wildfire, and

the militia continued to gather. On April 21st Gage awoke to find Boston besieged.

American troops poured in from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. John Stark saddled his horse ten minutes after he got the news and in three days had brought his New Hampshire boys to the scene of action. Israel Putnam was plowing on his farm at Pomfret, Connecticut, when a courier brought him the tidings on the morning of the 20th. He left his plow in the furrow and after sending out the alarm, rode straight to Cambridge. In twenty hours he had covered one hundred miles on the same horse. Benedict Arnold followed him with Connecticut troops.

Still Gage procrastinated. By the 22nd a strong army hemmed Boston in on all sides. A cordon of some 16,000 men was drawn about the city and the state of siege made effective. The only thing Gage did was to get a detachment of British soldiers out of Marshfield by water. They left behind them 300 muskets intended for a Tory militia company there, and these precious arms fell into the hands of the patriots.

Gage had now 4,000 regulars in Boston, but

he dared not attack. He was alarmed by the stories brought him by Tory friends regarding the strength and disposition of his enemy, and he had been given good reason to respect the Yankee style of fighting. You cannot with impunity drive a team of horses into a nest of hornets. He strengthened his position, but only for purposes of defense. He fortified Roxbury Neck. But he made no preparations for an offensive move, while, on the other hand, he was short of provisions and ill prepared to endure a protracted siege. He could only send an urgent appeal to England.

Meanwhile the Americans had been organizing their forces. They had strong guards at Roxbury Neck, Charlestown Neck, and the waterways. Headquarters was established at Cambridge and old Gen. Artemus Ward took command of the associated troops. Under him were Stark of New Hampshire, Putnam of Connecticut, and Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island. On paper, he had an army of 20,000 men under him, but many of the terms of enlistment were such that the numbers were variable. Probably not more than 10,000 or 12,000 were on duty at any one time, but they were effective.

There were Whigs, in the meantime, who wanted to get out of Boston and Tories who wanted to get in. Negotiations were opened between Warren and Gage. On Warren's advice the citizens of Boston gave up all their arms to the Selectmen who placed them in Faneuil Hall and turned them over to the British. Then passes were arranged for ingress and egress.

Paul Revere, who was spending most of his time in Cambridge, had arranged to have his business interests looked after by friends in Boston and to take up his residence in Charlestown. Then he sent for his wife and family. Passes were secured through Warren's influence, a number of letters were exchanged, and at last the family was reunited, young Paul coming last and Peter Brackett helping to smuggle out the most valuable of the family belongings.

This move was accomplished none too soon, for the Tories in Boston began to object to this general exodus. In their eyes the remaining Whigs might serve as useful hostages, insuring safety for the city and their precious selves. At length Gage acceded to their wishes and dis-

continued the issuance of passes. Boston was again closed up.

Most of our friends were now out of the town. Warren and Revere were busy in Cambridge. Pulling was in hiding in Nantasket. Benjamin Edes had managed to get out on a pass and Peter Brackett helped him to take with him a small printing press and some other effects. Henry Knox had escaped among the last, with his sword quilted in the lining of his wife's cloak. Only Peter Brackett remained in the beleaguered city, to engage in adventures of his own.

CHAPTER XXI

PETER TAKES A HAND

In helping Benjamin Edes to salvage some of his effects, Peter Brackett had fallen again upon the trail of Dr. Church. James Newton had placed difficulties in Edes's path that could be accounted for only through information received from outside. Peter could not bring himself to leave Boston until he had solved this puzzle. The hunting instinct in him was aroused and he resolved to remain until he had been able to gain tangible evidence against the suspected traitor. He was now a tall youth of seventeen and well able to take care of himself, but he fully realized the personal risk he was running.

Warren and Revere were still in doubt regarding Church's loyalty, for he was extraordinarily clever and contrived constantly to throw them off the scent. On the day after Concord Revere had met him in Cambridge. He had evidently been close to the action, and

displayed blood on his stocking that he said had come from a wounded minute-man that he had succored. He was exultant; no one could have appeared more like a true patriot than he. Revere was perplexed.

On the Friday evening following Revere was in Cambridge with Warren when Church came to them and said that he had decided to get into Boston to secure information as to Gage's plans. Warren warned him of the danger he ran.

"I know," said Church, "but these be days when patriots must look danger in the face. I must serve my country."

"But how can you manage it?" asked Warren.

"I will say," said Church, "that non-combatants need my professional care and that I must get my medicines and instruments. They cannot refuse that request."

"Very well," said Warren, "but have a care."

On Sunday Church returned, bringing a report of Gage's movements.

But Peter Brackett was not fooled. He saw Dr. Church come across from Charlestown, armed with his pass, and he silently shadowed

him. He observed him in communication at different times with Captain Price, a British half-pay officer; with Mr. Robinson, one of the Governor's commissioners; with Major Caine, one of General Gage's aids; and finally with James Newton, now recognized as one of the leading Tories of Boston.

It was in broad daylight on Cornhill that Church encountered Newton. They met cordially, like old friends. Peter was unable to creep up on them unseen, and before he was able to get within earshot through the rear door of a shop close by, they had nearly concluded their conversation. But what Peter then heard made him prick up his ears.

"And remember," said Newton, "that I wish above all else to bring down upon the head of Paul Revere the punishment that he so richly deserves. There is no worse rebel in the whole crew than he. I would like to get him into my clutches alive if I can. If not, then let me hear that he is dead."

"Revere is a tough subject," said Church with a smile, "but I shall do what I can. Meanwhile we will keep open the channels of communication in the way I have suggested."

"Count on me for that," said Newton.

This was all intensely interesting to Peter Brackett, and he itched to warn his patron of his new danger. But this was not the evidence that he sought against Church. He knew that his own unsupported word would be discounted.

His next step was to seek out Deacon Caleb Davis, an honest old Whig who had been too slow to get out of town with the rest. Davis, he knew, was loyal if not brilliant, and his word would be believed. He told the Deacon his story. The latter at first seemed little inclined to mingle in such dangerous business, but at last Peter persuaded him that it was his duty, and duty was the Deacon's religion. He set out, under Peter's direction, to keep watch of Dr. Church.

Deacon Davis was not gifted with great cunning, and he so poorly managed his affairs that he met Church face to face just as the latter was turning into the house of General Gage himself. For only an instant was Church taken aback. Then he winked at the Deacon, muttered something about the ease with which a physician may gain the secrets of even royal patients, and went in.

Davis was inclined to accept that interpretation of Church's action, but Peter persuaded

him to remain in the neighborhood and watch. Peter did not care what the Deacon's conclusions might be; he merely wanted him to see what happened. Thus it was that they both saw Church come out of the house. The Governor accompanied him to the door and they appeared to be on the most confidential terms. As they parted Gage said in a louder tone, "Your fee, Doctor, will be doubled if the other patient fails to recover." Whereat both men laughed significantly.

Davis went home, promising to remember what he had seen and heard, and Peter took up the trail again. About nightfall, as he was waiting outside Church's own house in the shadow of a tree, he heard a movement behind him and turned to face two men whom he recognized as members of Newton's band. One of them grasped him tightly by the arm.

"The game is up," said he. "You may know too much, Peter Brackett. Dead men tell no tales, nor boys locked in a dark cellar, neither. Come along to the chief, and then we'll see what's to be done with you."

Peter, fearing that all his labors had been for naught, was haled before James Newton, who with difficulty kept his hands off the lad.

"I'd hang him, if I had my way," said Newton. "And he may hang yet. But perhaps it is better to hold him for possible usefulness. I am after bigger game than this. Lock him up, and we'll see what thirst and a stout stick now and then may do to break his cursed spirit and induce him to serve the King instead of the Devil."

"I know very well what you mean," replied Peter. "And let me tell you this. I will die in torture before one little act or word of mine will help you in your black schemes against Paul Revere."

"We'll see about that," returned Newton, with a cruel gleam in his eye. "Take him away."

They had not thought it necessary to bind Peter's hands, and the lad, to avoid such action, walked along with the utmost docility as they led him down through the streets of the North End that he knew so well. The warehouses were empty now, and Peter shrewdly guessed that he was destined to languish in the moldy cellar of one of them if he could not escape before being locked in. He hung his head in a dispirited manner and his feet dragged, but his mind was keenly alert.

Night had fallen and the streets were dark. They stopped before one of the disused warehouses and one of his captors unlocked the door with a rusty key.

"He'll get out if we don't bind him or put him in the cellar," said he. "We'll have to have a light. Why didn't we think to bring a lantern?"

"Oh, get a candle from the next house. Anything will do," said the other. "It won't take long."

"You can hold him all right?" inquired the first.

The other laughed and gave Peter's arm a wrench. Peter cried out and fell into a fit of trembling.

"Can I hold a kitten?" laughed the man brutally.

The first man disappeared in search of the candle. As soon as he was well out of the way the cringing Peter suddenly turned into a young wildcat. With his fist he struck his captor a stinging blow in the eye that blinded and dazed him, and with a sudden eel-like twist Peter was free.

The alarm was immediately raised and Peter heard pounding footsteps behind him.

But Peter could run like a deer. He had nothing to fear from a stern chase, and to avoid interception, he turned into the side streets and alleys, every one of which he knew like a book, and sped toward the river.

When he arrived at the waterside he did not hesitate a moment. He plunged into the water and struck out strongly, and soon his head was invisible in the darkness. His baffled pursuers came panting down to the shore and found not a sign of him.

Peter, who had spent many a summer day in the water beside the Long Wharf, could swim as well as he could run. As soon as he was well out from the land he turned over on his back and divested himself of his shoes and his coat and waistcoat. Then he struck out for the Charlestown shore. A strong tide was setting in, but Peter knew well enough how to negotiate that. The current and his soggy clothing made the swim the hardest he had ever undertaken, but his heart never misgave him and he crossed the Charles.

Scrambling up the bank, he sat for a few minutes to recover his breath and strength, and then, dripping and bedraggled, he made his way

to the home of his best friend, Mistress Revere.

"Why, Peter Brackett," cried that astonished lady when she saw him standing in the doorway, "whatever does this mean?"

Peter told his story while she got him a cup of raspberry tea and some dry clothes.

"But you must go to bed," she insisted. "You'll catch your death o' cold."

But Peter was not to be persuaded by such arguments.

"No," said he, "I cannot rest easy until I have seen Mr. Revere and told him everything."

And that same night he set out again, on foot, and went to Cambridge. In the morning he told his story to Revere.

"You have had a narrow escape, Peter," said Revere, "but you have served your country well. I think you had better say nothing to Dr. Warren about all this quite yet. We must try to get Deacon Davis out of Boston and prepare a strong case. Meanwhile, keep a close watch on Dr. Church after he returns, but do not let him suspect anything."

Peter did as he was bid. Some time later, when Davis's testimony and that of others was obtained in corroboration of Peter's, Church

was arrested. In the meantime, however, he was able to work considerable mischief, as we shall see.

It was on May 6th that the exchanges were finally stopped. Many of the inhabitants of Boston had been able to leave in spite of the scarcity of boats and boatmen. Hundreds of the better class departed and some 5,000 of the poor, who were quartered on the neighboring towns at public expense. Many of the irreconcilable Tories had succeeded in moving in. Then Boston was closed and the siege was begun in earnest.

Events were now rapidly developing in a wider arena. With Hancock and Adams away, Dr. Warren was in command in Massachusetts as chairman of the Committee of Correspondence. On May 3rd the Provincial Congress met again in Watertown, and Warren was elected president, an office which he held until his tragic death.

The war was spreading through the Colonies. On May 10th the forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga were surprised and captured by the Green Mountain Boys under Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and

the line of communication between Canada and New York was held by the Americans.

On that same day the Continental Congress reconvened in Philadelphia. John Hancock and the two Adamses were among the Massachusetts delegates. Benjamin Franklin, who had returned from England on March 10th after failing to effect a reconciliation, added his brains and purpose to the cause. And that Congress prepared resolutely to wage war.

One of its first acts was to authorize an issue of money for war purposes—"a sum not exceeding two millions of Spanish milled dollars by the Congress in bills of credit for the defense of America." The committee appointed to have this matter in charge consisted of John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, and they awarded the contract to the one man best able to tackle such a job without previous experience—Paul Revere.

That first war session of the Continental Congress was an exciting one. Political differences of opinion between the Colonies and the delegates had not yet been adjusted. Samuel Adams put forward the new Massachusetts delegate, John Hancock, on every possible occasion, because he recognized in Hancock the

man best calculated to impress the aristocratic Virginians, and he realized the supreme need of the hour—unity. He knew his own limitations too well to force himself into the lime-light. He was a sufficiently wise and genuine patriot, and a sufficiently astute politician, to remain in the background. Hancock was chosen President of the Congress on May 24th.

The Congress immediately assumed responsibility for the army in New England, borrowed an emergency fund of £6,000, and issued a call for additional troops from Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. The Continental Army was organized under Congressional authority, and on June 15th Samuel Adams, sitting at his cousin's elbow, again displayed his disinterested far-sightedness. John Adams placed in nomination the name of George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army. He was promptly elected, his great abilities and lofty character being well recognized. By this act the South was irretrievably committed to the cause.

Boston, meanwhile, was settling down to the conditions of the siege. The American forces fluctuated somewhat, but on the whole they held together very well. And Gage remained inac-

tive; he was waiting for reinforcements. In England Lord Geoffrey Amherst, the hero of the French and Indian Wars, was offered the command of the army against the Colonies, but he refused to fight his old comrades in arms. Three other generals, however, were sent to help Gage—Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. If the able Amherst had accepted that post, history might have recorded a different outcome.

On May 25th the *Cerberus* brought the three Generals, and reinforcements arrived until the British troops in Boston numbered 10,000. Then Gage started a peace drive. Promises of amnesty were offered to all except Samuel Adams and John Hancock, but they were spurned. An effort was made to bribe Henry Knox to join the royalist forces, but he indignantly refused. Dr. Church was the only one of the American leaders who looked upon British gold.

Gage was forced to give up that attempt and, his hands now being strengthened, he began preparations for offensive military action. His first move was to endeavor to regain the key positions on the Charlestown hills which he had so foolishly abandoned.

Paul Revere, in the meantime, was engaged

in a new occupation. The order for money for the Continental Congress was not his first contract; he was already at work when that arrived. Warren and the Provincial Congress at Watertown perceived a like need. The army was not in the best of order. No pay was forthcoming and there were many desertions. Munitions were also badly needed. The Provincial Congress therefore voted to empower the treasurer to borrow £100,000 for war purposes and to issue securities in the form of 6 per cent. notes in denominations from £4 to £20. The committee, consisting of Samuel Dexter, Joseph Warren, and Moses Gill, awarded the contract to Paul Revere.

Revere set to work with characteristic energy at this new profession of mint-master. Copper for engraving purposes was exceedingly scarce, but he found among his rescued effects in Charlestown some of his old cartoon plates; he could use the backs of those. After seeing to it that his family was settled in reasonable comfort, Revere moved to Watertown.

In Watertown, the temporary capital of Massachusetts, Benjamin Edes had already set up a press and was printing his *Gazette,* in abridged form, with news of the progress of the

war and of the doings of the Continental Congress. He continued this all through the period of the siege. With his expert assistance Revere constructed a special press, obtained a supply of ink, and set up the first American mint in a chamber of John Cook's house in Watertown. He invented his own designs, engraved the plates, and was soon printing the money. In due course he delivered the notes and began work on the second issue ordered by the Provincial Congress. This consisted of small notes of from six to twenty shillings, with which to pay the soldiers—a total of £26,000—over 4,000 of each denomination, all designed, engraved, and printed by Revere.

Those were busy days for Revere, for the need for currency was imperative, and if Revere had failed the army would have been in danger of demoralization. He worked far into the nights by candle light. Dr. Church dropped in often to see how he was getting on and to grant him a friendly word of praise and encouragement. Revere paid little attention to him, but Peter Brackett kept sharp eyes upon him and observed that he let no detail of the little mint escape him.

One night Dr. Church started off, muffled in

a huge cloak, though the night was warm. He made his way to Cambridge and then to a lonely spot on the river outside the town. Then, glancing about to make sure that he was unobserved, he stepped down to the waterside.

He failed to note the figure of Peter Brackett gliding along in the shadows. Peter, indeed, was unable to get as close as he would have liked to do, but he saw Dr. Church in conversation with a man who stood beside a small boat. He could not hear much of what was said, but he caught the words "Watertown," "copper plate," and "Paul Revere." Then the boatman rowed quietly back toward the Boston shore and Dr. Church went to a house in Cambridge.

Peter returned to Watertown, and in the morning he told Revere all that had happened. Edes was present at the time and a consultation was held.

"I believe that Newton is putting that traitor Church up to some mischief," said Revere, "but I'm blest if I can think what it can be. Church has given full information about us, no doubt, but what does he propose to do?"

"It must be something connected with the money printing," said Edes, "judging by the scraps of conversation."

"But what can he do to us?" demanded Revere. "Newton is shut up in Boston and Church can be counted on not to take an actual part in any enterprise himself. What harm can they possibly do us?"

"I don't know," said Edes, "but this money is a precious trust. We must, at any rate, be watchful."

The soldiers were more and more loudly demanding pay. On June 3rd the Congress sent an order to Revere instructing him "to attend to the business of stamping the notes for the soldiers all the ensuing night, if he can, and to finish them with the greatest dispatch possible," and detailing Captain Bragdon and Colonel Thompson to guard him night and day alternately. Revere accepted the order to hasten his work, but he smiled at the idea of a military guard.

"You may need them yet," warned Edes.

Revere did work that night up to 2 o'clock in the morning when, overcome with drowsiness, he slipped away to snatch a brief rest. He had hardly closed his eyes, it seemed, when he was awakened by a hammering on his door.

"Mr. Revere! Mr. Revere!" It was Peter Brackett's voice and there was a note of gen-

uine alarm in it. "You had best come at once. Some one has been tampering with your press and Colonel Thompson has taken a man prisoner."

CHAPTER XXII

BUNKER HILL

Revere had only partly undressed. He leaped from his bed and dashed from the house as he was, closely followed by Peter. There were lights in Mr. Cook's house, and in the parlor Revere found Col. Thompson with one of his soldiers and a prisoner.

Revere did not stop to question them but ran upstairs where he found Benjamin Edes examining the press.

"No damage seems to have been done here," said Edes.

Revere also inspected the press, and though he found evidences of tampering, nothing serious appeared to be wrong with it. The printed money had been untouched.

"Perhaps they surprised him before he had finished," suggested Edes.

"Let's go below and find out," said Revere.

In the hands of the soldiers they found a sorry-looking, rum-soaked old fellow whose face was strangely familiar to Revere.

"Why," he cried, "it's old Eph Brackett. So this is what rum and the Devil have brought you to."

The old cobbler squirmed but made no reply.

"We want to search him," said Col. Thompson, "but thought we should wait for you. We caught him red-handed in the printing room."

"Black-handed, I should say rather," said Revere, glancing at his inky fingers. "Well, let's see if he has taken anything."

The search was brief. Within his ragged waistcoat the old reprobate had concealed the plates from which Revere had printed his first issue.

"That explains it," said Edes. "It would have done them little good to destroy the press or even to steal the money in the room. But with these plates Newton might have printed vast numbers of the notes in counterfeit, spread them about the country, and discredited the entire currency system, to say nothing of bringing about the possible ruin of Paul Revere."

"It was a clever scheme," said Revere, "and worthy of Newton's distorted brain, but it has failed. Are we right, Eph Brackett?"

The prisoner was closely questioned and at

length broke down and confessed all. He was poor and hungry, he said. There was no work for him in Boston and little to eat, and he had fallen easily into Newton's power. Then he began to sob and plead abjectly for mercy. The soldiers started roughly to lead him away, but Peter suddenly appeared and blocked their way.

"May I speak just one word before he is locked up?" asked Peter in a serious tone. "I have tried to serve my country and you, Mr. Revere, and I have never asked any reward because I shall always be in your debt. But I do now ask this one favor. This man is my father. Not a father to be proud of, I grant you, but still my father. If he goes before the court-martial now, with no one to speak in his defense, he will be shot as a spy and a traitor. I know he should be punished, but you can save his life if you will, Mr. Revere."

Revere looked at the youth and his eyes softened.

"You give me credit for greater influence than I possess, I fear, Peter," said he. "He is in the hands of the military now; I have no power to order his release. But I will promise you to do what I can, for I owe you something,

Peter. After all, he was only a tool in the hands of the real traitor, a mere cat's paw, and to take his life would neither help our cause nor harm our enemies. If he will turn state's evidence—and I have no doubt he will—perhaps we can get him off. So be of good cheer. And do you," he added, turning to Col. Thompson, "see that he is handled gently, for he is the father of one of the bravest and truest Sons of Liberty ever hatched in Boston town."

"And now," said Revere to Peter and Edes, when they had gone, "let's proceed to make the most of this."

Going back to the printing room, he sat down and wrote the following note:

To James Newton, Esq., Boston.

Sir:—

Being yourself too great a coward to engage in hazardous enterprises, you chose an old man to carry out your nefarious scheme against your fellow countrymen. He has been captured and your plot has failed. You are dealing with a power beyond your comprehension and had best give over. We only regret that it is not you who

have fallen thus easily into our hands. But we can bide our time. The rich reward of a scoundrel and a traitor will yet be yours.

PAUL REVERE.

"There," said Revere, showing the note to Edes, "perhaps that will strike home. Do you take this, Peter, and see that it gets across the river. You will probably find some one waiting to carry back your father and his precious freight."

Peter took the note to Cambridge and arrived before daylight at the spot where he had seen Dr. Church in conversation with the mysterious boatman. Sure enough, there he was, waiting in the shadows. Peter approached him without fear.

"I have a message from the man you are waiting for," said Peter. "He cannot return to-night. Give it to Mr. Newton, please. It will explain everything."

The boatman looked at him suspiciously, but took the note and at length, warned by the waxing daylight, he departed.

Later, on June 21st, Revere received a note from the committee of the Provincial Congress,

warning him to see that "he does not leave his engraving press exposed when he is absent from it." This tardy warning amused him, but he took extra precautions and experienced no further difficulties. Newton probably saw the folly of a second attempt. In due course Revere completed his contracts and began on another for £100,000 in notes. The design which he drew and engraved included a figure of America with a sword in one hand and the Magna Charta scroll in the other, with two legends—"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam," and "Issued in defense of American Liberty." This issue came to be known as the sword-in-hand money. Revere also designed and engraved the official seal of Massachusetts, with the familiar Indian figure, which was used from 1775 to 1780.

It was not long after the capture of Eph Brackett and the frustration of the Church-Newton plot that Warren received word that Gage was at last planning an offensive move. There were still loyal Sons of Liberty in Boston, including Benjamin Edes's son Peter, who had remained there for the purpose of sending out news by means of secret signals. By this means the American leaders became aware of

the fact on June 13th that Gage was planning to move on to either Dorchester or Charlestown Heights on the night of the 18th and erect fortifications there.

At once the American camp was galvanized into activity. Revere, being himself fully occupied with his printing, sent Peter Brackett to Charlestown, and he helped Mrs. Revere to move her family and possessions to Watertown. It was well, for in a few days the house they had occupied lay a smoking ruin.

Young Paul came last and begged his father to allow him to enlist in the army and take part in the impending action.

"No," said Revere, "you are too young. There may be fighting enough for you later on. Besides, I shall need you. I am tied hand and foot here, and there will be many things to do. Stay here with me, Paul, and I will promise you activities sufficiently entertaining."

The news of Gage's plan was confirmed, and all indications pointed toward a move on Charlestown. Revere was as eager as his son to join in the fighting, but he stuck grimly to his post. His practical mind, however, grasped at the most serious need of the Americans—powder. He had done his best to gather all

there was north of the Delaware River in his work for the Committee of Safety, and still he knew that anything like extended military operations would disclose a shocking lack. Then he bethought him of the supply that had been captured in Portsmouth and hidden under Parson Adams's pulpit in Durham.

"Paul," said he to his son, "if I were free I would saddle a horse this minute and ride to Durham for the powder there. You must go in my stead. Find whoever is left in charge there and tell him that the New Hampshire militia are in sore straits for that powder. You will find both Revere and Stark names to conjure with. Anyhow, get the powder."

And young Paul, joyful at last at the prospect of action, got him a horse and started.

As soon as it was definitely learned that the British attack was to be directed against Charlestown, General Putnam urged the advisability of getting there ahead of the British. His counsel at last prevailed and on the 15th a detachment was made up to fortify and hold Bunker Hill, the largest of the three hills on the Charlestown peninsula. The force consisted of 1,200 men under Colonel William Pres-

cott of Pepperell, a veteran of Louisburg and an excellent soldier.

On the evening of the 16th this force assembled on Cambridge Common and prayer was offered by President Langdon of Harvard College. They then set out for Bunker Hill. With Prescott went Putnam as a volunteer aid and also Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer, a man of marked ability.

At Bunker Hill a conference was held. Gridley strongly advised the fortification of Breed's Hill instead, pointing out the fact that, though not so high, it was nearer Boston and occupied a better strategic position. At last this was agreed upon, and Gridley at once began planning a redoubt and supporting breastworks on Breed's Hill.

In a short time he had several hundred men at work with pick-ax, spade, and shovel. And how they did work! It was a starry night but too dark for them to be seen by the enemy. Every hour, from twelve o'clock on, they could hear the "All's well!" from the watch on the *Lively,* the nearest of the British ships, answered by the sentries on the Boston shore. And while Gridley's men toiled like beavers

through the night, Putnam was bringing up hay and timbers and strengthening a rail fence that lay at one side of the redoubt.

When day broke the amazed British beheld a nearly completed fort on Breed's Hill.

"The Yankees can dig, if they can't fight," they said. They were soon to learn to their cost that they could do both.

A bombardment was at once opened up by the guns of the *Lively* and other ships and by the batteries on Copp's Hill. As the shells began to fall about the redoubt, consternation seized the workers. Then Prescott leaped upon the parapet and walked coolly up and down, encouraging his men. Inspired by his example they fell to again.

Through field glasses Gage saw the tall figure on the parapet.

"Who is that?" he asked of Willard, a Lancaster Tory who stood by his side.

"That," answered Willard, "is my brother-in-law."

"Will he fight, do you think?" asked Gage.

"I cannot answer for his men," Willard replied, "but Prescott will fight you to the very gates of Hell."

The British, in the face of this surprise, delayed action, while the Americans continued work. By 11 o'clock the ramparts were complete. The men threw down their tools, took up their muskets, and looked toward Boston. It was an inspiring sight. There lay their beloved city in the warm sunlight, with its spires and its homes, the sparkling blue river in the foreground, the thundering ships of war, and the red-coated midgets scurrying about the streets. But Prescott was thinking of other things than beauty. He knew that the Americans owned but sixty-three barrels of powder and that much of that had not been forwarded to him. But he also knew that behind him beat some of the staunchest hearts in America. He set his teeth and waited.

In Boston a council of war was being held. Clinton advised an encircling movement, but Gage held out obstinately for a frontal attack. He ordered 2,000 men under Howe to Moulton's Point, to be followed by a thousand more under General Pigot.

At noon Howe and his men crossed in boats and effected a landing under cover of the guns. Then they waited two hours for Pigot, while Prescott and Putnam and Gridley completed

their preparations. It proved to be a costly delay for the British.

Prescott, estimating the numbers arrayed against him, sent an urgent appeal for reinforcements. His courier walked the six miles to Cambridge, having no horse. General Ward reluctantly dispatched two more regiments, but not all of these men got into the action. Stark set out on his own account with his New Hampshire boys, and with them went Peter Brackett.

Warren was much perturbed by these dilatory tactics, and after doing all he could to persuade Ward to send more men, he decided to go himself. Most of the night he had been working in Watertown. He arrived in Cambridge about 5 A. M. and went to bed with a splitting headache. But about noon he got up, dressed, and announced his intention. His friends did their best to dissuade him.

"It was you," they reminded him, "who advised Adams and Hancock to seek safety. You may be killed. We can ill afford to lose you."

"Dulce et decorum est," replied Warren in his scholarly Latin, "pro patria mori."

And he ordered his horse to be saddled forthwith.

It was after two o'clock when Howe at last gave the order to advance. Peter Brackett and Stark's men arrived just in time to see two columns approaching up the hill, toiling along in heavy marching order under the broiling sun. Pigot bore off to the left of the redoubt and Howe toward Putnam's rail fence at the right. There were nearly 3,000 British regulars, and facing them some 1,200 untried Yankees, most of whom had been working at high pressure all night—Prescott's three Massachusetts regiments, 200 Connecticut men under Putnam, and Stark's New Hampshire volunteers. Stark joined Putnam at the rail fence outside the breastworks.

Up from Cambridge on a galloping horse rode Joseph Warren, and dismounted at the fence. Three days before he had been awarded the rank of Major General and was nominally in command of the Massachusetts troops. As such he outranked Putnam, Stark, and Prescott. Putnam at once offered him the command of his detachment, but Warren refused and walked over to the redoubt. There Prescott did the same thing, and Warren again refused the honor.

"I am not a trained soldier," said he.

"I will serve as a volunteer in the ranks."

Finding a musket, he took his place in the line with the privates. Peter Brackett, knowing what Revere would have him do under the circumstances, also obtained a musket and crept to Warren's side.

Up the hill came the British, and Peter felt his heart pounding in his breast as the Yankees waited there in tense expectancy. A nervous fellow somewhere discharged his musket, and Prescott's voice rang out.

"Hold your fire! Wait till you see the whites of their eyes."

At last—it seemed an eternity to Peter—when the British were within a few rods of the redoubt, Warren gave the word to fire. A thousand clear eyes took aim, a thousand muskets spoke. The advancing columns crumpled and stopped. Another volley, and the scarlet phalanx rolled back down the hill, leaving its dead and wounded on the slope, while the encouraged Americans sent up a cheer.

At the foot of the hill Peter saw the retreating British halt while their distracted officers made haste to reform the shattered ranks. Putnam, in this interval, rushed in person over to Charlestown Neck, regardless of the artil-

lery fire, to seek the promised reinforcements, but he could find only a few companies, and of these he succeeded in bringing back but a handful. Burgoyne sent flaming bombs into Charlestown from his Copp's Hill batteries and the town was soon enveloped in smoke and flames. Then Prescott began striding up and down the lines, encouraging his men to withstand another assault.

Beside Peter was a man who had been praying while he fought. Now he turned to the lad at his side.

"They're coming on again," said he. "We must drive them back. But if they once get in, this redoubt will be a slaughter pen."

"Will our men stand to the end, do you think?" asked Peter, his eyes ever on Warren.

"Whatever the rest may do," said his companion, "I know of three who will never run—Dr. Warren, Colonel Prescott, and Jonas Martin. That's me."

Peter looked back down the hill. The British were coming on again. Made no wiser by their bloody lesson, apparently, and with all the bravery of English soldiers, they came straight up the hill, their red coats offering a shining mark to the Yankee sharpshooters. Again fire

was withheld until the British were near, and again they were sent, torn and broken, back down the hill.

Again the British officers reformed their men and waited until Clinton arrived with reinforcements. It was about 5 o'clock when Peter saw them advancing to the third attack. This time they came in narrow columns, less exposed to the fire of the Yankee marksmen, and they had left their knapsacks behind.

The courage of the Americans was unabated; they might easily have repulsed them again, but they were in difficulties now, and none knew it better than Prescott. The men were hungry and thirsty, for their supplies had been scanty, but that scarcely troubled them. It was the lack of ammunition. Ward had been dilatory; the communications had been poor. No powder had come since morning. There had been, too, some instances of cowardice and disobedience, and many of Putnam's reinforcements never reached him.

The British artillery was now hammering them from two sides. The rail fence was raked with grape. Still they stuck.

Up the hill came the British, with the fresh troops in the lead. The defenders of the re-

doubt fired their volley. Pitcairn was shot down and the head of the column crumpled, but still they came on. Prescott ordered the last round of powder distributed and reluctantly gave the word to retreat.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE COMING OF WASHINGTON

Most of the American troops in the redoubt, recognizing the impossibility of resistance without powder, began to obey the order to retire, backing slowly away and firing their last shots. Others, but half disciplined and carried away by the spirit of the fighting, stood their ground.

A furious hand-to-hand encounter ensued. The British came swarming over the ramparts, firing until afraid of hitting each other, and then charging with the bayonet. There were few bayonets among the Americans, but they clubbed their muskets and fought like tigers.

Prescott, remaining behind to urge the men to retire, fought valiantly with his sword against the thrusting bayonets, killing many single-handed and coming through unhurt, though his clothes were cut to ribbons. Peter Brackett saw Jonas Martin leap upon the rampart and fell red-coat after red-coat with his clubbed musket until he was shot down by an

officer's pistol. Peter himself stuck close to Warren, who was one of the last to leave, beating down the bayonets that threatened him, heedless of his own peril. Not until Warren fell at last, shot through the head as he was leaving the redoubt, did Peter turn and join his comrades.

At last Prescott succeeded in drawing off his men with some semblance of order, as the British poured into the redoubt. It must have gone hard with the defenseless Americans then, but suddenly Stark's men opened a terrific fire from the flank on the advancing Welsh Fusiliers, distracting the British and averting a total disaster.

Where had Stark obtained his providential supply of powder at this crucial moment? It had come from Durham, sixty miles away, in an oxcart, and one small keg had been brought the last hundred yards in the arms of young Paul Revere. So it came about that young Paul, quite contrary to his father's intentions, fought at Bunker Hill.

As a matter of fact, the British were in nearly as bad shape as their foes. Exhausted by their attack and supplied with but a moderate ammount of ammunition, they were totally incapa-

ble of following up their success. Putnam and Stark covered the retreat and Prescott withdrew his men to Bunker Hill: There Putnam endeavored to rally the retreating troops, but with small success. He bitterly repented later the outburst of profanity to which he treated them, but it is said that they liked him all the better for that. He finally did stop them at Winter Hill, and the next morning found him throwing up new defenses there. But the British didn't come; they had had enough.

Prescott went back to Cambridge and offered to retake Breed's Hill, but Ward vetoed the proposal. Revere came on from Watertown, and Peter found him in Cambridge.

"Tell me, Peter," said Revere, "how did the Yankees fight?"

"They whipped the British till their powder was gone," said Peter.

"And tell me, is it true that General Warren was killed?"

"Alas," said Peter, "it is too true. I was close beside him when he fell."

Revere was deeply affected. His bright eyes, that could look so bold and fearless, filled with tears and it was some minutes before he could gain control of his voice.

"He should not have gone. He should not have gone," he moaned. "If only I had been here to prevent him. America lost her bravest and wisest son yesterday, and I my truest friend. Warren would have risen high in this new land of ours. And now he's gone. Well, he gave his life for his country; he would have had it so."

The whole country, indeed, mourned Warren's loss more than the defeat of American arms. He was recognized as one of the great men in that time of great men. Some time later, in a powerful funeral oration, Perez Morton said of Warren, "Like Harrington he wrote, like Cicero he spoke, like Hampden he lived, and like Wolfe he died."

All told, not over 1500 Americans were engaged in the Battle of Bunker Hill, as it has commonly been called; the British had twice as many. The American losses have been variously placed at 115 to 150 killed, 270 to 305 wounded, and 30 to 36 captured. The British losses were 224 to 250 killed, including 92 officers, and 830 wounded. In taking the redoubt the British had won an important victory, but at a price too great to bear repetition. And the moral triumph was all on the other side.



Revere's engraving of the buildings of Harvard College

At first both parties were depressed by the result, and none more so than Paul Revere. But later the British came to see it in its true light as a Pyrrhic victory and the soldiers said, "Damn the rebels; they wouldn't flinch." And presently the Americans took heart again, and both sides came at last to see the significance of the battle. Man for man the untried Yankees had proved themselves more than a match for the British regulars. It had been a pitched battle, not a chance encounter, and the farmers had well-nigh won it.

The American troops were left, it is true, in a somewhat demoralized condition. The whole thing had been rather haphazard. Ward was not a strong organizer. There were divided counsels among the leaders and jealousy between the representatives of the different Colonies. Putnam was brave and energetic; General Thomas, in command at Roxbury, was a first-rate soldier; but on the whole the Americans lacked leadership. Roxbury and Cambridge were both frequently bombarded, which was bad for the American morale. It was fortunate that the British were also hard hit and their leaders undecided. It gave the Americans a chance to recover, and the need for

discipline and unity of command became obvious.

In this crisis came George Washington, sent by the Continental Congress to assume supreme command. His coming proved a wonderful vitalizer to the American forces. Forty-three years of age, in the prime of life, of splendid physique and dignified bearing, self-reliant, firm, and experienced in war, Washington possessed to a marked degree the quality of inspiring confidence. Besides, he was now enlisted heart and soul in the cause of freedom; there was no more wavering in the high command.

Washington started from Philadelphia on June 21st. In New York he met a courier with dispatches for the Continental Congress.

"What news?" asked Washington.

"We were defeated at Bunker Hill for lack of powder," replied the courier.

"How did the militia fight?"

"Bravely, sir. They stood their ground, endured the enemy's fire without breaking, reserved their own, and then gave it with deadly effect."

"It is well," said Washington, and cheered rather than disheartened by the news, he hastened on.

He reached Watertown on July 2nd. The next day, under the great elm on Cambridge Common, he took over the command of the army and reviewed the troops. They were a sorry-looking lot and no mistake. Many of them were still raw and poorly drilled, and in many of the units discipline was lax. Many of the soldiers were serving short terms of enlistment.

All sorts of uniforms were in evidence, from old British red and Colonial buff and blue to plain homespun. They were living in a miscellany of tents and huts. A few were still without adequate arms and Washington found only thirty barrels of gunpowder where he expected to find 300.

He set to work at once to construct a homogeneous army out of these raw materials. He experienced difficulty from the first in getting supplies from the Congress. But he realized that his chief task was the improvement of the morale. He kept the men at work and tried to make them more comfortable. When cold

weather approached he built barracks and housed the soldiers in the Harvard College buildings.

He proceeded to strengthen his defensive position on all sides, until his troops were disposed in a partly entrenched semi-circle extending from Dorchester Neck to Winter Hill near the Mystic River. He discovered an able assistant in Henry Knox who, having placed his young wife in safety in Worcester, had offered his services. Washington quickly recognized his ability as a leader and his knowledge of military science and placed him in command of the artillery. Knox built the fortifications in Roxbury.

Washington now found himself between two fires. On the one hand he was criticized for inaction, while on the other hand his own generals strongly advised him not to attempt an offensive. Howe rather expected an attack and hurried to strengthen his defenses. He now had twenty regiments in his garrison and Boston was protected by forts and batteries. As a matter of fact, neither side was sufficiently strong to attack, and Washington, enduring the criticism with wonderful patience, worked and waited.

In August the Continental Congress sent a final petition to the King, who refused to receive it. Instead he proceeded to negotiate for 20,000 mercenary troops from Germany—the Hessians—to fight the men who were still technically his own subjects. The news of this act proved to be the last straw in America. The Congress cast off its indecision. On October 18th they sent a committee under Benjamin Franklin to inspect the army and confer with Washington. The result was a better organization of the business of making war and better support for Washington from the Congress.

During these days Paul Revere was busy at Watertown, printing money and helping to collect supplies. He worked hand in glove with his old friend Henry Knox and helped to get the artillery in shape. He nevertheless found time to get in touch with John Pulling who, he learned, was ill and in dire poverty at Nantasket. He sent Peter Brackett with aid for Pulling and his family. He also assisted in gathering evidence against Dr. Church, and to such good purpose that in October Church was arrested, tried, convicted of treason, and banished to the West Indies. He was never heard from again.

The military operations between June and December were of trifling importance. On the British side nothing was attempted in Boston. Gage was recalled to England on September 26th and left Boston on October 10th. General Howe assumed command of the garrison. A more vigorous campaign was expected of him in England, but he did not see his way clear to inaugurate offensive operations. He organized three corps of Tories in the town, but they did nothing. A few of their leaders, like Timothy Ruggles and James Newton, were valuable to him, but most of them were not fighting men.

For the most part the Tories lived fairly well in Boston during the siege, men like old Chief Justice Peter Oliver holding places of temporary honor in the community. The Whigs, on the other hand, had a hard time of it. The poor were in serious straits and the Whig leaders lived in constant peril. Several of the most obnoxious of them were put in jail, including James Lovell, son of Master John Lovell of the Latin School, Peter Edes, and his father's partner, John Gill. When Paul Revere and Benjamin Edes heard of this they recognized Newton's hand in it.

As cold weather approached, Howe became restless. He wished to transfer operations to New York, but he lacked sufficient ships to take his men there. So he was forced to go into winter quarters in Boston and await results. The officers made themselves comfortable in Boston homes and the troops were housed in barracks. Meanwhile Howe was dismayed to see Washington creeping ever closer to him, with new fortifications on Lechmere Point, Cobble Hill in Somerville, and elsewhere.

The period from November, 1775, to February, 1776, was, always excepting the later winter at Valley Forge, one of the most difficult and discouraging in Washington's career. Many enlistments expired on January 1st and only about half of the men reënlisted. The army dwindled to less than 10,000. In spite of Washington's efforts, poor quarters and low morale continued. Even the officers were discontented. Munitions were scarce and many of the militia-men whose enlistments expired took their muskets home with them. And through it all Washington knew that he was being condemned for inaction. It must be admitted that one of his severest critics was John Hancock.

The case was getting desperate; the scarcity of powder was a serious matter. In this emergency the man who came to the rescue was Paul Revere. As early as December, 1774, the Provincial Congress had appointed a committee to look into the manufacture of powder, but little had come of it. Now, the need being even greater, the idea was revived. But no one in Massachusetts appeared to know anything about the subject. The only good powder mill in the country was near Philadelphia. So the Provincial Congress, with a sublime faith in Revere's ability to tackle any undertaking, sent him to learn the powder-making business, and to obtain a plan of the mill and a summary of costs, processes, etc.

Paul Revere knew no more about gunpowder manufacture that the rest of them, but in November, 1775, he started once more on the long ride to Philadelphia, bearing numerous messages for the Massachusetts delegates. He went at once to Hancock and through him obtained a letter from Robert Morris to Oswell Eve, the proprietor of the mill.

Eve, jealous of his rights and prerogatives, snubbed Revere. He refused to impart any information or to permit Revere to make any

drawings or take any notes. He only allowed him to walk through the mill. But this Revere did with his eyes and ears open. He possessed a working knowledge of chemistry and of manufacturing processes in general, and when he departed it was with a full knowledge of just how gunpowder was made. His report proved to be satisfactory and in January, 1776, the Provincial Congress ordered the rebuilding of an old disused powder mill at Canton.

Another grave scarcity was felt in the artillery, and another patriot stepped into the breach. Henry Knox remembered the cannon and other stores that had been captured at Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and offered to fetch them to Boston. Washington accepted the offer and sent Knox and a few others, including Knox's nineteen-year-old brother William, always affectionately known as Billy, on the difficult mission.

Knox left Cambridge on November 15th, paid a brief visit to his wife in Worcester, and arrived in New York on the 25th. On the 28th he started north, "glad," as his diary says, "to leave New York, it being very expensive." He arrived in Albany on December 1st and at Ticonderoga on the 5th.

He purchased from the neighboring farmers eighty yoke of oxen and forty-two strong sleds, loaded on the cannon and other material, and started back on the 9th. Enormous difficulties of travel had to be overcome. Deep snow drifts were encountered. The ice on frozen streams often proved too thin to bear the weight of the heavy ox teams. But Knox pushed steadily on, surmounting all obstacles. He reached Saratoga, crossed the Hudson at Albany, and proceeded to Springfield by way of Kinderhook and Great Barrington. At Springfield the little party rested and procured fresh oxen. On January 24th, after weeks on the road, Knox reached Cambridge with fifty-five pieces of ordnance, both iron and brass, besides powder, shells, and other supplies.

In Boston Howe remained inactive throughout the winter. He ceased to expect an attack, but planned nothing himself. On December 5th Burgoyne went home. In January ships arrived with much needed supplies and helped Howe to weather the siege. Then Clinton, weary of the inactivity, started out by water, joined forces with certain others, and attempted a campaign against North Carolina. It resulted in failure for Clinton and a solidifying

of Southern sentiment against the British.

The Whigs in Boston were many of them robbed of all they possessed. Small-pox afflicted the poor and they had no fuel. The soldiers had plenty, for they ruthlessly demolished many of the abandoned houses, as well as Old North Church and the steeple of West Church. The parsonage of Old South—Governor Winthrop's historic mansion—was torn down and Samuel Adams's home was wrecked. Many fine trees were felled, including the stately row of buttonwoods on the Winthrop estate.

The sacred Liberty Tree, felled during the summer, was cut up for firewood.

But this was not the only vandalism that came to the ears of Revere and the other exiled Bostonians. Faneuil Hall was turned into a playhouse. The pews in Old South Meeting-House, that had witnessed so many patriotic gatherings, were broken up for fuel; the interior was cleared out, tan bark was brought in, and the edifice was used as a riding school for the officers and the cavalry. Henry Knox learned that his shop on Cornhill had been pillaged and many other shops suffered a similar fate, including those of some of Revere's friends

among the silversmiths—John Coburn and Joseph Coolidge, Jr.

It was during this winter that the Continental Congress decided on an invasion of Canada to forestall a movement down the Hudson against New York by the British General, Carleton. Montgomery went north by way of Lake Champlain with 2,000 men, and on November 12th, after a campaign of two months, captured Montreal. Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan, with 1,200 men, started from Cambridge and made their way through the Maine wilderness. It was a remarkable exploit, but they had only 700 men left when they reached the St. Lawrence on November 13th. They had to wait there until they could be joined by Montgomery. The combined forces attacked Quebec on December 31st. The assault was unsuccessful. Montgomery was killed, Arnold wounded, and Morgan captured, and the American losses were heavy. Carleton was reinforced and the Americans were forced to withdraw from Canada by degrees, the remnant arriving at Crown Point in June.

The news of the failure at Quebec was a severe blow to Washington, but after February

things began to look a little more hopeful. Massachusetts had voted more money and recruiting increased with the approach of spring. Knox had returned with his cannon and in February the rebuilding of the powder mill at Canton was begun. By the end of February Washington was ready to act.

CHAPTER XXIV

BOSTON SET FREE

Knox had been busy training the British cannon from Ticonderoga against the British garrison in Boston. On March 2nd Washington gave him orders to open a bombardment. From the batteries in Somerville, Roxbury, and Cambridge Knox poured an iron hail into his beloved town. Howe replied in kind and the artillery duel raged hotly all day. Howe had no idea from which side to expect an attack. For three days and two nights Knox kept him worried by his gun-fire.

On the evening of March 4th the firing increased in intensity. Knox opened up a heavy cannonading from his batteries at Cobble Hill, Lechmere Point, and Roxbury. Howe was allowed no rest, but it was only a feint to cover Washington's plans. After dark General Thomas proceeded to Dorchester with 1,200 armed men, 800 farmers with entrenching tools, and a train of wagons loaded with hay and

other materials. He gained the Heights unobserved and his men dug all night.

In the morning the amazed Howe beheld two completed forts on the coveted Dorchester Heights. He opened up a bombardment from his southern batteries, but the fortifications had been well planned and constructed and the bombardment was ineffectual. Knox replied, and Howe found himself surrounded by a ring of fire and steel. It was a new sort of celebration for Massacre Day which the Bostonians enjoyed to the utmost.

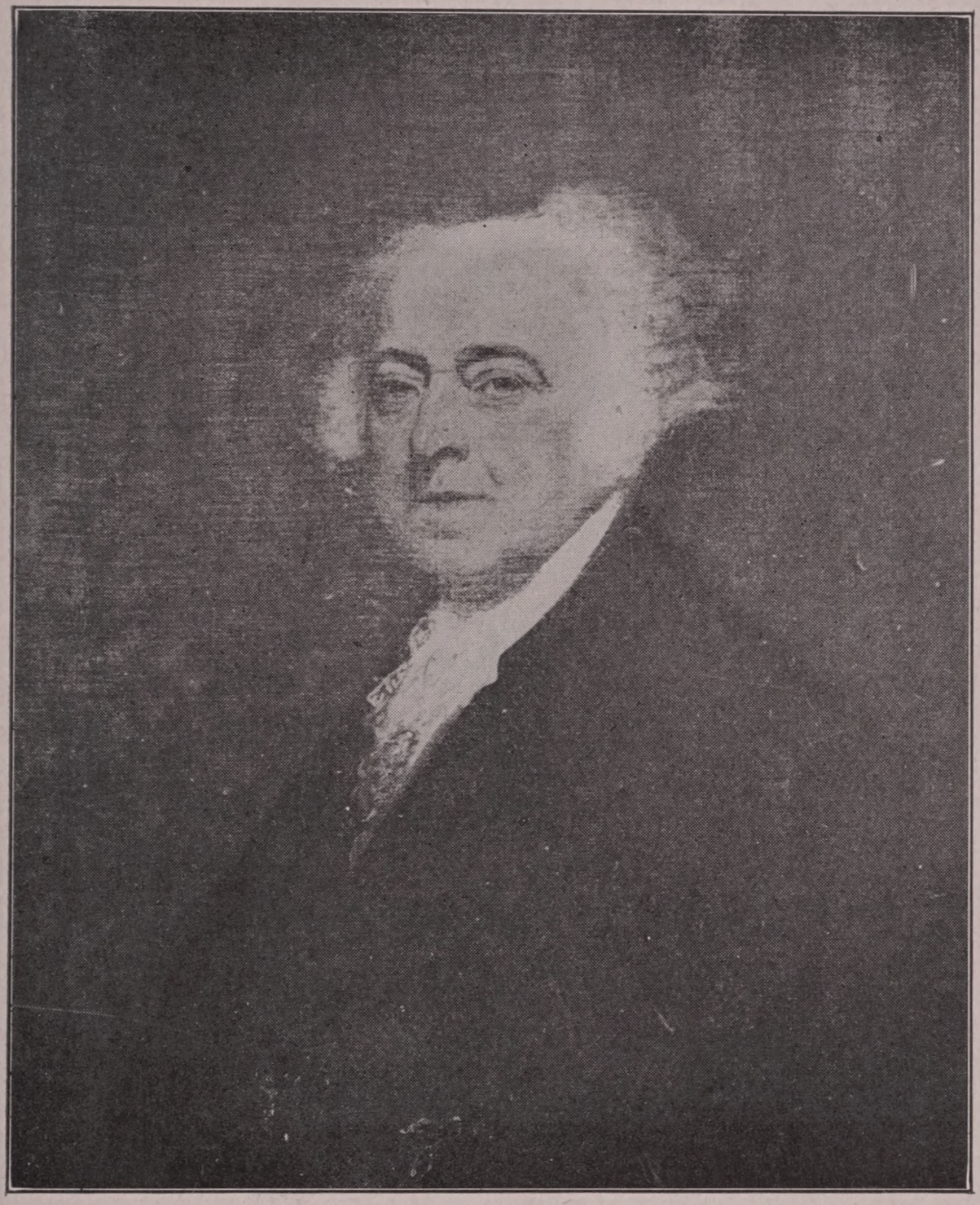
Washington was ready for any emergency. If Howe elected to launch an attack against Dorchester, Washington had reinforcements ready in Roxbury to go to Thomas's aid, while Putnam was waiting to rush into Boston from Cambridge as soon as the British troops were withdrawn. Washington was disappointed because this did not happen, but he had won his point in the game. Howe did make a futile attempt against Dorchester. He sent troops that night to Castle William, but a furious storm wrecked the small boats and tore the transports loose, and the plan was perforce abandoned.

General Howe and Lord Percy reached an

agreement on the situation on the 6th. Their position was untenable; they must evacuate. They collected all the ships within reach, including those that had come during the winter and had not been allowed to return. The Tories were terrified by these signs of military evacuation and sent an urgent deputation to wait upon Howe. He at last agreed to make room for the Tories on his ships. It was now the Whigs' turn to smile. Panic seized the Tories and practically all of them decided to go. Their homes, among the finest in Boston, became scenes of haste and disorder as they prepared to abandon most of their worldly possessions.

No official parleys were opened between Washington and Howe, but the former let it be understood that he would permit a peaceful evacuation only provided the British did not attempt to destroy the town. Howe did not dare to disobey the tacit terms, but he did all the secret damage he could. He destroyed quantities of military stores and permitted soldiers and sailors to plunder the houses and shops of the Whigs.

The first panic having subsided, Howe was very slow to move. Washington became impatient, and on the night of March 16th he



John Adams

From a portrait painted late in life

fortified Nook's Hill, close to Boston on the Dorchester side. At daybreak Howe saw American guns so placed as to sweep the town.

He delayed no longer, but gave final orders for immediate departure. By 9 o'clock all had embarked—11,000 troops and 1,100 Tory citizens. Conservative old Boston had driven out her conservatives.

Paul Revere had come over from Watertown to see the fun and had joined Henry Knox at Nook's Hill. From there he could observe the whole spectacle—the harbor, filled with vessels of all sorts; small craft plying back and forth; soldiers marching down the Long Wharf; Tories scurrying about like rats seeking to leave a sinking ship; piles of household goods on the wharves that would have to be left behind for lack of space; all the feverish confusion of embarkation.

"There, I've no doubt, goes your fine friend, James Newton," remarked Knox drily.

"I only regret that he goes with a whole skin," replied Revere.

"At least he goes with but little else," said Knox.

"And I thrashed him well once," said Revere, with a reminiscent smile, "and he has

never made good his promise to pay me back."

Close upon the heels of the departing British followed a detachment of Putnam's men who formally took possession of the town. They found much damage done, public buildings defaced, and the streets strewn with iron prongs called crows' feet, but they also found some undestroyed military stores. And out on the Long Wharf they came upon old Michael Welch, hale and hearty as ever, smoking a philosophical pipe.

Washington took over the command of the town and on March 20th sent in the main body of his troops. After them the rejoicing Bostonians flocked back home over Roxbury Neck and across the river. The rattlesnake flag was run up at the Town House and Boston was a free port again.

Revere came into town with the rest on the 20th, and when he learned that Michael Welch was safe and well he went to see the old fellow. For a long hour they sat on the wharf together as in days gone by, looking out over the blue water and talking of the great things that had been happening.

"I would like to have seen James Newton once more," said Revere. "The old Adam is

strong in me and I would like to have sent him away with an extra thorn or two in his flesh."

"Vengeance is the Lord's," said Michael. "But be of good cheer, he was well punished."

"Did you see him go?" asked Revere eagerly.

"I did," said Michael, "and I sent an Irishman's word or two after him. He had stood strong with Gage, but Howe, I suspect, did not like him so well. He brought a lot of gear down to the wharf, hoping that his high standing and many services as a Tory would gain him the privilege of taking it with him. But he was doomed to disappointment. I saw a common soldier clap a hand on his shoulder and thrust him into a boat. James Newton loved his possessions, and he left them all behind him. I never saw human face more disconsolate. Despair was writ all over it. And from the wharf I shouted good-by to him and asked him if he had any message to leave for Paul Revere."

"What did he say?" asked Revere.

"He cursed me for an old fool and buried his head in his arms."

Revere laughed delightedly. "You are a friend after my own heart, Michael," said he.

Washington could not guess what the next

step would be on the part of the British, who still had their soldiers and their ships of war. He took steps to fortify both Boston and New York against an attack from the sea, but Howe did not come back. His vessels lingered for ten days in Nantasket Road, but on March 27th they weighed anchor and followed the Tories to Halifax.

The Whig prisoners were released immediately after the evacuation, and as soon as Benjamin Edes had looked after the safety and comfort of his son, he and Revere went over to Nantasket to find John Pulling. They found the exiled family in a little tumble-down cottage and Pulling just recovering from his illness. Only the supplies that Peter Brackett had brought had saved them from starvation. Edes and Revere brought them home and established them in their old house on Salem Street. Then Revere went methodically to work to repair the damage done to his house on North Square, to bring his family home, and to gather up the broken threads of his once prosperous business.

But he was not yet allowed much time to attend to his private affairs. The Town House was quickly renovated and a Town Meeting was held on March 29th. The names of both Cap-

tain John Pulling and Major Paul Revere appeared in the newly elected Committee of Correspondence, Inspection, and Safety, with Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and others, to serve for one year. Pulling and Revere were also placed on a committee appointed to take a census of the remaining Tories and to prepare a list for a possible military draft. Revere could not keep out of public affairs.

That title of Major needs explanation. Military service appealed strongly to Revere, though his abilities seemed to be in constant demand in other directions. He had sought in vain for a commission in the Continental Army, and his failure to obtain one remained always one of his chief regrets. He had therefore joined, early in March, a Massachusetts militia regiment, with the rank of Major. He served a month in the infantry and was then transferred to the artillery, ten companies being formed to comprise the Massachusetts State's Train for local defense. The following November he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His son Paul served as a Lieutenant in the same force and Peter Brackett was a Sergeant. None of the three, however, was destined to win military glory. John Pulling man-

aged to get into the fighting later, while Henry Knox rose rapidly to the rank of Major General and became one of Washington's most trusted officers.

In connection with his military duties Revere spent some time at Castle William after the evacuation and was given the task of repairing the cannon there that the British had spiked. In May, however, the powder mill was completed, Revere moved his family to Canton, took charge of the plant, and eventually supplied tons of gunpowder to the Continental Army.

The rest of our tale is soon told, for this is not a story of the Revolutionary War but of Paul Revere's Boston. The scene of conflict soon shifted from the New England seaport to wider fields and Boston was never again to know the foot of the oppressor. She had done her part. In late April Washington left for New York, which was threatened with attack from Canada and the sea. There he mustered 8,000 men and began his great campaign.

In Philadelphia, meanwhile, mighty debates were in progress. The Congress was drawing ever closer to a separation from Great Britain. Only the Middle Colonies held back now. At last, on July 1st, John Adams delivered a

powerful oration advocating complete separation. A majority of the delegates was won over. Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence and on July 4th it was signed and sealed.

What had been Boston's fight had become the war between Great Britain and the United States of America. The struggle begun by Paul Revere's mechanics in Boston's North End was to be brought to a victorious conclusion by George Washington at Yorktown.

And in the background of this historic event hovered the triumphant figure of Sam Adams, "the man of the Town Meeting," one of the world's greatest authors and exponents of Democracy. His vision had at last come true.

"Democracy," said Adams to Revere in the quiet of Boston Town some time later, "is not a political institution nor a party creed, though it has its political and economic aspects. Democracy is an attitude of mind. It is an ideal of human relationship. When the inalienable rights of each individual man are recognized, when the State is organized to conserve those rights, when rich and poor, high and low, master and man can look upon each other as brothers and not as antagonists, when the soul is placed

above the doctrine, then kings and armies shall pass from the face of the earth and mankind may hope for happiness and peace."

When the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence reached Boston, the bells rang, the cannon boomed, and banners were flung to the breeze. Down Cornhill and on to the stump of the Liberty Tree marched the joyous Sons of Liberty and the whole town turned out to cheer them. Boston was herself again.

Paul Revere, busy as he was, could not remain away. He hurried in to town and joined in the celebration. Happy as a schoolboy, his bright eyes glowing and his round face wreathed in smiles, he rode on his old gray horse at the head of his beloved Sons, and they did him honor in their own boisterous way.

At sundown he walked alone out upon the Long Wharf, and there he found old Michael Welch, smoking dreamily.

"Well, what do you think of it, old friend?" demanded Revere heartily.

Michael took the pipe from his mouth and turned his eyes toward the spires of Boston Town.

"Sam Adams said—" he began, and then his voice broke. Tears came into the dim old eyes

that he turned upon Revere. Something had at last stirred the heart of the placid old philosopher. At length he spoke, tremulously.

"God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" said Michael Welch.

"Amen!" said Paul Revere with fervor.

AFTERWARDS

Although I hope that this story may succeed in interesting a good many grown-up readers, it was written primarily for boys. It is, to be sure, the story of a grown man for the most part, but the sort of man whose life and exploits are most likely to appeal to the imaginations of boy readers and to arouse their admiration and the juvenile spirit of hero-worship.

Probably the first question my boy readers will ask is, "Is it all true?" It is a question that deserves a frank and honest answer.

Paul Revere was just such a man as I have described him, and he did all the things that I have told of him. His conversation is largely invented, and I have filled in the accounts of his adventures with some imaginary details, but in the main the story is founded strictly on well established fact.

For the purposes of a continuous story, however, I have taken the liberty of introducing a few imagined characters and events, though I have tried to make them all true to their time

and background. James Newton, Peter Brackett, and Michael Welch are all fictitious, as are many of the incidents in which they most prominently figure. Practically all of the other characters are authentic, and most of the episodes in the story are either accurate history or are founded on historic fact. I think I may honestly answer, therefore, that it is a true story.

In tracing the historical developments of the period, I have followed the best available authorities, being particularly indebted to the breadth of view and keenness of interpretation of John Fiske. I believe my history will hold water.

Paul Revere was, to my mind, one of the most picturesque and lovable characters of his time, and his life one of the most dramatic. Living in a time of illustrious Americans, he did not rise to the foremost rank, and it is probably for that reason that he has been so little known. Longfellow's poem, which has become better known than all the rest of Revere's life, tells the story of but one incident in it, and that with some inaccuracies.

As patriot and soldier Paul Revere deserves a brighter place in history than has commonly

been accorded him. As the leader of the Sons of Liberty his influence in the events that led up to the Revolutionary War was greater than many historians have recognized. As a silversmith his work was unsurpassed, and is highly prized by collectors to-day. He was an engraver and publisher of political cartoons. He was a manufacturer of gunpowder, church bells, and rolled copper. He was a high Mason and a prominent citizen in his community.

As the story records, Paul Revere was born in Boston January 1, 1735 (December 21, 1734, old style), and lived in Boston all his life. He was the third of twelve children and was named after his father, a French Huguenot who was christened Apollos Rivoire but changed his name to Paul Revere after coming to America. Paul's mother was Deborah Hichborn, of English descent.

Paul went to school, as I have recorded, to the famous Master Tileston and lived in the North End, but for the details of his boyhood I have been obliged to draw upon my imagination. While still a youth he entered his father's shop and learned the silversmith's trade, and on his father's death, when he was nineteen years old, he took charge of the shop.

On August 17, 1757, he married Sarah Orne. She died May 3, 1773, after bearing eight children, and five months after her death Revere married Rachel Walker.

Revere's subsequent career, up to the Evacuation of Boston, was substantially as I have followed it in the story. He was the trusted friend and messenger of Adams and Warren and took part in the famous Boston Tea Party. His various rides and other exploits have been recorded in detail by his biographers. He printed the money and manufactured the powder for the Continental Army.

I have drawn the story to a close with the Evacuation of Boston, because there ended the more adventurous part of Revere's life. After that the scene of war was shifted to other parts of the country until 1781, when General Greene drove the British from South Carolina and Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown. In these great events Revere had no part. He failed in his ambition to secure a commission in the Continental Army, and such military service as he took part in was not particularly stirring or glorious. His regiment saw some action in both Rhode Island and Massachusetts, but was stationed at Castle William

the greater part of the time. Revere was in command of the fort during most of 1778 and 1779.

In 1779 he took part in the ill-fated and mismanaged expedition to Maine, having charge of the artillery train. Commodore Saltonstall failed to coöperate, discipline among the militia was weak, and the expedition was ingloriously broken up by the British garrison at Penobscot. Very likely Revere became insubordinate under these trying conditions, but it is not to be believed that he was cowardly. However, he had enemies who preferred serious charges against him and he was removed from his post at Castle William. He was arrested on September 6th and held a prisoner in his own home for two or three days, and then released.

Revere demanded a thorough investigation and would not remain satisfied with semi-acquittals, but it was not until February, 1782, that he at last obtained conclusive vindication from a competent court-martial.

The year 1780 found Paul Revere back at his trade in Boston. During the war his business had naturally suffered, though he had profitably conducted the powder mill at Canton and had been employed by the Government to over-

see the casting of brass cannon. He was now forty-five years old, with a wife and eight children living. His eldest son, Paul, had learned the goldsmith's trade and another, Joseph Warren, worked with him in various business enterprises. In spite of the fact that trade had been dull and a good deal of Revere's money had been tied up by the war, he was fairly well-to-do.

For a few years Revere gave most of his time to getting his silverware business going again. In 1783 he opened a sort of jewelry store — called a " hardware shop " in those days — in Essex Street opposite the site of the Liberty Tree. In 1789 he started an iron and brass foundry at the lower end of Foster Street, near Lynn Street, now the Causeway. In 1792 he took his son Joseph into the business. They began the casting of church bells and built up a considerable trade in this line throughout eastern Massachusetts.

In 1794 they began the casting of brass cannon and the manufacture of metal fittings for ships. They were the first concern in this country to smelt copper ore and to refine and roll it, and were very successful in the handling of malleable copper. In 1798 they made the

bolts, spikes, pumps, etc., for the United States frigate *Constitution* — "Old Ironsides."

In 1801 they purchased the powder mill at Canton and commenced the erection of new buildings there. In 1802 they furnished the metal — over 6,000 square feet of it — for re-coppering the dome of the State House in Boston. They also made the copper bottoms for seventy-four new gunboats for the Government. In October, 1804, the roof was blown off the factory in Boston and they moved the works to Canton, retaining business headquarters in Boston. In 1809 they made the copper sheets for two boilers for the *Livingston* and *Fulton* steamboats on the Hudson River. Joseph Warren Revere continued this business at Canton after his father's death.

Paul Revere was one of the best known members of the Masonic fraternity in America. He entered St. Andrew's Lodge in 1760, became Master in 1770, and was Grand Master of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge from 1795 to 1797. In this capacity he assisted Governor Samuel Adams in laying the cornerstone of the new State House on July 4, 1795. He made jewels and insignia for the Masons and engraved and printed elaborate membership certificates, etc.

Revere was largely instrumental in founding the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association in 1795, and served as its president till 1799. He was also one of the incorporators of the Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company in 1798.

He died at his home in Charter Street, Boston, May 10, 1818, at the age of eighty-three, and was laid to rest in the old, historic Granary Burial Ground. He had been successful in his later business ventures and left a fortune of $31,000.

In compiling the details of Revere's life, I have been chiefly indebted to the work of Messrs. Goss and Gettemy. "The Life of Colonel Paul Revere," by Elbridge Henry Goss, in two volumes, is the authoritative biography of Revere and represents much original research. "The True Story of Paul Revere," by Charles Ferris Gettemy, is a briefer account, more popularly written, which, while acknowledging indebtedness to Goss, contains much original matter. A biography for young people, prepared largely from these sources, is "Paul Revere, the Torch Bearer of the Revolution," by Belle Moses.

For those who wish to read more about our

hero, I can recommend "The Memorial History of Boston," edited by Justin Winsor, particularly Volume III. "The History of the Siege," and "The Life of Warren," by Richard Frothingham; "Old Landmarks of Boston" and "Tea Leaves," by Samuel Adams Drake have been consulted, and an interesting story of the time is told by Allen French in "The Siege of Boston." Any good history of the United States will shed light on the period, such as Bancroft's "United States" and Fiske's "American Revolution." I have found Fiske's smaller volume, "The War of Independence," of particular usefulness, probably because it was clearly written for young people, while another splendid little volume for youthful readers is "From Colony to Commonwealth," by Nina Moore Tiffany.

It is my hope that this story may lead to further reading on the part of boys and girls, for the romance of this period cannot fail to interest them and give them a better understanding of the principles upon which our great nation was founded. No living American should remain in ignorance of the lives and ideals, the moral and intellectual greatness, the courage and the willingness to sacrifice of such

patriots as George Washington, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, and Paul Revere. A knowledge of their lives and work cannot fail to help us to see more clearly the solution of some of our modern problems, for human nature was much the same in 1770 as it is to-day, though life was laid out on a somewhat smaller scale.

Of Paul Revere I need hardly add that his life should inspire American boys of to-day. He was distinctly a man of the times and was greatly honored in his community. He was a big, virile man, active and in his youth fiery, but possessing also a strong vein of artistic feeling and creative impulse. He was a versatile, all-round man. Brave, energetic, forceful, capable, he lived a useful and honorable life. His ideals were wrought in his fine silverware and in his leadership of the Sons of Liberty. His broad sympathies extended to the humblest of his helpers; he was a man of the people. The love of liberty and of justice to all was born in him. A full-blooded American in the truest sense, he lived and died, as did the other Sons of Liberty, greater and less, that we later Americans might have a better country to live in. It remains for us to see to it that their ideals are not shattered, that no form of

despotism may ever creep into our form of government to corrupt it, and that as true Sons of Liberty we continue Revere's fight for true democracy and against the great error of unjust repression.

WHO'S WHO AMONG AUTHORS

WALTER A. DYER

Author of "Sons of Liberty," etc.

Here is a man whom every boy and girl ought to know. He is a jolly, entertaining and interesting companion and—like most boys—is a lover of outdoor life. But his chief attraction centers in his gift for story-telling. He is a born story-teller, with an extraordinary fund of knowledge that seems inexhaustible.

To begin with, Walter A. Dyer is a recognized authority on antiques. He can look at an old table, or an ancient piece of silverware, or some other old work of art, and tell you just what its history is. Then, he is an authority on the breeds of dogs. Some of his best stories have been based upon his knowledge of dogs. "The Dogs of Boytown" is one of Mr. Dyer's dog stories and a better story would be hard to find. Mr. Dyer knows, also, about country life and farming and horses. One of his most popular books, "Ben, the Battle Horse," is the story of a race horse that is taken into the United States Army during the World War and sent to France where he gets into the thick of the fighting and is awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Walter A. Dyer is the son of a newspaper editor.

He was born in Roslindale, Mass., but was soon taken to Springfield, Mass., where he spent most of his boyhood. He graduated from the Springfield High School and from there went to Amherst College. After receiving his degree from Amherst, he entered his father's profession and served an apprenticeship in newspaper and trade journal work. In 1905 he joined the staff of *Country Life,* and soon after was made editor of that magazine. In 1914 he resigned his editorial position in order to devote his entire attention to the writing of books and magazine articles.

He has published thirteen books in all. His stories for boys and girls—"The Five Babbits at Bonnyacres," "The Dogs of Boytown," "Ben, the Battle Horse," and "Sons of Liberty"—are published by Henry Holt and Company, 19 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLES PIERCE BURTON

Author of "The Boys of Bob's Hill," etc.

Charles Pierce Burton is a boy's man, that is, he is a man who understand boys and whom boys understand. The boys who know Mr. Burton just naturally consider him one of their best and most intimate friends.

Mr. Burton was born in Anderson, Indiana, but, when only three months old, was moved to Adams, Mass., where he lived for nearly twelve years in a

house at the foot of Bob's Hill—the same Bob's Hill which Mr. Burton has since made famous through his Bob's Hill stories. His house was on Park's Street, and stood between the homes of *Phillip* and *Blackinton,* just as described in his books. When twelve years old, Burton was taken back to the West and settled down with his family at Aurora, Ill., where he has lived ever since.

His father was the editor and proprietor of a country weekly, *The Aurora Herald,* and young Burton's first job, after graduating from High School was on his father's paper. Later, he and his father founded a daily paper of which Mr. Burton subsequently became editor and proprietor. Mr. Burton is now the editor and manager of a trade magazine called *The Earth Moves.*

The Bob's Hill series consist of lively, thrilling tales of the exciting adventures of young Phillip and his pal, Blackinton. They are capital stories, and as *The Congregationalist* says—"it would be hard to find anything better in the literature of New England." There are now seven books in the series: "The Boys of Bob's Hill," "The Bob's Cave Boys," "The Bob's Hill Braves," "The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill," "Camp Bob's Hill," "Raven Patrol of Bob's Hill," and "The Trail Makers." They can be obtained through any bookstore, or direct from the publishers, Henry Holt and Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

ALFRED BISHOP MASON

Author of "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," etc.

An eventful career has provided Mr. Alfred Bishop Mason with an ever interesting background for his books for boys. As a journalist, a lawyer, a builder of railroads, and an author, he has had many unique experiences and has traveled extensively through foreign countries as well as through the United States.

Mr. Mason was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He is a descendant of Captain Levi Mason, of the Revolutionary Army, and Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In 1871 he was graduated from Yale University and became a journalist, joining the editorial staff of the *Chicago Tribune.* He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1875. He has been a Vice-president of the Jacksonville, Tampa, & Key West Railroad (1883–1889) and President of the Vera Cruz & Pacific Railroad in Mexico (1898–1902).

His first book for boys, "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," was published by Henry Holt and Company in 1911 and was instantly recognized to be one of the best juvenile books of the year. Six different editions of "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," have since been printed, and the first edition is now in its fifth printing. Mr. Mason's recent additions to the Tom Strong series—"Tom Strong, Boy-Captain," "Tom Strong, Junior," "Tom Strong, Third," and "Tom Strong, Lincoln's Scout"—have proved equally popular.

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